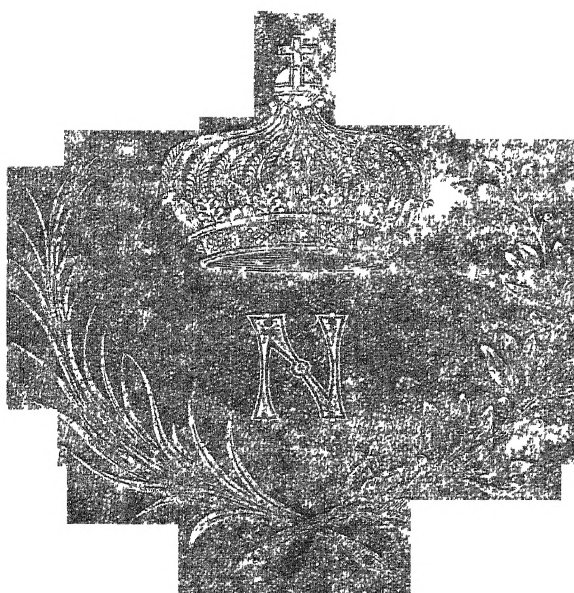


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1st. & 2nd. FUSILIERS.

SHOOTERS BOOFC CLUB

INTERNAL NO -

or so empty of visitors, on any former first of August. The Bois already owns the deadly influence of *les eaux*, and we look in vain for many well-known faces, some made plain by Dame Nature, others beautiful for ever by Dame Rachel. Many recently gilded tresses, which but a few days ago flaunted from one-horse phaetons, are now being blown about by sea-breezes; many trams, which last week were doing duty on the shores of Boulogne Lake, are sweeping by the "sad sea waves." Yet, if it would be fine and warm, we could still make up a Bois; and only last evening the Emperor, attended by General Guyon, walked for a long time by the semi-desolate waters.

Friday, August 2.

It was told to the Empress Charlotte a few days ago that her husband was in great peril, and might lose his life. "*Better that than his honour!*" was the Imperial reply, during a lucid interval, from which, however, her Majesty soon relapsed into her usual state.

Sunday, August 4.

On Friday evening the Emperor and Empress, accompanied by the Duc de Montebello and Viscomte Olivier de Walsh, were present at the penultimate performance of Mr. Sothorn. There was an extremely good house, though nobody knew that their Majesties were to be present. It was worthy of note, too, that a great compliment was paid to Lord Dundreary. The Emperor and Empress left off their first deep mourning for the Emperor Maximilian only on Thursday, and this was their first appearance in public. They were charmed, and followed the delightful imbecility of the "Peer and pillar of the State" from the opening to the close of his career. Moreover, they stayed to see that

Mr. Sothern had the real honours of a recall, and applauded him loudly themselves when he reappeared on the stage. I regret to say that I do not believe the suite enjoyed Dundreary so much as their Majesties. "*Mon cher*," said a chamberlain to me, "your Sothern can't speak English; and then see how he stutters!"

Lord Lyons, our new Ambassador, is expected in Paris in a few days; but his Excellency is only a bird of passage, and will not take possession of the Embassy before November, the duties until that time being performed by the Hon. Julian Fane. Lord Lyons is not a married man, which is a decided drawback to a Paris Ambassador; but I have reason to believe that an arrangement is contemplated which will provide England with a representative in the "female line" leaving "*rien à désirer*." Eastern hospitality is, we hear, the characteristic of our new Ambassador.

Monday, August 5.

We must be prepared to hear all manner of reasons assigned, by all manner of people, for the Imperial visit to Salzburg. There exists a class of people so clever that they will know all about everything, more even than the people most concerned. Moral detectives, they are for ever imagining causes and inventing effects. This class will be, and indeed, already is, very busy with the Imperial excursion. I do not believe that when two Emperors wish to enter into a secret treaty, they parade their meeting before the eyes of the public a month ere it takes place. The Emperor Napoleon is hardly going to Salzburg to make an alliance offensive and defensive with Austria. The alliance is already existing. It is far more natural to imagine that, having

received nearly all the crowned heads of Europe in Paris this year, and being disappointed, by the Mexican catastrophe, of a visit from the Emperor of Austria, the Emperor Napoleon should wish to go to Salzburg, and so complete his list of Royal interviews. Moreover, France owes Austria a visit of condolence. I am prepared, however, for all kinds of idle rumours.

The King of Sweden, the last of our Kings, has come, and is staying, not at the Elysée, where Royalty incognito cannot be received, but at No. 4, Rue de l'Elysée, in the hôtel belonging to the mother of the Empress of the French. The King, who, in his early youth, was a great "*vicew*," will possibly enjoy Paris all the more for not being here in state.

Tuesday, August 6.

And now to give you an amusing illustration of the bellicose and anti-Prussian feeling of young military France. The Maison de St. Cyr, in which Louis XIV. and Madame de Maintenon educated 250 noble young ladies, and where Madame herself died in 1719, became afterwards a hospital, and then the great Military School of St. Cyr, from which the First Napoleon thought that France would draw so many recruits, and in which the present Emperor sees the aristocratic element of his future army. The pupils are 300 to 350 in number; they pass a severe examination, and pay £60 a year; they stay at St. Cyr two years, and then enter the army with a commission and a certain prestige. The "Special School of St. Cyr," as it is called, may always be seen heading the defile at grand reviews, when it is usually cheered like Eton or Harrow lads when they march past at Wimbledon. On Sunday sixty of these pupils—most of

them just going to join their corps—dined together at the Trois Frères. They were not only jolly, but enthusiastic, and, to quote the words of an excited waiter, “pushed huzzas nearly even to make jump off the roof.” Having “carried toasts” to the Emperor, Empress, the Prince, the Army, St. Cyr, etc., the party separated, but not before it was voted unanimously that it was *sans alieu*—merely *au revoir* in Prussia next spring. So much for the opinion of St. Cyr.

Friday, August 8.

The Emperor left Paris yesterday at one, and arrived at the Camp of Châlons at five. At the Paris station his Majesty took leave of the Kings of Sweden and Portugal. He then embraced the Empress and the Prince Imperial, and the train steamed off amid loud cheering.

Mourmelon, Châlons, Monday, August 12.

The Camp of Châlons is not at Châlons at all—as, indeed, I remember finding out to my cost two years ago, when we stayed at Châlons under the impression that we were there, but discovered that we were eight miles off; and as the Maire’s wife’s step-daughter’s cousin had been that day married, and *les noces* occupied all the horses and carriages, we could not get there at all. No! The Camp of Châlons is at Mourmelon, half an hour by railway from Châlons, that dullest of towns—dull even for a country town. The energetic traveller, having dined wisely and not too well at his pet restaurant in Paris, will be able, without eating at impossible and indigestible hours, to smoke the very longest cigar before he need present himself at the station of the Eastern of France, the best managed line in

France. The train leaves Paris at 11.35 P.M., and if the traveller can sleep the sleep of the just, he will awake at five at Châlons; where, blinking like an owl suddenly routed out from that well-known ivy-bush, he will have to find his way to the other train which in thirty minutes will take him to the Mourmelon station. Thence half an hour of the very slowest omnibus will bring him to the Quartier Impérial. If the energetic tourist arrives at the station as we did to-day, on a perfectly glorious autumn morning, he will have an artistic treat before he has his military spectacle. Without being a picturesque country, the district between Châlons and the military metropolis established here is fertile and cultivated; at this season, too, much of the golden harvest stands glittering on the ground. The crops look pretty if not good; and as the 12th of August reminds us of shooting, we watch with pleasure the coveys of partridges out feeding—the quail sometimes taking a short flight—and the hare, which for months we have known only *en ragout*, running about in a state of nature. This, too, is seen by the light of a sunrise glorious enough to make even a very ugly country look beautiful. Here the weather is perfectly tropical, and many hundreds of soldiers will fall out of the ranks to-day from heat and exhaustion. The first sight of the Camp is very striking. Whichever way you turn the eye, you see miles of extinguisher-like tents. I have no doubt that once there was a civil village called Mourmelon, but the military element has absorbed it. We drove through miles of tents, and perhaps at every half mile there was a house, looking as much out of place as the black-coated civilian does at the ball given by the regiment in a strict garrison, when “Lieut.-Colonel Somebody and

the officers of the 0th " issue cards for an entertainment. The arrangement of the tents is essentially French, and essentially pretty. Every *rue* has its name, its floral decoration, and now the flags and lamps consequent upon the Imperial visit. That part of the gardens which faces the high-road, if such a term can be applied to a military lane, is bordered with flowers and herbs, which are taught to grow into such mottoes as "Vive l'Empereur!" "Vive la Famille Impériale!" "Honour and glory to France!" "Honour to the Napoleonic era!" I have never before read so loyal and Imperial a language of flowers. There is a very pretty church, too, which is highly decorated, and cries "Vive l'Empereur!" in chorus with the lay buildings. Of course there is a theatre, where they are now playing 'Les Jocrisses de l'Amour'—a large building like Richardson's Show at a fair. Even now as I am writing whole companies told off for theatre parade are marching past. In spite of a long and very hot field-day the men look clean and cool, and, to judge from the hideous "row" they are making, seem to look forward with great pleasure to 'Les Jocrisses.' On Sunday the Emperor assisted at the performance, and seemed to be quite as amused with watching his soldiers as his soldiers were with the play. Then there are jugglers and mesmerists, shops where they sell bouquets—which is, I think, an eminently French idea—and others, constituting the majority, where they sell everything to eat and drink. But *il y a des limites* to "everything" here. There are women here, I dare say, and some civilians. I have seen two of the softer sex, one a waitress at the restaurant Marillier, the other the Eve, or first woman, that appeared to me in

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this military paradise, who was unpleasantly like a camp follower, and would be classed by a professor in the section "draggled-tailed." Of the sterner sex I have encountered a vendor of newspapers, and some sellers of hay and corn, who, with rustic simplicity, were standing drinks to sergeants and paymasters' clerks. The upper classes I met travelling were all military—I should say chiefly doctors and commissariat men—with black belts, spurs, and a great aptitude for sleeping in grotesque positions. It was odd to observe that the greatest amount of luggage claimed by any one to-day at the station was a cocked hat and a sword in a case. The whole place reeks with military life. If you look into the post they are passing "free" a military letter; if you go to a tailor's he is making a pair of red pantaloons. The print shops—there are two—have two-year-old military caricatures, which form the great attraction of the street of "More melon," as I have just heard it described by an Englishman who could get no dinner, and was cross. I do not wonder at anybody being cross if he had to trust himself to the "pot luck" of a Camp day. You see hungry people will consume food without respecting either civil or military authorities. Then your English tourist is a very indifferent campaigner at any time; and the fact is, that if you advance towards an army, even if it be only an army of review—providing it is done as grandly as they do things in Empires—you will find that the presence of masses of men produces much inconvenience and a scarcity of food. And now we must go to the grand review of the year. As I write the air is filled with bugling to "fall in" and orders to be at "attention," at "repose," or "as you were." Perspiring A.D.C.'s are galloping in hot,

very hot haste, and we are all going out candidates for sun-stroke. *Eh bien!* the last review at which I was present was "drowned," the presence of an Eastern potentate notwithstanding. To-day also we shall be, to use an Italianism, *bagnati*, but in a different sense. Mourmelon is admirably adapted to the purpose for which it has been selected. It is a very healthy spot; and within an hour's march from the Emperor's quarters there are miles and miles of open country, a space sufficient for 100,000 men to be handled and no damage done to any crops. It is a large New-market Heath, and the air was even to-day so fresh that one was reminded of the White Hart breakfasts in those days when everybody was young and hungry. This is the tenth year of the Camp, and the Emperor has had his usual success here as elsewhere. He has six farms in the neighbourhood. When he first worked them they did not pay the wages; now they yield ten per cent. on the outlay. If flowers are any test of the fertility of a country, the land round the camp should be prolific. Flowers, especially petunias and roses, abound. The Emperor delights in his short camp life, and if he can "dodge" his A.D.C.'s and other attendants, and get out alone and unattended, he is charmed. On Sunday, for instance, he came alone to look at his own horses, and having found out from a groom that Roncesvaux was "very fond of smoking," finished his cigar in the box. His Majesty's other chargers are Hero, the well-known chestnut, and Walter Scott, ætat. 24, perhaps the very model of a charger. The stables at the Camp are very fair for camp stables, but must be trying to condition in either very hot or very wet weather. There are altogether about 100 horses in the Imperial stable, and

38 chargers were required to-day by the Staff and visitors. If some of these croaking reporters who are perpetually asserting the illness of the Emperor could have followed his Majesty for three hours to-day over the open, they would have found their mistake, and have perceived not only that Napoleon III. can ride, but that, when he sits down and takes Hero by the head, he can still make the pace very strong—too strong for several Generals, indeed; and it requires some nerve to lead a rattling gallop when you have a company of the Cent-Gardes and a Staff of about a hundred horsemen—many of them much at the mercy of their horses—galloping close behind. The truth is, the Emperor never was better than he is now, and has recovered from the effects of a season such as was never yet known in Paris. He works very hard—too hard—and, to use the words of a soldier, “he can get nobody to take his duty.” Last Sunday he first attended the Military Mass, then went to inspect some target practice, then sat out all the racing—a “soldiers’ day,” worthy of Warwick; he dined, afterwards assisted at the “torch-light retreat,” and finally went to the play. The strength of the force this year under the command of General L’Admirault in the Camp is, as near as I could make out, 38,000 effective men. They are quartered in two miles of huts and four miles of tents, which cover the space from the railroad to the Emperor’s quarters. At two o’clock to-day all these six miles of military were in movement; but from the nearness of the review ground, and the wonderful management, there was no more fuss and hurry than if a regiment 800 strong had been falling in for morning parade, instead of 30,000 men marching to a sham fight on a grand scale. At half-past two the

Staff and the visitors had arrived on the ground, and taken up a position looking towards the Camp, commanding the road up which the Emperor, with Prince Umberto of Italy, presently came in a carriage. Looking round, I only observed Prince Umberto—who rode Meltonian, lately bought by General Fleury from Count Batthyany—in attendance on whom was Count Cugia; two Arab chiefs—I wonder how they ever get into those gold saddles with their 8-inch high backs, or, having got in, how they ever get out; and Colonel Claremont, the military attaché to our embassy in Paris, who is a guest in the Imperial quarters. Many other English officers I was told I should find, but none were present. I must now try to describe a battle, which is, all know, a very difficult task. At three o'clock we were all on the field; the enemy in a very strong—indeed impregnable—position, resting on a hill on our left; the attacking force advancing in three directions, the intention being, as the 'position could not be carried in front, to turn the enemy's right. The cavalry were in reserve on the extreme left of the attacking line, but never came into action. The enemy opened the ball, and was answered by heavy firing from the left of the assailants. For a long time the artillery continued to play unremittingly on either side; but, beyond being a fine spectacle, there was no novelty or incident to attract attention. It was only when the Emperor—who was loudly cheered whenever he approached a regiment or a group of civilians—galloped off to the top of an eminence, from which he could see the advance of the whole attacking line, that the real interest of the review commenced. "Now for the Chassepôts," said to me an aide-de-camp, as he rattled off

with some order. I hear that the French Government is perfectly satisfied with the selection of this arm, which to-day was tested for the first time before a small but critical public. All the troops at the Camp are armed with the new weapon, and, little time as they have had it, they seem to have grown familiar with it. A soldier who piloted me up to head-quarters told me that the average fire of the regiments was twelve rounds a minute, but that some regiments—his of course being one—could do more. As an arm of precision he gave the Chassepôt 1200 yards; but he said that before the bullet was a *bulle perdue*—an entirely “spent ball”—it would have traversed more than a mile and a half. The spectacle of the assault was magnificent. Skirmishers covered the advance, and the whole ground was dotted with men firing and loading, but ever advancing. The first fact which attracted attention was, indeed, the steadiness and rapidity with which the regiments and the light companies that covered them continued to march. With the Chassepôt the soldier never halts to load; indeed, with most of the men, loading seemed quite a mechanical action—a thing done naturally and without thought, like winding up a watch. When the advance came to close quarters the volley firing was splendid. No hesitation, no “stuttering,” as I once heard it called by perhaps the maddest and most amusing field-officer in her Majesty’s army—one report like a cannon; and fancy how quickly that report can be repeated! But all this is nothing to what I am about to attempt to describe. Screened by a sort of natural earthwork, regiment after regiment deployed into line, and then the great success and value of the Chassepôt were exhibited in a most impressive

manner. I was struck with the advance of the skirmishers, and their unbroken march while loading and firing; the volleys, too, were sufficiently rapid; but both those fade away to nothing before the file firing. We happened to be in the rear of the 15th of the Line, so I write of that corps especially, though probably it was only the average of the French army—at least of that portion which has the new arm. When the order “load and fire” was once given, a constant stream of fire seemed to flow from the muzzles of the deadly Chassepôts. So continued was the fire that it was almost difficult to say if it really was “file” or “volley.” The smoke hung round the regiment as it hangs round a battery when heavy guns have been fired till they are hot. The horse I rode—which, like many others, will keep perfectly quiet while heavy guns are firing, but usually stands alternately on a fore and a hind leg when file firing is going on—evidently thought this an artillery business, and, to my great comfort, stood as still as a log. I saw General Cugia, some time Minister of War in Italy, who has seen much service, and Colonel Claremont, who has seen more, watching this “rapid act” of mimic destruction with intent eyes. I do not know what was the conclusion of those two undoubted authorities, nor, of course, that of his Majesty the Emperor; but if one can judge from the very contented expression of the latter, I think he must have come to the same conclusion as myself—that no infantry or cavalry could possibly advance in the face of such a permanent and perpetual discharge of death.* As for infantry, a battle seems

* The Bavarians at Wörth, and the Prussians at Spicheren and Gravelotte, did the impossible against the Chassepôt; but it was at a frightful cost, and only a splendid *moral* can explain the feat.

now to resolve itself into the question of which side has the best breech-loader. As for cavalry, before such weapons as the Chassepôt that branch of the service becomes almost useless. Can the lightest cavalry advance half a mile in a minute and a half, even over as open a country as that on which we were to-day? I think not; but let us say so. Well, the Chassepôt would be deadly the whole distance, but for the last minute it would become an arm of precision, and 500 French soldiers would fire 9000 rounds in the time. I repeat that I myself, and many much better judges, had our breath taken away by the experience of to-day. And now the battle was over. With such arms of course we turned the flank of the enemy, and won the day. Then there was a striking scene. The regiment stood "at ease." The Emperor congratulated the Colonel of the 15th on the firing of his troops. Gradually men from other regiments crept up to where the Staff was, suddenly the band of the 15th struck up 'Partant pour la Syrie,' and then came a shout of "Vive l'Empereur!" from the soldiers, which ran from regiment to regiment, was taken up by the civilians, and might have been heard at the Camp. The Emperor, sitting calmly in the midst, looked very proud and pleased, and "every inch a king." Prince Umberto seemed astonished at the outbreak of enthusiasm—too rare, I fear, for Royalty in Italy. Then the Emperor led us at a rattling gallop to the spot where he got into his carriage, and all was over. I never passed a more pleasant day. The air, the gallop, the spectacle quite repaid me for two nights in a tight train. In concluding, I must say that I look on the Chassepôt as a peacemaker, but I think the French army does not. "What a place for a fight!" said an officer. "Well, we're ready,"

was the chorus ; and I feel sure that almost all, while watching the operations to-day, would, with a sigh, have echoed the now historical observation made by the French General to the then Major Edward Fellowes respecting the Balaklava charge : “ *C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre.* ”

Paris, August 13.

The King of the Greeks arrived to-day, and will be our only Royalty, as their Majesties of Sweden and Portugal left us on Monday. The King and Queen of Portugal arrived at Bordeaux yesterday morning. Their Majesties made a stay of half an hour, and were received with great honour. The passengers' waiting-room was converted into a splendid saloon, richly fitted up and adorned with flowers. The interior of the terminus was ornamented with trophies of arms and dressed out with the flags of France and Portugal. A salvo of 21 guns was fired on the arrival of the Royal visitors, and the 8th regiment of Lancers was ranged in the outer court, where the band played the national air of Portugal. Their Majesties proceeded to the Prefecture, where they were received by the municipal authorities. In the afternoon they made an excursion to Arcachon.

The public has been for upwards of thirty years prohibited from walking on the terrace which borders the front of the Palace of Versailles, facing the Park ; and the sentinel placed there was always at his wits' end to make visitors understand that there existed some grave reason to prevent approach to that part of the Château, while the side facing the Place d'Armes was freely accessible. Why this prohibition ? That was the question. “ Why,” said thinking people—thinking people for Versailles—“ because one day, more

than the third of a century since, the windows of the Grande Place were repainted, and the sentinel was stationed there to prevent promenaders from rubbing against the wet paint." That was on the 25th of July, 1830. Three days after, the Revolution gave a new Governor to the Palace, and he, out of respect for the existing state of things, without troubling himself as to the reason of the sentinel's being where he was, considered it a point of honour to maintain him there—so that the paint on the windows has taken upwards of thirty-six years to dry. The sentry's guard was religiously kept up, but the reason of its being placed there was forgotten. Only within the last few months has he been removed, and the public admitted to the terrace.

Sunday, August 18.

The Prince Imperial left for Châlons on Wednesday, the day before the Fête ; but her Majesty was detained by State business. The Fête, which passed off very successfully in Paris, was celebrated with great honour at the Camp. High Mass was performed by the Archbishop of Rheims in presence of his Majesty, Prince Humbert, Marshal Niel, and several foreign personages of distinction. Afterwards his Majesty, accompanied by a brilliant *cortége*, passed the troops in review and distributed crosses and medals, commencing with the General Commanding-in-Chief, to whom the Emperor gave the insignia of the Grand Cross. The Prince Imperial was on horseback beside his Majesty. In the evening there was a "*retraite*" performed by the bands of the different regiments in camp, escorted by torch bearers. The Empress left the Tuileries at one o'clock yesterday, *en route* for the Camp at Châlons. Her Majesty was

accompanied by the Countess de Montebello and the Viscountess Aguado, two ladies of the palace, the Marquis de Fiennes, chamberlain, and Baron de Pierres, first equerry. The Emperor and Empress are to leave the camp this morning, direct for Salzburg.

Monday, August 19.

The Emperor and Empress quitted Châlons yesterday morning for Salzburg; they travel under the strictest incognito, and are attended only by a very small suite. Their Majesties will remain three days at Salzburg.

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Biarritz, Tuesday, September 28.

If the reader will kindly look at the map, he will at once perceive that Baden-Baden and Biarritz, these two fresh and salt watering-places, are about as far from one another as any two towns in known, decent, civilised, visitable Europe can be. "Far as the Poles asunder!" Pshaw! there are especial trains "*de grande vitesse*" to the Poles, but only mixed—"all that there is of most omnibus"—if you wish to change the green tables of Baden for the blue waves of the Bay of Biscay. As somebody once said of Almack's, "It is most charming when you are upstairs; but it is so deuced difficult to get through the door." The railway systems of France and Switzerland, as regards the stations of Baden, Bordeaux, Bayonne, and Biarritz, are much more exclusive than were the Jersey, the Palmerston, or the Pollington; for they will not let you get there at all.

Between Baden and Biarritz you are starved at a price for which you might live at Limmer's, and are conveyed as slowly as we shall all be one day to a cemetery. The resolute pioneer of civilisation who is resolved to go through with this journey, so trying to temper and perilous to purse, must tear himself from Baden at two o'clock. As he drives to the station he is thoughtful, nay, perhaps, sad; he casts a melancholy eye down the Lichtenthaler Allée, a glimpse of regret at the Old Castle, heaves a sigh for relinquished society, and perhaps mourns over neglected opportunities—that unfollowed sequence, that deserted zero, that feeling for red when the "colour" was *contrarius albo*. He passes the Victoria, the Russian, and the Badischer Hof, nods to his last acquaintance, and is then absorbed in the train—but though lost to sight, is still, I hope, to memory dear. Heidelberg looked lovely, gilded by the setting sun, which was leaving a legacy of light to the opposite hills, till they looked like Vesuvius before an eruption; while on the other side was generating one of the thunderstorms brewed only among those German hills, heralded by the true mountain stillness ere the tempest bursts forth. Through beautiful, and still calm and dry, landscapes, Basle was made in time for dinner. Now 'The Three Kings,' at Basle, is an hostel which it pleases me to celebrate; it is large, light, and lively. There is a grand balcony looking over the Rhine—the very one, indeed, made historical by Mr. Trollope's 'Can you Forgive Her?'; and considering its vicinity to the abominations of the cooking of great German cities, the *cuisine* is not so bad. The city and the Rhine form an inspiring scene, but, like champagne, that scene is better dry. To look out of the end window, see the rain pouring, and

feel that pour it will until to-morrow or next day, is not enlivning, say what you like. I give you my word that, fulfilling the proverb, it not only rained, but it poured, for twelve consecutive hours, and then it blew a hurricane. Basle has been, and is, very full of English, and the present is called a good season, though there are great complaints of the damage done to tourist-land generally by the Emperor Napoleon and his Great Exhibition. From Basle to Berne it poured in such torrents that there was a deluge below us and another "to follow." Through all the lovely scenery between Basle and Geneva, you could see gleams of beauty only when the wind carried off the mist or the torrent stopped falling for a few minutes; then the scene was charming, and the contrast of the more than usually fertile-looking valleys and the background of more than usually snow-crowned mountains was simply glorious. But I was in no humour for enthusiastic admiration. Had we not just stopped to "refresh" at the station of Berne? And here let me say that from Baden-Baden to Basle, and so long as you continue to travel on that same line, anybody may safely take the ticket second-class—indeed, it is more comfortable in hot weather, and not much cheaper—which always tells with the English tourist; but on the Berne line, and, for that matter, to Geneva and on to Paris, do not try it. Small carriages densely crowded, every man carrying two large parcels—usually, also, a growing plant in a pot, a piece of bacon, and a bundle of agricultural implements which he finally deposits on your feet—and smoking a cigar which may be made of any vegetable produce save tobacco, are not anticipations of paradise. To return to Berne. What a station! so dark, so dirty, so crowded with unpleasant people,

for all the bears were not "fed by the municipality"—*vide* 'Murray'—that day; and as for food, I had, or rather was offered, a bit of "hobbledehoy" veal, neither calf nor ox, poisoned by several specimens of fungi. It is always so in Europe. You pay dearly and get nothing—not even an indigestion; for you cannot eat what you do pay for. Yes, England or France, it is all the same, *à la gare comme à la gare*. In a long life of travel I have only come upon three decent refreshment stations—York, Macon, and a charming little buffet, "*une buffette vierge*," at Montrejeau on the newly-opened line between Toulouse and Pau. Switzerland is crowded with English; but the whole circulation is paralysed, and there is an unhappy band of martyrs armed with useless circular notes, who dare not advance and do not wish to retire. The cholera has been very bad indeed at Zurich, but last week it was better, owing to a change of the weather. The ride from Basle to Geneva is, to say the least, long; and when you have clouds and thunder, hail and rain, to keep you company on the journey, which is performed in trains ever behind their time, perhaps it is wearying. Still we steamed, puffed, and panted on, by those well-known Geneva Lake stations. At the "birthplace of deep love" it began to blow as well as rain, and when we reached the 'Métropole' at Geneva—an hotel which is a home, and which I conscientiously recommend—it was about as dirty weather and as bad a night as I ever slept through; which I did not, though, for all our windows burst open about four A.M. During the night the roofings of all the out-buildings were in imminent danger; a fly with two elderly but most respectable unmarried females was blown into a gutter; the Syndic had his best blue umbrella turned

top-side t'other way; and we poor travellers our rest broken. The "bise," a sort of inland sirocco, kept on all the next day. No steamers and no pleasure-boats could leave the harbour; so we went away by a train. The trip from Geneva to Lyons is interesting for some hours, and, indeed, I do not know where you could find a prettier panorama; but that ceases at Culoz. Thence to the second city in France the travelling is dull. Lyons is dull, too, I can tell you. It is an imposing city, but imposing in the wrong sense. The Grand Hôtel is not "grand," save in its bills; the *cuisine* is not worthy of the birthplace of so many *cordons bleus*—the *cordons* are female, you remember—and so many *chefs*. We had, to be sure, a little thing with truffles, dressed in champagne, and placed on anchovy toast, at the Sous-préfet's, which was not bad; but one swallow neither makes a dinner nor a summer. Bordeaux wine, I find, is much dearer the nearer you approach the vineyard—just like lobsters at Bognor; but what astonished me most at Lyons was the price which water can command. At Geneva I had what the French call a "rich and opulent" bath of cold water, for which with countless towels I paid twopence-half-penny. At that price I thought I might wash again next day *sans me ruiner*, so I had another bath at Lyons, price two shillings and a penny. Now we know that Geneva has her lake to fall back upon, and water is a drug; but still the noble city of Lyons is situated on two rivers, and the cleansing fluid should hardly be a luxury beyond the reach of the middle, not to speak of the lower, classes. At Lyons, and indeed on the whole line, I heard a good deal of talk about "what is to happen." There is a very general feeling that war must come between France and Prussia. For my

own part I have found the Germans ready and even eager, and now I find the French "ready, aye ready," but not eager. The Emperor will not fight unless Prussia drives him to it; but if he once begins he will play the final game. . . . The journey from Lyons to Toulouse is pretty but painfully tedious. At Cette, the town of imitation wines, we saw the Gulf of Lyons in all its glory. But who could stop there? I shook the dust from my feet, washed the dryness from my throat with water, and thought of Australian wine, the Borgias, and the abominations of adulteration for which the French Government has recently given a medal! Then we came to Narbonne, a place I remember well in my first copybook: "Narbonne, in France, celebrated for its honey." It should be celebrated for something, for it is dull enough. Toulouse is, I am told, a gay place in the season, but I fear I arrived out of the season. It is a military position, and, indeed, I saw preparations for war—an officer cheapening a pair of boots. But Pau! Well, I am not sure that I ever saw so lovely a view as that which welcomes the awakening eyes of him who has slept at Pau in the south rooms of the Hôtel de France. You might live at Pau: there is climate, and there are hunting, shooting quail, ortolan, and partridge, fishing, and golf—yes, golf, if you like that Scotch and manly pastime. Thence we passed to Bayonne, a glorious city to look at, either from a civil or a military point of view; and then we drove on to that French Brighton, which is as much due to the creation of the Empress Eugénie, as Vichy to the ideas of the Emperor. Biarritz, seen as I first beheld it, is wonderful—a lovely sunset, a calm sea, music, the perfume of heliotrope, the absence of noise. As I close this letter, thousands of stars are repeating themselves for our advantage in the reflecting mirror of the sea.

Biarritz, Friday, October 4.

Twenty years ago no Frenchman would have believed that this little Basque village of Biarritz could ever become the seat of an Imperial Court—the council-board of a diplomacy which was discussing the peace of Europe, the doom of the temporal power, and the future of a kingdom lately raised by the owner of Biarritz from its degraded state of a “geographical expression” to the position of a Power of the first rank. Yet on this very day it really seems to have advanced to such an eminence. The French Ministers for Home Affairs and Public Works are now writing—by their secretaries, *ça va sans dire*—for this post in their rooms at the Villa Eugénie; and the Marquis de Moustier and M. Drouyn de Lhuys are said to be expected, if not actually *en route*. Baron Goltz, the German Ambassador at the Court of Paris, is here—but he certainly is “on leave;” and last evening arrived the Chevalier di Nigra, Italian Minister at the same Court, accompanied by Signor di Puttegari. . . . So it is not all pleasure at Biarritz. Waking “uneasy heads” at untimely hours, rippling the calm sea, clouding the clear sky, come financial difficulties from Paris, those Italian difficulties which just at present seem especially urgent, and the great cloudy, depressing German question which is the incubus of Europe. Everybody, including that most charming of diplomatists Baron Goltz, talks so peacefully that I own at last I fear war. “Peace, peace, when there is no peace!” Are not all old enough to remember the advent of that new European era, the Crimean War—wise enough also to be warned by that fallacious cry? . . . *Eh bien!* it is a cloudy time even on these fair shores. And they are very fair.

The Villa Eugénie is a square, unadorned, not to say ugly building, situated on a slope which leads down to the sea; the background is covered with a sort of juniper, and there are a few dwarf trees, but not the bud nor even the leaf of a flower. The look-out from the villa is grand, and in wild weather it must be a splendid spectacle to see the waves break over the stupendous rocks, which, raised by some volcanic action, start up in every direction in this glorious bay. His Majesty evidently thinks so even in calmer weather, for to-day he was standing like a hardy Canute on the shore, and got a terrible ducking for his pains. The nearest neighbour to the villa is a "watchman on a lonely tower"—who, indeed, dwells in a revolving lighthouse. Opposite the villa on the west is the Casino, a grand establishment; and between the two lies Biarritz. It may amuse some to know that the land on which the Villa Eugénie is built was a waste half reclaimed from the sea, and that his Majesty bought the fee simple for £12. Just beyond the villa to the east is a model farm, worked by Louis Napoleon, proprietor, *rentier*, and Emperor, which I hope to have the pleasure of surveying to-morrow or next day. "Nothing that is told you is ever true;" start with this fixed principle and you will be right. For instance, I have always been told that Biarritz, which should be called "Eugénie-ville," was a desert—not a tree nor a blade of grass to be seen; whereas in fact the very streets are lined with sycamores, under the leaves of which Biarritz in hot weather lives and breathes, but does not move. A more picturesque little place I have never seen. Avoiding the intense Toryism of Spain, for which retrograde land 'Don Quixote' is still the best hand-book, Biarritz retains

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a Moresque tint, relieved by lighter French colouring; and the result is a picture charming to the eye and instructive to the mind. It would indeed on a busy day, a *fiesta* or a *domenica*, make a picture. Frith should group the figures, and the executors and assigns of Murillo paint in the faces—that is, if the testator has bequeathed his secret of brown faces, bright eyes, and Spanish individuality. So soon as you arrive at Bayonne you see that you are in what should be Spain. Instead of being told to *sortir* from the station you are ordered to *salir*; the people round you speak a language which, if not pure Madrid or Sevillian Spanish, is certainly not French; figs and grapes are offered, and the head-dresses of both women and men are quite different from those of “*La Belle France*”—which, be it said, is a deal more “*belle*” in the South than in any other quarter. Head-dresses always indicate crossed frontiers. Here the men wear a blue lowland bonnet, while the women look extremely *piquantes*—*muy lindas*, in fact—bound up with a gaudy-coloured handkerchief, which fashion disfigures by a chignon. The “Maire” is called an “Alcade,” and there is a mingled smell of burnt oil and garlic in all the smaller houses. Do you want any further proof that you are nearly, if not quite, in Spain? Twenty years ago not many people knew that there existed on the shore of the Bay of Biscay a little sardine-fishing village. In twenty years more it may perchance be the Brighton of the Continent. I have seen better bathing-places, certainly, because bathing is in my mind connected with nakedness and a “header;” and a full-dress performance on sands, however good those sands may be, has little charm for me. But I have never seen finer sands nor a more lovely sea

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view. It will give you some idea of the rapid growth of this little sanatory settlement, if I tell you that M. Gardère, the proprietor of the little Hôtel de France, which was the best house in Biarritz, has been compelled to build first a Villa Blanche, twice the size of the original house, to which it acts as *succursale*; and, secondly, a Maison Rouge, twice the size of the Villa Blanche—and to-day there is not a vacant room in either. And remember this: the visitors are chiefly French, and we are 500 miles from Paris. You cannot be better introduced to Biarritz than on a Sunday morning; and if you will kindly consider that you are breaking your fast in the restaurant of the France or the Europe, or smoking your cigar at that *café* where I see announced that “Pales ales of London and Bock-beers of Germany sell themselves,” I will try to introduce the passers-by. I should begin by stating that during the season there is a perpetual fair, and even, if possible, a more perpetual gambling; and both increase in intensity on Sundays and holidays. I have just alluded to the season. This year the weather was cold and wet, and “lodgings to let” was the unpleasant order of the day; but suddenly “Empress’s weather” set in with the Imperial visit, and for the last few days it has been a renewal of summer. Under our window there is the usual fair. They sell braces and bonnets, grapes and gaudy handkerchiefs, sombreros and *fajas* of all the colours of all the rainbows. Every vendor shouts at the top of a truly Spanish voice, and that voice is pitched as high as the Pass of St. Roland. Roulette is careering all the while in its gay but vicious circle, and hundreds of pounds of sweetstuff change hands every hour. Imagine “nicking in” for a

run on a "number," and see the lot of variegated nastiness you might land. Such a *coup* chanced yesterday to two boys, who must be the lincal descendants of the Dulwich Murillo family. Like Mustapha Fazil Pacha at Baden-Baden, they played the "maximum," and saw it out; the result was a quantity of sweatmeats enough to kill a horse. This performance caused intense delight to a party of French soldiers who were noisily breakfasting at the Café de la Paix, and uttering curious criticisms on the costumes, fit for the Courses de Longchamps, which even at that early hour were sweeping the streets. A priest passing seems divided between admiration for the costumes and their wearers, and indignation at the boys and their gambling. I believe he wants to confiscate the sweet spoils and appropriate them to the Church. Then come two merchants—one of eggs and the other of figs. Their cries of "*huevos*" and "*figos*" are so startling that all the restaurant runs to the window, and one timid lady asks if it is not a *pronunciamiento*. Next door to the *café*, in that little shop into which Captain Bras-de-Fer, of the 111th of the Line, is now strutting, and from which the sounds of a guitar have been faintly tinkling all the morning, resides a regular Figaro, who on Sundays, in the season at least, is *quà e là*, and who shaves for *dos reales*. A great speculation, too, is carried on under that sycamore tree. Large coloured glasses are changing hands rapidly, roulette being again the agent. Dozens of omnibuses, each carrying the *grand complet*, arrive from Bayonne, St. Sebastian, and the French and Spanish towns and villages within reach. Two very old gossips are enjoying themselves watching the scene, whispering to each other when any young couple

passes by, and evidently "at every breath a reputation dies." A very few English are present. It is a droll scene, that in front of the bathing establishments, the laws of which are written in Spanish and French, and where now the Alcade issues indignant remonstrances against a reported rise in the prices. You pay sixpence for a suit of bathing-clothes and extra for towels. We will say that you are sitting quietly smoking a cigar outside the establishment, when before you pass two charming female figures in the very height of Paris costume, down even to the Alpenstock-handled parasol, without which or a crooked stick you would be nobody. They enter the doors, and "are gone from the gaze like a beautiful dream." A period of ten minutes is supposed to elapse. What is this? Who are these guys parading two and two, and looking like four Dominican monks who have resolved to take the final leap in the dark? My friend, they are your two beauties and their attendant duckers. The party—male and female—is dressed in knickerbockers and a kind of *domino noir*. They advance, much criticised by surrounding strangers, and are hailed by their friends, who are hastening to make themselves into similar guys, with the notice that they shall all meet presently *là-bas*. Then the performance begins. It is very striking, truly, and perhaps borders a little on the ludicrous. The two couples advance slowly, hand in hand, as if they were about to dance a minuet or "gavotte." Gracefully—more or less—they meet each wave, to which they "set," and finally drop the lowest of curtsies, and are wetted from head to foot. When they are damp and sandy enough, they retire on their feet, or in old-fashioned sedan chairs, which are more suggestive of Bath than of bathing.

Then the swells of the land, in every description of masquerade, run down into the swell of the sea, and divert themselves with performing fantastic dances to the vocal accompaniment of airs from the 'Grande Duchesse;' and this is called bathing. Give me a boat and a swim *au naturel*! At five o'clock the band of the 73rd of the Line, fifty-two strong, plays the 'Grand Duchesse' and other Paris music, thus, mentally at least, carrying the exiles back to their dear metropolis. I do not think I have ever beheld a prettier sight than is to be seen from the windows of the Villa Eugénie when that band is playing. The lawn which runs up to the bathing-house, parallel with the shore on which waves are each instant breaking into clouds of coloured spray, is crowded with a group of gaily-dressed people; the establishment, the villa, and the bay are golden from the setting sun, and as, each instant, day dies out, the colouring is more glorious; then in ten minutes it is dark, and myriads of stars glitter out of the black sky. This being the case, Mamma opines that it is getting "damp for dear Julia," Papa thinks there will be time for one small cigar as he walks home; and Biarritz goes to dinner. The evening—if a Sunday especially—is very lively. Roulette rolls on; "Tirs au Pistolet" keep crackling in every direction. There is one very taking "Tir," a hideous black mask, with two candles for eyes, and one for mouth. You pay a *sou*, and if you snuff out one of the bright features you receive a *cornet* of cakes. "Chemin de Fer," too, as played here, is interesting. A real engine and train run on a real line, and when they arrive at the station, they launch a ball, which rolls over a board covered with red, black, blue, and yellow holes. It is an easy and

popular game. The Court lives quite a primitive life, going on excursions, eating picnics, and walking about the town. Indeed, the very first thing I saw on my arrival was a compact crowd which, in spite of the Alcade's repeated remonstrances, was following the Emperor and Empress, who were strolling up the high street. Their Majesties are both looking, and really are, remarkably well; and the Prince Imperial has entirely recovered from all effects of his late illness. I regret to say that his Majesty wears one of my pet aversions, a low two-inch crowned white hat with a broad brim. I confess it was a blow, but I am getting over it. Their Majesties and the Prince take the greatest interest in all local affairs. Not a charity that is not benefited, not a system that is not explored, and, if found to stand the test, supported. The Court is here only for a short time, yet that brief period is the existence of Biarritz. The Court is naturally not very strong as to numbers here, but it is sufficient to bring peace and plenty to many a household. The Emperor's model farming, too, supplies the means of living to a large number of people; and then the *menus plaisirs* of the Villa Eugénie during the short residence of the Court are something very considerable "for the provinces." For instance, yesterday the Court made an excursion to some caves in the Pyrenees beyond Cambo—a fearfully difficult route—which took twelve hours, ten in carriage and two on horseback; employed sixty-two pair of post-horses; and, as Imperial visits are always paid *en Empereur*, cost 6000 francs. Luckily, it was the finest day of the season at Biarritz, and the whole party was charmed—not only going and there, but returning, which, as all know, is the real test of a successful ex-

pedition. The Court will stay here till the 10th, or possibly till the 15th of October, if the weather holds. The Emperor of Austria will arrive in Paris about the 20th of October; the Empress is compelled reluctantly to renounce the visit.

Biarritz, Sunday, October 6.

Since I sent my last letter Biarritz, or rather San Jean de Luz, has narrowly, much too narrowly, missed being the scene of a catastrophe which would have plunged all France into desolation, all Europe into grief and unaffected mourning. On Thursday the Empress was cruising about the Bay, passing and repassing the Old Port, where visitors to Biarritz were then disporting themselves in every conceivable garment which the ingenuity, if not taste, of Paris and St. Sebastian dressmakers could invent. Her Majesty, who is not only a very good sailor but a very good swimmer, is devoted to the sea; and the little steamer billeted for service at Biarritz is seldom at anchor when graver occupations or imperative inland excursions do not occupy the days of the Empress Eugénie. The Prince Imperial, too, is fond of the amusement; and certainly the fresh air of the Bay of Biscay must be the best tonic in the world for any boy, Prince or peasant. Such being the case, rather, as I learn, in opposition to the wish of the Emperor, her Majesty and the Prince embarked in the 'Chamois' on Thursday for a cruise along the coast. When I saw the steamer rolling and staggering to and fro, and occasionally shipping a sea, I could not help remarking that if that was pleasure I should prefer pain on shore — a long walk in new boots along a dusty road. It was a thick, hazy day, with great, heavily-charged masses of cloud coming up every quarter of an hour,

with a fresh breeze from the N.N.E. which every now and again freshened into half a gale of wind ; dirty weather to have driving you on so queer a coast as that which stretches westward from the old port of Biarritz to San Jean de Luz. An English Captain of the Royal Navy saw the 'Chamois' steaming past the Villa Bruce, and observed, "This is no ladies' day ; they had all a deal better be ashore." In fact the wind is very treacherous, sudden, and dangerous off this coast, and as I write it is blowing a gale which would warn even very handy sailors not to hug the shore. Half an hour ago it was as calm as Como, now the sea rages as only the Atlantic knows how to riot. As a spectacle it is magnificent, but to "proudly ride" those waters is disagreeable, not to say dangerous in the extreme. To an amateur of "business on the deep waters," however, much must be forgiven, for it would be difficult to conceive anything finer than the scenery to be viewed from the deck of a steamer coasting this section of the bay. Such splendid sands, backed by such stern, granitic-looking rocks, and those rocks broken at intervals so as to let the light in upon high cultivation, can be found scarcely anywhere. So the Empress and her suite cruised in this fitful sea, on this dubious day. The doubtful day grew worse as it got older, and the captain did not see his way back to Biarritz, where the landing from a steamer as big as the 'Chamois' is not very pleasant with a wind driving you hard on shore. St. Sebastian was thought of, but not much liked. But there was St. Jean de Luz. Now this little port has the reputation of being the best harbour of refuge on the coast. To St. Jean, indeed, it was that when a sudden storm arose, after a naval review and regatta here, every old sailor of the French Navy steamed and

sailed for safety. The captain of the 'Chamois' also remembered this welcome and hospitable haven, and made direct for it. The wind was blowing hard and it was getting dark. The landing-place is decidedly good in daylight and fair weather; but to land so precious a cargo in a small boat, the wind driving the steamer hard on shore, was an awful responsibility. The Empress, the Prince Imperial, and some of the suite got safely into the boat and rowed for shore; darkness, or wind, or ill-luck, however, drove the boat against a rock; it staggered, nearly capsized, then began to fill. In a few minutes the Empress was sitting in water up to her waist, and the Prince was almost out of his depth. Neither mother nor child lost courage. Nobility not only obliges, it supplies intrepidity. The pilot, poor man, loses his head, jumps into the sea, falls back against the rock, is stunned and drowned. For a few minutes the excitement is awful—calm, speechless; and then the Empress and the Prince are in safety on shore, safe from the jaws of death, which, however, have swallowed up one gallant sailor. Despatches are sent to the Emperor, who arrives as fast as horses can bring him—St. Jean is eight miles from Biarritz—and finds those most dear to him safe and uninjured. I have heard that his Majesty did express to the captain of the 'Chamois' how he doubted his being a good judge of pleasant weather. The Empress was terribly struck by the death of that poor pilot—a life lost before her eyes in her service. The Emperor, too, was hardly less affected. You may see thousands die on a battle-field, and gallop your charger across the men and horses, "in one red burial blent," to get to the next point of observation; but one life laid down at your feet, like that poor sailor's, comes

home. On Friday the Emperor, Empress, and the whole Court now at Biarritz, and with them the Prussian Ambassador and the Italian Minister, went over to San Jean de Luz to assist at the funeral of the devoted sailor. Thus the curtain drops over a drama which wanted little to have made it a tragedy. I shudder even now to think what the effect might have been if another such gust of wind as is now blowing into the windows of Biarritz had stricken the craft and forced another lurch of the boat which contained the hopes of the nation. Had the catastrophe been complete there would not have been in all the Empire a house where the deepest mourning—mourning of the heart—would not have been worn for the beloved Empress and the cherished Child of France.

Biarritz, Wednesday, October 9.

Everything here tells of the dying season. As you eat your inevitable omelette you see omnibus and cart, carriage and waggon, depart with luggage, which includes all sorts of articles, from a bonnet to a private bathing machine. *Le monde s'en va*. Yet it is inevitable. . . . A very pretty walk from Biarritz is over the hills to the west to see the curious Moresque villa built on the very coast by Lord Ernest Bruce. The situation is far finer than that of the Villa Eugénie, but it is farther from the town, and much more exposed. The walk back at low tide is very striking; perhaps nowhere do you get so grand an idea of the beauty of the coast. Another house—a mansion—in a fine position, is that built by M. Labat, the Préfet of Bayonne. It was on this spot that the house stood in which the Emperor and Empress first stayed when visiting Biarritz. M. le Préfet put his house at the disposal of their Majesties; but as it is

not Imperial fashion to live on your subjects, the Emperor sent £1200 to the Intendant. The sum was at once returned. The subject would rather receive nothing but the honour; he was firm, but the Emperor was firmer; finally, M. Labat received the money, and distributed it at once among the poor. The Villa Eugénie has increased in stature by one storey since last year. The Emperor offered M. Gardère, the hospitable and polite proprietor of the Maison Rouge, a very large sum for his house, in order to have quarters for the suite; but, failing to come to terms, a fourth storey was added to the villa, and, I should say, much improves its appearance. To compare small things with great, I saw a Spanish interior here to-day, which was a curiosity. The house consisted of a *rez-de-chaussée* about as big as the threshing-floor of a very small farmer's barn. One half of it was the *salon*, furnished with a table, two chairs, a Madonna, a crucifix, two coffee cups, and a picture of a bull fight. The other side held two beds, one above the other—the lower decorated with a coverlet of Spanish point, and the upper with a Moresque counterpane truly gorgeous with embroidery and gold. The owners of this splendour live in a garden say 15 feet by 10. One of the easiest excursions from this place is to Cambo, a small watering-place, consisting of the Hôtel St. Martin—of which one Betti is very appropriately the landlord—and an “establishment” for bathing in and consuming water which in nastiness of flavour is very little behind Harrogate's own private tap. Truly a curious old water! Two hours' drive will take you to the establishment of Cambo; *en route* you pass Asturitz, one of the prettiest little Franco-Spanish villages still existing—a village in which the houses show

the certificates of their birth, proving them to be 150, 250, 300 years of age. The whole drive is splendid. Before you are the Pyrenees, looming glorious in the distance; beneath you is a branch of the Adour, which flows to Bayonne, and glitters in serpentine coils through a fertile valley, rich now with corn and wine; and miles upon miles of forest, chiefly pollard oaks and Spanish chestnuts, make a frame to the varied pictures which are exhibited to you at each turn of the road. Now there is a winding hill, down which the diligences from Bayonne market, loaded within and without, are rushing rather heedlessly. Next comes a flat plain, on one side a vineyard, "copied from the south of France;" by which I mean—for it is impossible here to remember that you are in France—that the vines are trellised, and look as those do which shade the dusty travellers between Naples and Capua. Here is a detachment of the 77th Regiment halting on their march, the red trousers and blue coats of the gallant corps, their piled arms, their "at ease" positions, blending wonderfully with the green of the forest, and coming out in rich contrast to the gloom of the deep shadow of the chestnuts. Again, there is a string of donkeys as obstinate as Christians, and behaving as such—getting, that is, exactly on the wrong side of the road: so are they cursed by couriers. Passing a convent in a lovely situation, we journey on to Cambo. Such a position! Shut in by the lower spurs of the Pyrenees, which are here covered thickly with fern now dyed by autumn into the grandest colours, and partly dotted with chestnuts still in great verdure; a stream rippling beneath you most suggestive of trout; and a calm and silence so deep that when a pig which had been feasting on chestnuts got up and grunted,

our party was fairly startled from its propriety. All visitors to Biarritz should certainly go over to Betti Martin's Hotel at Cloud, take their rods and flies, and try to catch some of the salmon which abound in that stream. As for scenery, surpass it if you can!

Paris, October 20.

The Court is at St. Cloud, and will remain there till it goes to Compiègne. The road through the Bois is quite alive with Ministers, Diplomats, Chamberlains, going to and fro on their difficult missions. The Emperor came up and visited the Exhibition on Thursday. There are a good many English in Paris, and more *en route*, and the last days of October will, as always, be very lively here.

The Exhibition is to be kept open a fortnight longer than was at first intended. One week the admission is to be 50 centimes, the other gratis. This extension has been, I presume, brought about by the pressure of the enormous army of occupation now invading Paris. The Emperor was so very particular about opening on the day named, that it was generally supposed he would insist on the same punctuality in closing; but I believe his Majesty has been over-persuaded. The announcement is not, however, as yet officially made.* The exhibitors take very different views of this supplementary Exposition. The exhibitors of small articles rather like it, as they are doing a good business, and will have fourteen days more of opportunities; but the great jewellers look with rational alarm at the chance of a gratis attendance at their "*installations*;" and other great exhibitors seriously consider the expense, for which they see no return in these cheap days. I do not think that the

* The intention, if it ever existed, was abandoned.

general public knows the enormous expense to which English exhibitors have been put. I know as a fact that to exhibit four pianos has cost one of the leading London houses £2000.

On my return to Paris, I really must say that I find it wonderfully full; the hotels are having "tremendous houses," the lodgings are taken for many nights, and are full from pit to gallery. You cannot get near a popular theatre, and 'Beautiful Helen' and the 'Grand Duchess' are so run after that they are obliged to have extra police before the doors to keep their admirers away. We have no novelties: why should we, when the old performances fill every house? The restaurants are so crammed that getting a table is as difficult as getting promotion from a hostile Government. The very Maison Dorée, usually so calm and quiet, is crowded to excess, and hungry men sit on chairs outside on the Boulevard and watch through the windows for a free table. I dined there last night, the first time for many months. All was good as ever, but what changes had taken place! I looked at that table where, wearing a velvet skull cap and stirring a private sauce, was wont to sit the Doctor of Dining—the Professor of Gastronomy—Dr. Véron. I turned with a sigh to that *foie aux truffes*, and, with water in my mouth, thought how he would have liked it. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum!*

Wednesday, October 23.

The scene and the excitement attending the arrival of the Emperor Francis-Joseph in Paris to-day were quite as striking as any that marked the advent of King or Kaiser this year. The first sign of a coming Monarch was the covering of the Boulevards with yellow sand. The line of

procession, the Boulevards Strasburg, Italiens, Madeleine, Rue Royale, Avenue des Champs Elysées, and Avenue Marigny, were decorated with flags of all nations, and such flowers as the season affords. Though it was as cold as charity, every vantage-ground was occupied two hours at least before there was a chance of seeing anything. When running the race of pleasure, the people of Paris are "good stayers." The station was reserved for the few people to whom tickets were given, and was, as usual, decorated with bees in gold on a field of green velvet. The first-class waiting-room was turned into a *salon*, in which the receiving Emperor waited about ten minutes, and through which the received Emperor passed on his way to the state carriage which was to convey him to the Elysée. Arriving a few minutes before the Emperor Napoleon, while waiting I noticed among the officials Count de Mülinen, Chancellor of the Austrian Embassy, and Count de Deym, First Secretary; MM. Marquis de la Valette, Rouher, Haussmann, the Prefect of Police, Generals Fleury and Canrobert, the Duc de Bassano, etc. Then Prince Napoleon arrived, and then the Emperor. Punctual to a minute the train steamed into the station, and a Royal salute gave notice that the Austrian Emperor was in Paris. The Emperor and Prince Napoleon stepped forward to welcome the Emperor and his brothers, and in less than five minutes they were walking in procession to the carriages. First came the Emperor Napoleon, with Francis-Joseph on his right hand. The Austrian Emperor looks wonderfully young and well, and was dressed, as were his brothers, in full uniform. At the sight of the two Emperors a shout arose which might have been heard on the Boulevards. "Vivent les Empereurs!" "Vive l'Autriche!" "Vive la France!" The Cent-Gardes

saluted, and the Line regiments presented arms. The two Emperors went away together in the first carriage. In the second were the two Archdukes and Prince Napoleon. Then came M. de Beust, the Duc de Grammont, and Prince de Metternich. The only lady in the procession was the Austrian Ambassadors, who was perfectly gorgeous in emerald satin and black lace. Then followed a crowd of French, Austrian, Tyrolese, and Hungarian uniforms, both diplomatic and military, and the procession started for the Elysée. I must not omit to mention the magnificence of the carriages waiting for the Emperors. They were perfect, from the coachman's wig to the curling of the horses' manes. The Hungarians present—and they were very numerous—were all in full gala dress, and fairly frightened the French ladies out of their propriety by their reckless display of precious stones. Fancy a costume of black velvet, with solid gold buttons, and a shako with eagle's feathers and diamonds; or a purple velvet suit, Hessian boots, a cloak with buttons of the Hungarian colours in uncut jewels, and in the hat a plume of emeralds and pearls. Count Zichy must have had on thousands of jewels. The reception given by the general public, which lined the whole route in such deep files that circulation was entirely stopped except for those in the procession, was infinitely more striking than that given either to the King of Prussia or the Czar, and the Emperor Francis-Joseph looked very much pleased. It was quite curious to hear the "file-firing" of cheers taken up by the different divisions of the crowd as the procession passed slowly by. The Emperor Napoleon went to the Elysée, and in twenty minutes the two Emperors were in an open post-carriage, *en route* for St. Cloud. Altogether the reception has been magnificent.

Sunday, October 27.

I regret to state that the news of the approaching re-occupation of Rome by the French troops, after having apparently proved a cry of "wolf" when there was no wolf, was yesterday established as a fact by the following paragraph in the official 'Moniteur':

In the presence of fresh attempts made by revolutionary bands to invade the Pontifical States, the Emperor has revoked the orders which he had given to suspend the embarkation of the troops assembled at Toulon.

So grave a notice has not appeared in the 'Moniteur' since the outbreak of the Italian war; and all society—civil, military, religious, profane, speculative, and commercial—has staggered under the shock. But I think that public opinion has so far come round as to confess that, dangerous as the step is for Italy, and embarrassing as it certainly is for France, the Emperor could hardly act otherwise. That his Majesty wished to do so I am in a position to affirm, but circumstances were too strong for him, and, having regard to the honour of France, he could not allow the Convention of 1864 to become waste paper. It is stated by the friends of Italy that the bargain was too hard for her; but then she engaged in the contract willingly at least, if not wisely, and if the agents of the French Government were cleverer than those of the Italian, that is a misfortune for Italy, but no cause for blame to France. The French troops left Toulon on Saturday, and by Monday morning will be back in that wretched little Civita Vecchia.*

* Garibaldian bands, evading the vigilance of the Italian troops, had entered the Roman States and pressed on hopefully and energetically

Monday, August 28.

Lord Lyons may now be said to be fairly established at the Embassy. Mr. Sheffield is the Private Secretary, and holds the office so admirably filled for Lord Cowley by Mr. Falconer Atlee; but that gentleman is still, I rejoice to say, Keeper of the Archives and Consul. The Embassy at present consists of his Excellency Lord Lyons; Mr. Sheffield, Private Secretary; the Hon. Julian Fane, Mr. Adams, Mr. Clay Ker-Seymer, and Mr. Hildyard.

Tuesday, August 29.

Last night the Foreign Commissioners gave a grand dinner to the Imperial Commission. It was a graceful act, very gracefully performed. The Foreign Commissioners paid England the great compliment of selecting an Englishman as president. To be sure that Englishman was Earl Granville; and as he is known to be the most popular and pleasant man in Europe, the selection, though still highly complimentary, was not remarkable except for its eternal fitness. Earl Granville is one of the few Englishmen with whom I have the honour of an acquaintance, who can speak in French as well as he could speak in English; and, moreover, he has the happy talent of saying the right thing at the right time, and to the right people. He said last night that the French language was an instrument on which he could not play, and added charmingly, but most unnecessarily, "*Je vous prie donc de ne pas vous arrêter à mes*

for the capital, beating back the Papal soldiery. It was to save the temporal power, endangered through the inability or failure of Italy to fulfil her Treaty engagements, that the Emperor Napoleon, very reluctantly and with much hesitation, resolved on the second occupation.

expressions, mais de croire à la sincérité de mes sentiments.” The audience, however, did not grant this prayer, for, while fully convinced of the sincerity of the sentiments expressed, they were charmed with the language in which they were delivered. I may write this with the greatest truth, as there was not an English man or woman within two tables of that at which I was dining; and so foreigners—as English people always will describe “natives”—were the judges. The banquet hall was the great *table d’hôte* room of the Hôtel du Louvre. It is a splendid *salon*, and last night was decorated in a fashion which reflects great credit on the managers of this gigantic entertainment. A fine show of plate was abstracted *pro tem.* from the “*installations*” of the Champ de Mars; and where they found all the flowers at this advanced season Flora only knows.

The proclamation of King Victor Emmanuel, which is considered as entirely precluding any notion of war between Italy and France, has calmed men’s minds here. As far as France is concerned all danger is, I consider, over; and the re-occupation of Rome is not very much disliked by the French in general. The people, as a rule, take only a political view of the point, and ignore the religious element. France and Italy entered into a contract, and if Italy will not perform her part of it, France must make her. Again, the generality of people think that the Emperor is quite right from another view of the question. He was forced to take up a position which would place him in direct antagonism with either the Republican or the Church party in France. Now the former, with all due deference to those who should know, has no longer any power in France; the Church, on the contrary, has great influence, so the Emperor has disarmed it by siding with the Pope.

Wednesday, October 30.

A stranger in Paris just now would be much struck with the scene which he must witness if he passes up the Boulevards between eight and ten o'clock. He will find himself, when in the neighbourhood of the Passage de l'Opéra, suddenly pushed off the pavement by a dense phalanx of respectable and respectably-dressed men. They come not singly, but generally by threes, halting at every ten yards, in order that one of them may stamp his stick on the ground. Their talk is earnest, and, if you listen, you hear allusions to francs and centimes—to "*haïsse*" and "*baisse*." "How are Italians?" is asked so often that you might think you were at a meeting of patriots of that "fair clime where ceaseless summer smiles." There are confidential questions about Rentes, too; and much talk and bad tobacco. Policemen keep moving about, crying, "Now, pray do circulate!" and the circulation is re-established for five minutes; then, again, the stoppage, and the repeated cry, "But, Messieurs, I beg you to circulate!" These individuals, whose circulation is so slow, are stock-jobbers and Bourse speculators generally; having "played" on the Bourse proper from twelve to four, they now come out on the Boulevard, and "play" a little longer—they speculate all day. During *déjeuner* at the Café de la Baisse, on the Bourse, in the streets, in the clubs, and in the *foyers* of the theatre, they are all alike, too—all classes! Your *conciierge* holds "little carriages;" your washerwoman dips into "Mexicans," and so is in hot water; the man who waits on you is a "bull," and he who drives you is a "bear." Paris is in a great hurry to grow rich, and so is frequently very poor.

Sunday, November 3.

The event of the last few days has been the departure, by Compiègne and Pierrefonds, of the Emperor of Austria and his brothers. His Majesty and the Archdukes have made an excellent impression; but then, you know, Austrian *noble e oblige*. Show me a well-bred Austrian and I will show you a gentleman. I hope, as I believe, that the Emperor has been as much pleased as he has pleased. The visit has been, if not strictly private, strictly ceremonial, and his Majesty has assisted at no public entertainments. I believe he saw everything else, from the Louvre to the markets, where the two Emperors might have been seen last Tuesday examining the meat. The theatres have had great patronage; indeed, even after the dinner at the Hôtel de Ville the Emperor went off to the play; and he has gone through a course beginning with the Grand Opéra and ending at the Porte St. Martin. One day M. de Lesseps had the honour of explaining his model of the Suez Canal. "When will it be finished?" asked the Emperor Francis-Joseph. "In 1869, Sire." "Then I hope I shall be able to assist at the opening." So his Majesty has left, having rendered Austria more popular in France than she has been for more than a century. Before I quit this subject I must revert to the review given the Austrian Sovereign on the field of Longchamps. The Emperor and his suite were not much struck with the French infantry; they were not grand enough to please their critical eyes, used only to the very perfection of the mechanism of marching. The easy advance of the French, and the confusion of feet, distracted men accustomed to regiments which manœuvre as regularly as those toy soldiers of our youth on their

expanding parade. But of the cavalry and the artillery the Austrians spoke with the highest admiration.

Monday, November 4.

The Carnival of Milan is, by the grace of Saint Carlo Borromeo, permitted to exist three days longer than any other Italian carnival; and these three days furnish usually the great display of the masking and mumming season. People who have exhausted the six weeks of pleasure in Turin, Florence, Bologna, Pisa, Pistoia, and Leghorn rush up to the Lombard city for the three days of grace. I question if the three days accorded to the Great Exhibition have produced the same effect, and, in fact, I consider them a mistake, as they caused the great bazaar to die and make no sign—to expire without beat of drum; whereas the last sad hour should have been marked by some striking ceremonial. During the first and second of the two extra days, the attendance fell off wonderfully from that of the generally-believed last day—Thursday; and although yesterday the building was fuller, I should say, than it has ever been, truth compels me to add that the concluding act was rather melancholy. A great many of the booths of this Vanity Fair were already closed, others were closing, and every minute some shop drew its curtain, or some “*installation*” carried off its last articles. As we passed the Rue de France the iron shutter fell for the last time over that crowded street. Packing, too, that horror of horrors to all well-regulated minds, was proceeding on all sides, and the ominous sound of hammers everywhere smote the ear. Dobson and his glass—where were they? Echo answered, “Packed up.” We looked in vain for the Dudley jewels, or the Esterhazy jacket. Mr. Phillips, the gold medallist, has

gone with his coral. The carriage department was clothed in a decent suit of sackcloth. The Russian restaurant was removed, perhaps to Siberia. The golden-haired daughters of Spiers and Pond were holding their final *levée*. The last American was sitting in solitary confinement, drinking his last "eye-opener." Blank announcements of Barmecide feasts, *table d'hôte* at — hour at — *par tête*, were on every side, and the *Tête parlante* was silent. The Greenwich fair, or outward circle, was still noisy, and was assisted in its attempts at jollity by that Tunisian music which all know so well and dislike so much; but even here the gaiety was forced. No! a pleasant place enough in days of yore, something ailed it yesterday, and the "place was cursed" and very dull. But what a splendid "World's Fair" has it been! and what a long and magnificent success has attended it! Paris, during seven months, has been the capital of civilisation. The Emperor has held a Court for Royalty, at which England, Russia, Prussia, Austria, Turkey, Egypt, Italy, Würtemberg, besides crowds of Kinglets and Grand Dukes, have been presented. Arabs, Chinese, Japanese, and Turks filled the streets. America took possession of one quarter of Haussmannville, and England kept marching on and retreating by thousands. Then we have had more, and more beautiful, *fêtes* than ever were given out of the Arabian Nights. Balls at which crowned heads were more plentiful than in the drawing-rooms of London in the days of the "Dandy Ball." Theatres crowded night after night from floor to ceiling. Reviews worthy of Prussia, one of which was rendered memorable by an attempt which, if it had been fatal, might have gravely affected the destinies of Europe; and ceremonies past descrip-

tion, that of the distribution of prizes in the Palace of Industry surpassing any one I have ever seen. The season of rejoicing was at that time overclouded by the sad catastrophe of Mexico, which ended at once the State festivities; but the people went on amusing themselves; and as for popular pleasures, we had races, at which there were only too many people "of all nations," and a pigeon match the like of which had never been seen in France. Nor should we forget Lord Dundreary's first appearance in Paris; nor the regatta which owes its existence to Captain Hore, R.N., and which failed because the French did not understand it. Imagine the money which must have been spent in Paris by these visitors of all classes, from Emperors to excursionists! Hotel-keepers, restaurants, letters of carriages, theatre-managers, and, to a certain extent, lodginghouse-owners, must have thought that the Pactolus had flowed into the bed of the Seine; and I am bound to say that they were most persistent fishermen, and lost no chance of a haul. The money spent in the Exhibition, too, must have been wonderful; but that goes to another class. Out of the articles recorded in the 1008 pages of the catalogue, nearly every one has been sold. "*Vendu*" met your eyes on every side, and a large proportion of the purchases goes to England. Of artistic articles I fancy Mr. Morrison, Colonel Lloyd Lindsay, Mr. R. Phillips, and Earl Dudley are the largest purchasers. Russia, too, and Austria have bought largely. France, and especially Paris, have great reason indeed to be grateful to the Emperor for his grand conception, so brilliantly carried into execution. As half-past four, the final minute, approached, we got near the door to see if any demonstration took place. No! Having got all they

could, the Parisians went quietly to dine and to the play ; and the Great Exhibition, which for a year and a half has occupied so many intellects, was allowed to close as quietly as a theatre. I do not believe that "*Resurgam*" can be written on this achievement of France, for I believe it will be the last Universal Exhibition in France, if not in Europe. Civilisation now increases so rapidly, carrying in its train art and science, that in other two lustres it will be utterly impossible to display the world's treasures under one roof. Europe will have to come to sectional exhibitions, and devote one year to art, another to science, another to lighter things ; but we shall never again see so grand a structure filled with such a glorious display as that of which the death-knell was tolled yesterday evening by the big bells of the Champ de Mars.

Tuesday, November 5.

There was last night, near the Porte St. Martin, a slight demonstration. It was not, however, intended to be political, though I hear that some cries of "*A bas l'intervention !*" and "*Vive Garibaldi !*" were heard. This meeting had its origin in the high price of bread, and in the want of work caused by the closing of several manufactories on account of *octroi* dues now claimed by the city of Paris on the plea of alterations of the original bounds. It was not serious ; but I hear that we are to have a graver demonstration to-night against intervention in Italy, and that the parade-ground is to extend from the Bastille to the Place de la Concorde. I know the police expect some such demonstration, and are prepared accordingly.

Wednesday, November 6.

We went last night, at nine o'clock, to the great promised demonstration, of which dear bread and want of work were to be the causes, and "Vive Garibaldi!" and "A bas l'intervention!" the effects. It was a lovely night, the Boulevards were densely crowded, and indeed there was a mob in front of the Passage de l'Opéra, and we thought we had arrived at the scene of action; but, alas! it only turned out to be a 'Game of Speculation' played in the open air. "*Quinze centimes.*" "*Je prends pour demain à vingt.*" "*Baisse.*" "*Hausse.*" "*Mais avançons, Messieurs,*" and we found it was only the Bourse discounting its to-morrow. We went on to the Porto St. Martin, and discovered another crowd; but it arose from the fact of there being an *entr'acte* at that popular theatre. Not one of those irrepressible persons, the working-classes, however, was visible; they were pleasure-seeking classes these, I fancy, at theatres, and billiards, and *cafés*; no "posts doubled," and only one soldier, who was drunk, and is probably now in the cells of the Prince Eugène barracks. If the demonstration was ever intended to take place last night, it was upset by the abortive attempt of Monday, and so ended in smoke.

Thursday, November 7.

A great compliment has just been paid to the talents of the late Admiral Fitzroy. Captain de Rostaing, of the French Navy, who is the head of the meteorological service at the Ministère de la Marine, has made an examination of the predictions as to the weather on the north and west coast of France during the winters of 1865 and 1866, and

he finds that the London prophecies as to the weather in the Channel and in the Ocean came right 89 times out of 100. The French Admiralty prides itself very much on having adopted the system inaugurated and, indeed, invented by the late lamented Admiral.

Sunday, November 17.

Friday being the *fête* of St. Eugénie, the Empress held a kind of *levée* for the Imperial household, the Ministers, and the Corps Diplomatique. In the evening there were a dinner and theatrical performances. In the afternoon the Emperor and Empress were driving in the Bois; it was densely crowded, and the Imperial *cortége* had to take its turn with the rest and go at a foot pace, so everybody had a chance of closely examining the two Sovereigns. I am happy to say that the general verdict of the public, who were strolling about by the Lake and basking in the unnatural heat, was that neither the Emperor nor the Empress had looked so well for years.

Tuesday, November 24.

Never do I remember to have seen so many people driving in the Bois as on Sunday last. Every carriage and every cab in the city must have been there; but these were chiefly occupied by provincials and Americans. Paris is hardly yet come back; but we shall soon have it, as I hear the season is to begin very early this year, and I should think will very soon be over. Society spent so much money on festivities last year, that sackcloth and ashes will be a good deal worn next. The English have fled as if from a pestilence. It is a curious sight to look into one of

their popular haunts, and see the vacant tables and the listless waiters. Baron Brisse, whose establishment was wont to be so full that tables were placed on the Boulevard, now goes to the door, and almost "touts" for customers. I dined lately at a restaurant in which, besides a large *table d'hôte*, there has been for six months a large room full of private diners, and found two other persons besides ourselves. The stillness of some of the great establishments is almost oppressive. Where we used to wait, we are now waited on, to such an excess that fish is heaped on soup, and *rôti* on fish, like—what shall I say?—Pelion on Ossa, if you please. Now, too, you can get along the streets; and those abominations of insolence, the temporary drivers of cabs and the misconductors of omnibuses, have gone from our sight like a hideous dream. Writing of public conveyances, there is again an attempt to introduce Hansom cabs into Paris. They seem well done, and would be the greatest blessing in a city where even money will not make the Percheron mare to go; but they never have taken, and never will take, with the Parisians. The good citizen wants room for himself and wife, and a place for the children, so takes a four-wheeler, and, putting Jacky on a seat before him, is driven along with due decorum—if I may slightly alter Hudibras. "But," you will say, "the other French cabs are good, but so slow! Suppose you are in a hurry?" "My dear sir," I reply, "the Paris citizen is never in a hurry; he never even knows when a train starts. Ask him, and he says, 'Ah! the train! Well, at two o'clock, or half-past, or three hours.'" I give you my word that he will wait contentedly at a station for two hours, and then, when the train arrives, he will laugh,

imitate the engine, and tell his wife that "steam is a wonderful thing, still in its infancy." As a rule, nobody is to his time in Paris; and if you make an appointment, the best way is to give a restaurant as a rendezvous, and order a wholesome meal to consume while you are waiting—the native fills up his time with dominoes and cigars. Again, people make such abnormal appointments. "You will always find me at my bureau from seven till nine in the morning, and from six till eight in the evening," says man of business. "But," you will say, "what does he do with his day?" I will tell you. *Déjeuner*—breakfast—does all the mischief. I believe the system of this midday meal to be more vicious than Hogarth's "Idle Apprentice," or "George Barnwell." If idleness is the cause of all evil, then the demon *déjeuner* is the cause of idleness, and so logically becomes the grandfather of vice. I know nothing so vexatious, after having struggled up five flights of stairs, and rung a bell, as to be told by a servant with his mouth full that "Monsieur is at breakfast!" Society must collapse sooner or later, and chaos come again, if people will dine early, or sit two or three hours at a breakfast which begins at twelve, and ends—when? Who shall say? I only know that I once met at dinner at the Café Riche an Englishman who said, "I'm afraid I have kept you waiting, but we have only just finished breakfast upstairs;" and in the same house, when I was a younger Parisian, and accepted invitations to breakfast, I had to leave the table in order to save the evening post. I could take you to a restaurant, and show you a clique of men of business who breakfast every day from eleven till two, then toddle off to the Bourse, stay there till three, go to the club and play whist till six, when it is time to go back to the restaurant.

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Thursday, November 28.

I have to-day been singularly interested by a conversation which I had with M. Marbeau, head of the institution, on the subject of the "Crèches" (infant asylums), which he has done so much towards establishing in Paris. We met in the ante-room of a Minister, which we all know is not a lively place, nor a spot where time glides rapidly away; and I welcomed this lecture on "Young France" with great cordiality. By the system he has established, a working woman may leave her child at the "Crèche" when she goes to her labours, and visit it whenever she pleases, or rather whenever she can, during the day; during the day, also, all requisite food is given to the infant, and it is properly attended to, and even educated, so far as that advantage can be administered to a child of three, for at that age they take their degree at this youthful college. For this the mother pays twopence a day, and can feel certain that her child is better cared for than she could possibly tend it at home. Charity, and a certain gift from Government, have assisted the early days of this institution; but now, like the children dismissed from its gates, it is beginning to walk alone. I was informed by M. Marbeau that Bristol has tried the system with success; it seems better suited to the large manufacturing towns. I told him so—and then came the little tinkle of the bell, and he or I was "received."

Sunday, December 1.

I told you the other day that "country life" is now the fashion in France,—and, of course, as a consequence, the sports of the field. I heard a delightful story yesterday. A large sporting party were assembled at the château

of a Duke; they talked shooting a good deal, and bagged their game over and over at *déjeuner* and dinner, more than perhaps is fair in the society of ladies. The Duchess, who is *très-fine*, heeded this conversation, and took a note of it. At breakfast one day there enters to the Duke a *Maitre-hôtel*, who whispers to him that the head-keeper has come to say that there are wild boar in the little covert near the château. At the word *sanglier*, up started every sportsman, and the cry was, "To arms! To arms!" varied by a chorus of "What shall he have who kills the boar?" Valets were sent for in hot haste. Men donned their velvetiest coats and their baggiest knickerbockers—put on their horns and their hunting-knives; breech-loaders were charged, and on they went to action. Beaters were in waiting, and the line proceeded; pheasants rose uncared for; even woodcock could not command a shot. Hares were unheeded, and rabbits ran away laughing. "Here's the track," cries a keeper. "Here's a broken branch," says keeper of the chase—in green velvet, and a hat like the unhappy lover of Lucy of Lammermoor. On they go! "Look out!" "Boar forward!" "No, it is *only* a deer!" and for once venison is allowed to pass without anybody wishing to help himself. At the last corner the excitement was intense. It was a favourite home covert, and, indeed, was to have been shot that afternoon; and bouquets of pheasants and droves of ground game were in the last "warm corner." "Now we must have them," said M. de X., and they did. Just as all the guns had congregated at the end of the wood, out ran squeaking with alarm a very small black sucking-pig! I have heard that the Duchess was amused but not astonished.

Monday, December 2.

The death of another French noble, whom not his age alone renders historical, is announced—Raymond Emery Philippe Joseph de Montesquieu, Duc de Fézensac, aged 84. Men have no business to live so long—it is puzzling to the survivors. It is almost impossible to believe that the man whom you meet daily on the Boulevards, seen later driving in the Bois, and in the evening enjoying the rapid society of the age, can have been a soldier for sixty-four years in the Army of France. Calculate a little how often, under which kings, he must have had the choice to “speak or die,” and how many kings, dynasties, republics, empires, he must have faithfully served. Can that elderly gentleman who shines before us like a star—or rather a galaxy, “by reason,” as the Irish would say, of his orders—have actually been decorated by the First Napoleon on the field of battle, have been A.D.C. to Ney and Berthier, a Lieutenant-colonel at Wagram, and a Colonel at Moscow? It seems incredible, as we talk with those heroes who are still men of to-day. But the Duke de Fézensac was not only that; he was a General of Division at 28. He had also been a diplomatist at Madrid, and an author in Paris; and he further distinguished himself by marrying the daughter of the Duc de Feltre.

Tuesday, December 10.

I am sure you will be sorry to learn that among the blockheads—so I must really call them—of a certain little set in Paris, rockless extravagance is more reckless than ever. Where it will end, who shall say? There is no reasoning with them, and they rush to their ruin with ears as dull as wax or wood. I have lived in many extra-

vagant sets, but really this is past bearing. The puppets of which this clique consists are more over-dressed, more exaggerated in "comportment," more stiff in manner, more recklessly extravagant, than ever. As to how that girl on the Boulevard des Capucines can afford that *cachemire des Indes*, and where she got that carriage to which she is about to walk, other people may know, but, thank goodness, I know nothing. Then just look at that "thing"—thing, I call her—who is going off in an ermine cloak to the opera. Where does she get boxes and opera-glasses? Her husband, we know, is a quiet shopkeeper. There he goes out of the house with his working dress on—working dress a blue coat, half frock half greatcoat, high-lows, and an umbrella *à la Gamp*. You feel that he must play dominoes before 2 P.M. She—"the thing"—would be better at home, looking after that poor child in the cradle, who, in spite of the lace covering and the elaborate get-up of the nurse, is perhaps "Nobody's child." Turn your eyes to that scene of home life which is next to you. For my own part, I believe that the very well-dressed lady, who has deserted width and turned to Worth and length, cheats at cards. I hate to say it, but how else does that King come to be in her lap? Let us go away. This is a far prettier sight, this mother of a family, this Cornelia, taking out all her jewels in a casket made by Mulbacher or Bonvallet. But even these, how they are all dressed! Pointe de Vénise, Indian shawls, velvet and purple and fine linen for the children. No income can stand it. That slow goer, the constable, must be distanced. But there they go out, powdered footman outside the door—it is made half a door evidently only from love of display—house steward in black inside,

two ladies'-maids, dressed even more loudly than their mistress, on the stairs, and the *bonne* in a Roman peasant's costume which it would tax all the peasants in the Campagna di Roma to get on credit, much less pay for. Well, let them go out and drive in the Bois! An end must come to this state of society. It is early for skating costumes, because we have not begun to walk the water like things of life, for the simple reason that as yet it has not been cold enough to freeze up the convenient waters of our club—but, as I live, there is La Signorina Bambola dressed in costume already. Fur on her head, velvet on her body, purple petticoats, and more fur, steel and leather on her feet! And then comes in a man from a milliner's. What does he here at such a time, when they all are going out? and see the laces he produces—ruin! Only to be equalled by that other ruin which that other little man will cause if they purchase his jewels. I cannot think, at the beginning of a Paris season, when shuddering society has only just escaped from its annual "torture by water" at *les bains*, how anybody can want those two enormous trunks! Perhaps the lady is about to elope; but they seldom do that here, and never till the summer is over, and then generally "things arrange themselves" before the *jour de l'an* and the next revolving "season." That other young lady is evidently about to marry. "Don't," would certainly be the advice of any friend of the bridegroom who saw that *trousseau*. Was he married before, I wonder? It looks so, for there are two boys evidently taking leave of Madame Injusta Noverca, and are off to college. But look at their dress! Velvet knickerbockers, the stockings of Cardinals, the caps of Poles, the cloaks of Magyars! And that other baby! Why, it is

all open-work and lace. No; in the interests of society, I declare that an end to this period of extravagance must be put. Ruin of purse, of family affection, of household love—which is different from cupboard love—of good feeling, of honesty, of all, must ensue, if this petty but extravagant little clique is allowed to parade its follies and attract, as it will, countless imitators who pass through Lilliput, which is evidently on the road to ruin. Luckily, this clique is at present confined to a small, if very evident, circle. I have been writing of the new generation of dolls which has just been ushered into the world of Paris, partly to give good gifts to the children of Paris on New Year's Day, but more, I fear, to teach their mothers how to dress. The shops to-day are really what the Châtelet will give next Monday, *une représentation générale de Gulliver*, so far as his smaller friends were concerned.

Wednesday, December 11.

The Court will be back in Paris this week, and a sort of season will begin at once; but I do not expect there will be anything of consequence till after the *Jour de l'An*. I am told that there is great poverty in Paris, and one can well believe it, for the prices of the necessities of life are simply excessive. But, on the other hand, charity seems to be very active; and as M. Haussmann has interfered and regulated the price of bread, we may hope, if we do not have an exceptionally hard winter, to tide over the coming months without great privation. The retail shopkeepers report business very bad indeed, and it is a fact that there are no strangers in Paris. There are, indeed, great outcries to know what becomes of the English. A few years ago there was always a full crop of "milords," who came

over bag and baggage for the season. They had several carriages, many horses, servants by dozens, and they either took the first floor of a public hotel, or rented a private hotel themselves. But it is not so now. "They stop at home and go out hunting!" is the explanation given to us; but this, though satisfactory no doubt to themselves, is a bore for the worthy people of Paris. The truth I take to be this. Monsieur, the head of the family, now comes first-class to Paris by himself, and as he can get back to his family in twelve hours, he does not care to bring that family with him. Then, again, everybody has seen Paris; and, now, if you wish to take your children anywhere with a view of opening their minds, you must take them at least to Japan. As for France or Italy, as well seek novelty in Manchester or Birmingham. All this, though, is very hard on the hostelrys and industries of Paris.

Sunday, December 15.

Those who have not seen the Tuileries for six months will hardly conceive how splendid now is the grand entrance, "The Court of Honour." The whole court, which is bounded on the left—leaving the Rue de Rivoli—by the iron railings, and on the other three sides by the residence, the offices of the Grand Chamberlain, and the new wing, is now complete, and the temporary sheds erected for the workmen are removed. The new wing on the Seine side is, of course, only a continuation of the old style of architecture; but now, for the first time, the Royal residence of the Tuileries is perfect. Not many years ago, from the very windows of the palace, you looked on ruinous and disreputable houses, bad and dirty within,

covered outside with the earliest of French advertisements, and devoted to the sale of birds in cages, old iron, and cheap songs. Now you look down upon the courtyard of the Louvre, and I, as a denizen of this city, cry "Vive Haussmann!" It is in contemplation to build a new theatre in the Rue de Rivoli, beside the "Cour d'Honneur"—of course a private theatre for the use of the palace. The Palais Royal, too, has been entirely repaired since last year; and it is to be hoped that such relations may be established between the two neighbouring Palaces that we may see another *fête* given by the Prince to the Emperor and Empress—for there are no finer *salons*, and there is certainly no entrance so fine as that to the palace of which Égalité Orleans let off so much to his friends the shopkeepers; and in no other building in Paris is a *fête* at once so striking and historical. All sorts of things were happening in the old Royal Palace when other Royal buildings were in the shell—in the shell and in the mud.

Thursday, December 19.

I have news from Rome of the death of the Duc de Luynes, of that "house" of D'Albert de Luynes which came from Florence to France in the reign of Louis Treize. The late Duke had a fortune of £40,000 sterling per annum, and spent it nobly, setting aside each year £16,000 for the cultivation of art. The Duke was born in 1802, and shortly after his birth his mother was exiled by the First Napoleon. He was of course a great Catholic and a great Legitimist; and he died from a cold caught in attending on the wounded, for which act of charity he had gone expressly to Rome. So another of the historic names of France

passes from us. Bigots, perhaps, and intolerant politicians, these Tories of the past were usually of the "good old school," and if they could have been convinced or converted, would have been an honour to the Empire.

Wednesday, January 15, 1868.

Yesterday, after a very long discussion, which is declared by both sides to have been the most legitimate and serious debate of any French Parliament—the supporters of the measure and the Opposition alike desiring that which was best for France, not, as is too often the case, that which is best or worst for the existing dynasty—the Army Bill, in its entirety, was voted by a majority of 199 to 60 votes.... What will be its effects on France and on Europe? Here, if you listen to the pessimists, it means war to the knife; war aggressive—war with some Power or Powers unknown, but guessed at. We can answer our pessimists very easily. If France depends for an aggressive war on the army which she acquires by the vote of yesterday, then we are safe for five or six years, as the new system cannot be perfectly carried out under that time; and five or six years without war, in the present condition of civilized Europe, must do infinitely more in the way of peace-making than any Conference or Congress. As regards the popularity of the new measure, you also hear very conflicting opinions. It certainly makes every man, *volens volens*, a soldier—that is a burthen and a tax upon life; and here is the element of unpopularity. But then, it is really a Bill for the restitution of France to her legitimate position as a great military Power, to which end it gives her some 1,200,000 men; and this view of the matter is very popular in city and province. I do not think

the feeling will produce war, or even a war spirit. French pride is flattered by the knowledge that the nation has a strong force for attack or defence. "*Le sentiment de nos forces les augmente,*" says one of her countrymen; and, as the strong are generally merciful, France, when she knows she has her 800,000 men on active service, supported by the Mobile Guard, ready to march at a moment's notice, will be as pacific as possible, and only let the toga yield to arms when she is called upon for actual service. You will see that in a few weeks the Army Bill will be popular. No doubt, many people who are convinced that their country should have a vast army are equally persuaded that they themselves should be exempted from serving in it; but these people form after all a small and unimportant section of society.

Sunday, January 19.

The Duchesse de Morny has been received into the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church, having "abjured" herself to Monseigneur Buguet, coadjutor of the Archbishop of Paris; and Madame la Duchesse is about to marry the Duc de Cesto—so they say in *salons* at least.

Monday, January 20.

Our venerable if not respectable friend 'Jack Shepard' holds his own at the Ambigu Comique Theatre. Madame Laurent is an admirable Jack; but then she is the "Eclipse" of the play—"first, and the rest nowhere." Many readers must have seen this piece here—'Les Chevaliers du Brouillard;' but those who have not may like to know that Jonathan Wild has not the customary black sticking-plaster scars on his villanous visage; that

Bluskine (*anglicè* Blueskin) is a negro ; that George I. is on intimate terms with "M. J. Scheppart," and comes expressly from his palace, in the Tower of London, to Greenwich, to grant him a pardon, on condition that he joins the Life Guards, and fights for "King George upon his throne." "*La Fleur de Vieux Southwark*," during the play, kindly favours the audience with "a jig of rogues and thieves," which I recommend to society generally as a substitute for the *cotillon*.

Wednesday, January 22.

We hear of wonderful sport this year in the south of France. The chamois hunters have killed very large numbers of their especial quarry, one man having bagged fifty, which he sold at an average of 50f a head, and so had his sport and landed a hundred. I never shot a young gazelle, but here it is a game really "worth the candle." It is very hard work, as you ought to live on the hills—and high and cold ones, too—for a week at a time. They take a curious lot of stalking, these small deer; and when you have killed one he usually falls down a precipice. The stalker has to carry his provisions with him, and the best thing to take is Indian corn flour—*polenta*, the sort of thick gruel made from it being "very filling at the price." I wonder that men who go to Africa to shoot tigers do not try wolf and boar shooting in the forests of France, and chamois shooting in the hill countries. It would be cheaper, easier work, and the sport is, I am assured, highly satisfactory. Nearer Paris, the "sportsmen" have, during the recent snows, been devoting themselves to the destruction of the lively and aspiring larks. These succulent songsters—which are *alouettes* when in their native element, carolling at

Heaven's high gate, and *marrinottes* when they are roasted with bread crumbs—are in great demand in Paris; and so strong is the desire to supply the market, that in the teeth of the law, which protects them in the interest of agriculture, hundreds of thousands of sparrows have been killed and sent to Paris, where they appear about seven P.M., as *abouttes*. The wary dinner-giver should look at the feet of his *côti*: if there are long claws, he is eating, as well as paying for, larks; if the feet are amputated, he may be sure he is cheated with sparrows.

Sunday, January 26.

We are now in mid-Carnival; dancing and dissipation, masking and mumming, are at their zenith, and early hours the order of the morning. One of the most striking *fêtes* of the season took place on Friday night, when Madame Sancho Panza opened her hôtel on the Boulevard du Préfet to a select circle. It was a *bal intime*—small, early (in the morning), and without any ceremony. The cards of invitation informed us that “*Les dames seront en bonnes d'enfants, les hommes en conscrits, de tous pays*”—“nurses and recruits of every or any portion of the nursing and recruiting world.” The ball was not, as you might imagine, given in honour of the passing of the Army Bill; and the hostess, indeed, although loving the military as much as Schneider of Gérostein, would, I think, be sorry to see her recruits of Friday draw bad numbers and be sent away to serve. The *putres conscriti* were not invited. As we approached the scene of festivity, a line of carriages, from which apathetic *commissaires* were assisting ladies and gentlemen in every variety of the two costumes which the card told us was *de viguerie*—*commissaires* who would not have said a

word, or even stared, if the guests, instead of wearing fancy dresses, had worn none—pointed out to us the way we should go. A splendid entrance-hall—for which, indeed, and its gorgeous staircase, the Hôtel Panza is celebrated—was crowded with arriving guests; and, when we entered the drawing-room, the scene was curious and interesting. There were raw recruits from every Department of France—uniforms of every branch and grade of the service, from the Mamelukes of the First to the Turcos of the Second Empire. There were two Highlanders, not, I confess, looking much like Rob Roy M'Gregor, nor, indeed, like any other Highland laddie yet born; but one of them had evidently solved the problem about the feasibility of taking inexpressibles from a chieftain. These costumes were worn by Frenchmen, possibly out of compliment to the Scotch regiments which fought in the Crimea; but England was itself well represented. Both those books of reference for which we are so much indebted to "Lodge" and to "Hart" had supplied recruits, but the small detachment of five bold Britons were only those many-coloured streamers which we have often admired in the purlieus of Westminster. On entering the ball-room I found a gay and animated spectacle—scores of nurses in every dress, from the neat *bonne d'enfant* of the Parc Monceaux to the gorgeous Roman vice-mother and the Milanese glittering with silver *spilloni*. Some of the ladies entered so much into the spirit of their *rôle*, that they came armed with dolls of life-like size; and as now, in Paris, dolls are made to walk, talk, sing, and dance, the effect was tremendous. I for one really believed that I had come to a small family party. In the meantime Herr Waldteufel is playing the quadrilles of 'L'Œil Crevé,'

and, as I look round on the curious *mêlée*, I am struck with the ease of the society: no ceremony, no introductions—M. Lui seemed to find Mdlle. Elle quite naturally, and join at once in the mazy dance. The *quadrille d'honneur* was very striking, partaking as it did largely of the waltz *deux temps—trois temps*—any time you like; the polka, with an occasional dash of the hornpipe. The quadrille consisted of a Turco, who danced with a *bonne* of twins, dressed in the simple costume of her country, which I should think was the *Quartier de la Madeleine*. *Vis-à-vis* to them was a Basque conscript, with a lady who cares for children at Bayonne. Our deprived Highlander danced with a Norman nurse; and really I do not know whose petticoats were the shortest. Then a sailor was dancing with a Roman matron. An English recruit volunteered for service with a lady of Picardy. The dancing is, I think, more “abandoned”—I use the word strictly in its French sense—than it used to be at Almack’s, or is now at good county balls; but it is not deficient in grace, and is, above all, “*chic*,” and “*chic*,” like charity, covers a multitude of shortcomings—the shortcomings here being chiefly in the dresses. “Hot grogs”—strong, sweet rum punch, taken between each dance—is a fashion recently imported into every society in Paris from the selectest circles of London, where, as I need not tell you, it is drunk during the whole evening. Here, taken with sandwiches, it is found to constitute an admirable stay or holdfast till supper comes. Madame Sancho Panza gave a supper in no way like her ancestor’s barmecide feast. A great entertainment, in Gourmet’s best style, was submitted to the criticism of the guests just as the first cock began to crow; the party remained at table till the bells of the milk-

donkeys told them that it was to-morrow ; and then dancing was recommenced and kept up with great spirit for some time longer. I thought my reader, weary of State balls and banquets, might like to see the *vie intime* of a more exclusive clique.

Monday, January 27.

I believe that in certain circles here considerable alarm exists at the working of the secret societies which reach from St. Petersburg to Paris, and thence perhaps to London and Dublin. It is said to be a great Radical combination, with branches everywhere, the most influential being at Berlin and in Würtemberg. This alarm is not confined to Paris, but has been confidentially written about from most of the capitals of Europe. Here people fully believe that these universal secret societies are the main support of Fenianism in England ; but, of course, you must know better than they do. I cannot imagine that secret societies can ever do much damage to the government systems of Europe, so long as they are acting separately, for any Government is strong enough to put down a society in its own dominions. If united in action, they would really be a Revolutionary army warring with the Monarchies of the world ; but I apprehend that the elements contained in such bodies tend more to dissolution than combination, so I laugh at the whole idea. It is considered serious, however, by persons who should be better informed than myself ; and I have no doubt that the idea goes far to keep alive that feeling of distrust, for which nobody can exactly account, which seems to me to pervade all Europe, and is clearly to be detected here. Whatever men's views on politics may be I am persuaded it is in their own interest—in the interest

of peace, and for the benefit of all Europe—to desire and endeavour to obtain one thing; and that is the stability of Napoleon III. on the throne of France. The true temple of Janus is now on the banks of the Seine.

Sunday, February 2.

I had the pleasure of visiting the studio of M. Gustave Doré to-day, and enjoyed a great treat. He has just now a very large collection, finished and unfinished, in the Rue Bayard. Among them are specimens of all the varied styles of this great artist. The most beautiful finished works are three scenes in the Alps—morning, evening, and moonlight—which are simply charming; as also are the several bits of Black Forest and Vosges scenery, of which M. Doré is, as a native of the Vosges, naturally a great lover. Then there is a lovely Huntress Diana, who would have justified Actæon for his little indiscretion before any reasonable jury. The chaste goddess contemplates bathing, and is, in fact, nearly ready for the water—in those innocent days bathers did not wear costumes *à la* Biarritz, nor plunge in toilettes made by Worth for Trouville; the scanty drapery is beautifully managed, and the body, shining through the gauze, has an admirable effect. Among the unfinished works is a splendid picture of a novice among old monks, whose iniquities he has discovered as soon as he has sold himself to the perpetual thralldom of the brotherhood. The horrified expression of the entrapped youth is a masterpiece; and the contrast it affords to the half idiotic, vicious, drunken, sleepy countenances of the old sinners, is perfectly marvellous. There is a lovely portrait of Patti, also unfinished. I must not omit to mention some of his

Spanish pictures. There is a group quite Murillo-like in character, and another of a begging family which it would be difficult to surpass.

Wednesday, February 5.

Any doubts respecting the fate of the Press Bill were yesterday effectually cleared away by the result of the division on Article I, which was the test of the standing or falling of the measure itself, and which was worded thus: "Every Frenchman who has attained his majority, and is in enjoyment of his civil and political rights, can, without previous permission, publish a paper or periodical, appearing either regularly or from time to time." When the division came, 215 votes were given in favour of the clause, while the boasted Opposition had dwindled down to 7! I will give you the names of these seven "Arcadians" who appear as the champions of a reaction which would have been very dangerous to the Government—they are MM. Creuzet, Delamarre, Edouard Fould, Baron de Geiger, Granier de Cassagnac, Nouallier, and St. Paul. When the division was proclaimed, M. Granier de Cassagnac exclaimed, aloud, "Here then are the seven sages of Greece!" but Paris, you see, is not Athens, nor do I think the seven are sages. The Chamber, after debating subsequent provisions of the Bill, adjourned till to-morrow; but all active interest in the question is over—the result is as certain as quarter-day.

Sunday, February 9.

We are about to have another pamphlet, from a clerical pen, on the 'Unbounded Extravagance of Woman.' If any one wishes for a text from which to preach on that subject, if he will favour me with his company in the Bois,

or at the reception of the Duchess of X. Y. Z., or at M.X.'s, the Minister of Everything—or later, at Mdlle. Fleur-de-Bois' little *bal intime*—he will find texts for whole volumes of sermons. He might write, too, a few “pastoral letters,” for I hear they are quite as bad in the country. In fact, the “pace” is, just now, tremendous in Paris. Here, indeed, many persons seem to live on the plan of that disappointed financialist who, being told by his doctor that he could only live five years, divided his patrimony into allotments of four thousand a year—and then, cheating the doctor, recovered his health and had to go to the workhouse. Sales abound; and that of his Excellency Khalil Bey has given rise to a “wrangle.” The pictures sold for a large sum; but, before they were paid for, M. Charles Lafitte—the Major Fridolin of our Racing Calendar—stepped in and claimed a large sum said to be due as an unpaid balance of the account of the “Fridolin Confederation.” Against this the Bey appealed, and, among other pleas, put in one which astonished society here not a little. The Khalil Bey collection did not belong to Khalil Bey at all, but to one M. Kaleys. The case of the Bey *versus* the Banker, on which the main issue rests, is still *sub judice*; but the judge confirmed his decision that till the first trial is decided the Banker can restrain the Bey from fingering the proceeds of the Khalil-Kaleys collection. Of the merits of this case I know nothing; but I am, indeed, truly sorry to hear both that the Bey is selling his works of art—one of which, the statue of Venus, used to welcome you to his hospitable halls, or rather hall, and sold for £1300—and that the “Fridolin” fraternity are at war. But this is only another instance of the instability of Turf confederacies, and the utter worth-

lessness of "good things," several of which last year fell to the lot of the Bey and the Banker, who were not likely to let slip an opportunity for a "plunge."

Monday, February 10.

To-day the weather is lovely; and all the world is rushing down to the Bois. The Champs Elysées, too, are crowded with people who have nothing else to do. I wonder sometimes if any Parisian ever really has anything else to do. They are wonderful beings, these French! Nobody, until he has experienced the sensation, knows how cold it can be in Paris; yet people will sit on chairs in the Champs Elysées for hours when the temperature would chill a stone. Whole acres of men and women, and a new generation as represented by those coming men and women, the babies of to-day, are, as I write, sitting in a keen east wind. French babies do not get blue from cold, as their dear brothers do in England, a fact to which I call the attention of the learned. The open-air shows attract "very full houses" of very young France when the temperature is far below zero; and though the men pass the greater part of their existence in clubs and *cafés* heated to a degree that must be really an admirable preparation for the worst future state, yet they will go out and sit for hours on a cold stone bench in as cold a temperature. There is one remark made everywhere, by everybody, this season—"Paris has not been so thoroughly French for years." It is Paris for the Parisians, in fact, carried out to a somewhat extreme extent, as the hotel proprietors and owners of restaurants tell us with tears in their eyes. I was talking yesterday to a French country gentleman, and he told me that all over his province the

county families "are staying at home and recovering from the excessive expenditure of the Exhibition year;" so it is not only the loss of foreigners, but of provincials, which is bewailed at the Trois Frères and the deserted hotels of the Louvre and Boulevard des Capucines.

Sunday, February 16.

On Thursday night one of M. and Madame Haussmann's splendid balls took place at the Hôtel de Ville; and there was a small and early reception last night *chez* the President of the Corps Législatif, which, like all those entertainments this year, became large and late. Madame Schneider, in spite of the counter-attraction of the American Minister's dance, Auber's new opera, and Patti in 'Don Giovanni,' had everybody in her *salons*, all of which were thrown open, except the great ball-room. In the gallery once known as the De Morny Gallery, but which has lost that name—just as the Duchess de Morny did yesterday—M. Schneider has a very fine collection of pictures, the gems of which are, to my taste, two Velasquez, which are magnificent; a Greuze—a female head, to describe which I must borrow a French epithet, and call her *ravis-sante*; a Both, and a Ten iers.

Monday, February 17.

All the critics seem to agree in the main fact that Auber's new opera, 'Un Premier Jour de Bonheur,' is a great composition—worthy, indeed, of his best days; and M. Nestor Roqueplan, a fine authority, considers it equal, if not superior, to any work which the "Ninus de l'Enclos"—as he has been christened—has ever produced. There is no

doubt as to its success. Nobody talks of anything else. The libretto is not bad for the libretto of a comic opera; but, so long as there are good music and plenty of action—that action, as in ‘*La Fiancée du Roi Garbe*,’ being free in its nature—and when dancing, for instance, is rid of those fetters of civilisation which men call clothes, who ever looks to the story?

Wednesday, February 19.

We hear of nothing but the extraordinary success of Auber’s last creation. The Emperor sent for him, in order to “encourage the young composer!” You might as well try to be made a Cardinal as to get a box for the next fortnight.

Saturday, February 22.

Last night the Emperor and Empress were present at the Opéra Comique to hear ‘*Un Premier Jour de Bonheur*,’ by M. Auber. The theatre was crowded, and, indeed, so were all the streets through which the cortége passed on its way to the house. The Imperial auditors expressed by repeated applause their admiration of the work of the “youthful composer;” and, before leaving the theatre, her Majesty sent M. de La Ferrière, the chamberlain, with this message—“Tell M. Auber that he must not pretend age any longer, he has given clear proof that he is only twenty.”

I am going to announce an innovation. From early youth and in happier hours we all held a certain faith in *pâté de foie gras*. Alas, poor goose! He has gone from our sight; he is superseded, and I met his lineal heir—“hare” would really be right spelling—at dinner only last night. I went—I saw—I ate! Reader, didst ever eat *pâté*

of the liver of hare? No! Geese are gone, and hares are the heroes of to-day; and when you proprietors of great moors go out on "off-days," and bring down those grey hares with sorrow to their graves, give their bodies to the dogs, if you please, but remember that a hare's liver pie is as superior to the conventional condiments of Strasburg as Hercules is to yourself.

Sunday, February 20.

On Wednesday morning fades away the Carnival of 1868. Its last agonies are strong—stronger, indeed, than we were warranted in anticipating, from the apparent want of vitality which had characterised its existence. It is, in fact, dying hard. Society, however, will assume its six weeks' garments of sackcloth and ashes—no crinoline, and the train curtailed—with a spirit of vexation and disappointed vanity, from not having been allowed to display itself in masquerade. Excepting a *bal costumé*, strictly private, in the Faubourg, and one at some American house, the youth and beauty of France has not had an opportunity of arraying itself in the costumes of the middle or any other ages. It is a disappointment—nay, it is vexatious. Supposing you are dark, and have diamonds, how charming to be "Night!" If fair, and your pearls are large and egg-shaped, how suggestive of "Aurora!" Middle-aged ladies, too, could wear the costume of their period, and go as "Afternoon." Then men who were bald naturally wished to be Friars; while the youth of the hour, with long hair, felt that Nature intended them for Pages. Usually, everybody, from the Monarch to the mildest stranger within his gates, has appeared disguised; but this year, if you wished to go to Carnival balls, you had to appear as it

pleased Poole or Worth to make you, and in all your native beauty or ugliness, as the case might be. I suppose both the age and the Empire are entering into a more severe phase. Yet no stranger need stay away from Paris from any fear of finding that he need "starve," socially or physically, during the six weeks of Lent. Oh, dear, no! Even as I write, "Cards," "Small and early;" "At homes" every Thursday; "Music" every Tuesday; are brought in by a small and faithful, if dingy, *concierge*. Nay, as I write I receive another invitation, which says that the charming Madame de Char-à-banc will receive us to-night, and that *on saut'ra sans cérémonie*. Jumping about without ceremony, when translated literally, reads oddly, does it not? Yet we shall dress in our best clothes, and play our gambols *sans cérémonie*. About this time clubs become very full, and the amusements there grow fast and furious. Nice, too, and Monaco, are beginning to give up their punters—I had almost said their dead—and you can understand the effect of an infusion of new blood.

Tuesday, February 25.

I have just witnessed the presentation, at the Imperial Court, of the four fat beeves which have this year been introduced by M. Duval. To tell that respected butcher the truth, I do not think his four beasts so good, or, to use the proper breeders' expression, "so level a lot," as I have seen here before; and not one of the four could compare with the stuffed ox—I think a fat beast of 1866—which was displayed in the Exposition. They were ragged-hipped, and their coats wanted that silky look on which feeders pride themselves, and in which butchers delight. To the air of 'Par-

tant pour la Syrie,' they were paraded before the Emperor, the Empress, and the Child of France, who stood in the balcony of the window of the Clock Tower. The four cars which contained these mountains of flesh were accompanied by a procession so gorgeous that the Bœufs Gras of past years fade into insignificance. M. Duval, proprietor of the great gallery of cuts in the Rue Tronchet, and patron of eleven cheap eating-houses, is a man of excellent humour, and turns out his processions in great form and force. The cavalcade this year consisted of France, in a car, attended by five other waggons—the first containing all four Seasons, and the other four the Quarters of the Globe. Then Music, Dancing, and Mirth came in their shirts and trousers, on hacks which Mr. Tod-Heatley will never buy, from their appearance. Geography, too, took a ride with somebody who looked like Geometry; and the Use of the Globes came in a cart, attended by a kettle-drummer and two sticks-in-waiting. Knights and ladies caracoled in the procession; drums beat, trumpets blared, and M. Duval went into the Palace and was congratulated by Emperor, Empress, and Prince. And here occurred the prettiest episode in this fleshly vanity. A little child, dressed *en petit Amour*, was taken to the Empress, who presented it with a huge basket of bonbons, the greatest of which was a purse containing money enough for a modest *dot*. Then the gates were opened, and everybody who liked rushed to the fore and crowded beneath the balcony on which the Emperor, his wife, and his heir were standing. There were thousands of the lower and middle classes of Paris workmen, above all from the "discontented" parts of Paris. They rent the air with a series of cheers. Yesterday was the anniversary of

the day of 1848, and thus they showed they had not forgotten it! About this time M. Duval conceived a magnificent idea, and launched into the air a calf, life-size, and made of that thin substance from which are fashioned those red balloons which people the Parisian atmosphere. You can conceive nothing more ludicrous than the rising into ether of this great fatted calf. Thunders of applause saluted this last *plat*—"Veau aux cieux," the latest emanation of the Maison Duval.

Last night society was divided into three camps. The American colony amused themselves by dressing in costumes which well became them. I see before me now a charming white and blue Pompadour, a Hungarian, a Tunisian, and a Bohemian girl, all of one family—so fascinating that dozens of emigrants are ready to-day to start for Hungary, Tunis, Prague, and even that place from which no Pompadour returns, if only to see them again. They all danced in a little America of their own, at the corner of the Avenue de l'Impératrice. Then the Minister of the Interior entertained—and I confess that he did entertain very well—the cis-Seine society. But the ball of the night—of the season—was that of the Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld, where *citra-Seine* Paris, in gorgeous costumes, masks, and dominos, enjoyed that *société intime*, that friendly feeling, which exists only in the Faubourg. The feature of the evening was the Watteau quadrille—"Les Noces du Village" set in motion. At ten o'clock the couples, looking as if they had "stepped from a picture" by the Valenciennes painter, paraded the rooms, and then danced the quadrille of the night; which was led off by the Marquise de Beaumont and the Duc de Castries, *vis-à-vis* to

whom were the Marquise de Haussonville and the Comte d'Harcourt. Among the costumes, the Princess Metternich, as an "Incroyable," was *facile princeps*—her long tails, neckcloth, ruff, and cane carrying one straight back to those days of past French history. Madame de Gallifet was a Queen of Scots, dangerous as her predecessor; Mrs. Clay Ker-Seymer the realisation of a beautiful dream—"Queen Mab has been with us."

Sunday, March 1.

There was quite a little Imperial domestic scene in the Bois on Friday. The Empress, who, be it said, looks better than for some months past, was driving at an extremely slow pace down the centre of the four lines of carriages, when suddenly three cavaliers—indeed, with their grooms, they were even five cavaliers—might have been seen cantering over that turf which is so very tempting and so very much reserved. The cavalcade, advancing under the golden hues of a setting sun, was that of the Emperor Napoleon the Third, who thus cantered up to salute his Empress. The proceedings in the Bois were stopped as this domestic incident occurred, and if the English were delighted—and, indeed, one not endowed with "h's" was heard to say, "Look now, Jane, 'e's a taking off 'is 'at to 'er"—I think the Americans were equally interested. The Emperor on horseback always gives you the idea of a man perfectly enjoying himself; the chestnut he rode on Friday is as neat as a new pin and as handy as a lady's-maid, yet it wants that action which any horse should have which carries Caesar and his fortunes. I must not forget that on Friday his Majesty set a new fashion, which fashion was at once followed. The Emperor reined up his horse at the end of

the "promenade reserved for cavaliers," which runs parallel with the Lake of Boulogne, and let the carriages defile past him; and in ten minutes there was a phalanx of horsemen drawn up in line, just as there used to be under the trees in the *then* drive, in the days when the Emperor was Prince Louis, and used to ride near the Serpentine instead of by that Lake whose lively shores afford us so much amusement.

Tuesday, March 10.

Prince Napoleon affords the *pièce de résistance* of the gossipers to-day. I must confess, while quite maintaining my own opinion about the Prince's tour, that the public reports which reach Paris are very contradictory. While the 'Presse' is declaring that his Imperial Highness keeps the strictest incognito, "hiding" himself when he goes out in a state carriage, and only "talking of the frivolities of the fashionable world" when he visits Herr von Bismarck, the 'Journal des Débats' is pointing out that telegrams keep arriving to tell us that Le Comte de Meudon is publicly visiting everybody and everything. It must be a bore *voyager en Prince*; for, apparently, if you look out of a window at Berlin, or take a bath at Biarritz, it is telegraphed to every capital from China to Peru. Other people's opinions are so often better than one's own, that I shall repeat one expressed yesterday by a friend, who is not only clever, but well skilled in European policy. He thinks it probable that, without any official mission, the Prince may have gone to Berlin to see the bearings of Bismarck, and, if necessary, to detach Prussia from Russia in case the Eastern question should become actually serious. In this view I cannot quite coincide, though I do very sincerely agree in

another opinion of the same gentleman, that in whatever position—private or official—the Prince has visited Berlin, his going there at all is a harbinger of peace between France and Prussia, and that now means European peace.

Last night was the Italian concert at the Tuileries. Regard being had to the sweet singers of the Grand Opéra and the Opéra Comique, it is not, perhaps, odd that *invités* to these private assemblies should desire that their lines may always fall in the pleasant places where are Patti and Gardoni. The scene was not so gay as usual, the ladies being all in deep mourning; still it was a very pretty sight. As for the concert, it was admirable. I have never heard Patti in finer voice, and the Hall of Marshals is not in the least too large for Gardoni, who sang the old favourite, ‘Com’ è gentil,’ in a way which put back the clock to the days of Jenny Lind. Patti singing ‘Bel raggio’ was the strong point of the performance. You perhaps will hardly recognise, under the title of “‘Perchè non vien’ ancor,’ Godofrey,” the ‘Guards’ Waltz’ of Godfrey. ‘Viva Bacco ed Amor’ is another waltz-song by Alary, and was, I think, the weak point in the programme. Between the two parts of the concert the Emperor and Empress went over to speak to all the *artistes*, the Empress talking to Mdlle. Patti during most of the period which was “allowed for refreshment.”

Wednesday, March 11.

It strikes me that it may be interesting to give some description of the last new thing in *cotillons*. I do not, of course, refer to “under-petticoats,” as perhaps you might think from looking at the dictionary. No; I speak of a pleasant pastime in which young Paris passes most

of its early hours. A ball without a *cotillon* would be : steamer without a boiler—an angel without wings—a gun without a cartridge—would not, in fact, “go off.” It is usually “led” by Monsieur the tame dog of the house : begins at two, and goes on till five. It is very charming, but I should say the last seventy-five minutes must be somewhat distressing. The old figures of cushions, looking-glasses, bouquiers, still exist ; but now we have great modern refinements. Asses’ and parrots’ heads, bestowed by the lady on her partner for the next waltz, have a droll effect ; particularly if the bird is a lively bird, and pecks at his companion, or the ass brays amusingly. The fight for the india-rubber ball which Venus throws to the Parises, or Parisians, is safe to produce a good scramble. Then Venus, or perhaps I should say, Mdle. Bellona, sits in a chair, holding a target, at which each cavalier has a shot with a Chassepôt ; when any one hits the bull’s-eye, the lady touches a spring, and up jumps a doll. But by far the best figure of the season is one in which the lady presents the gentleman with a cracker boubon, which they pull, and it discloses a most grotesque head-dress, in which the sufferer is bound to dance for the rest of the evening. A period of three, four, five hours is supposed to elapse between the first sound of the *archet joyeux* which gives the first well-known notes, and the final figure which introduces the hard-earned supper. So you see balls in Paris are apt to be late, and the dancing attaché of each embassy, besides 5000f a year for gloves, 1000f for cabs—the Austrian Embassy allows more ; but there things are always done *en Prince*—has an allowance of twenty hours of extra bed per week.

hope nomodern Hume will rise and complain of this ; for

the attachés of our Embassy, like all the rest, are really a hard-worked class, and never seem to have a disengaged hour.

Sunday, March 15.

Society in Paris is very pleasant, yet it is still quite as divided as it was in the days when 'Pelham' was written. Not many hours ago I said to a lady, "Where are you going after this?" We were in the *salon* of a most distinguished Imperialist—a man known to all Europe. "Hush!" said my friend; "we are going where we should not be allowed to enter if they knew we came from here." There is no doubt that the Faubourg society is perishing from want of innate vitality; yet it dies hard, and kicks against the actual *régime* with its dying strength. Still, the social fusion has commenced. While I can say, as a fact, that certain persons were sent back to their side of the Seine, I could point out dozens of the old Legitimist and Orleanist names which have been announced this year by the servants of the Tuileries. There is only one house in Paris where everybody meets—they must, however, be known for something—and that is the Austrian Embassy; which is to Paris society of all tints of politics a perfectly neutral ground.

Does it not seem like reading history when we come into close contact with those who were part of the romance of our early idle reading? I thought so this morning, when I saw, eating an ice, an elderly lady who, Lord Macaulay says, rescued Lord Byron from "wretched degradation." The lady was Madame la Marquise de Boissy, still wearing—no! actually having—hair which would make bankrupt many modern traders. She was sitting on a sofa, and talking of

times when the old library at Holland House was tenanted by the great departed spirits, Sheridan, Fox, Macaulay, Macintosh, Allen, Sydney Smith. When I left that *salon*, and went home to bed, it seemed as if I had by some means come into contact with the great departed spirits of the days when our grandfathers had the gout.

Wednesday, March 18.

I am informed that the last new thing in dress is a "puff petticoat," which sticks out in a bunch, and causes the female form divine to look rather like the Gnathodon or the Dodo. It is said to have routed sleep from the couch of oft-recorded Worth, who laboured day and night at its invention. When this truly great man is composing, he reclines on a sofa, and one of the young ladies of the establishment plays 'Verdi' to him; he composes chiefly in the evening, and says that the rays of the setting sun gild his conceptions. Like every great genius, he is very modest, and thinks "the very weakest tea" of himself. Last week he told the Duchesse de — that he could give her a dress, but he could not supply style.

Monday, March 23.

Those who assisted at last night's reception of the Princess Mathilde had a great treat. There were, of course, the usual pleasant people who frequent her *salon*; the usual pretty rooms and bouquets, pictures, and statues; and the conservatory, perhaps the prettiest in Paris. But, last night there was also music. A great violinist was there, and played. Two others came, and there was a charming trio. Gardoni sang—first, a duet with another professional gen-

tleman, and then a duet with an amateur lady. And here I come to the *bonne bouche* of the evening. "You are not going away!" said, in a tone of suppressed horror, an Imperial chamberlain to a Minister. "Must, *mon cher*; so much to do," was the reply. "But Madame Conneau is going to sing!" "Ah! that is different; then I stay, and the secretary must work all night." So he took a syrup, and stayed. Madame Conneau is the wife of that Doctor who has so faithfully followed the fortunes of the Empire, and who is now a Senator. His son is the constant companion of the Prince Imperial, and Madame Conneau is perhaps the finest amateur singer in Europe. She frequently sings in the chapel of the Tuileries, and indeed says she loves to sing in churches. Last night she first sang an air of Handel's; then the duet with Gardoni; and finally, 'Quì la voce,' from the 'Puritani.' In the opinion of a person who says he has heard everybody that ever sang 'Puritani' in Italy, Paris, or London, since Grisi first sang 'Son vergine vezzosa' in the Haymarket—allowance, of course, being made for the scope and power of voice required—never was that beautiful *aria* more delightfully rendered. Madame Conneau's voice is of great compass and varied sweetness. Among the audience were most of the literary and artistic celebrities in Paris, the Duke and Duchess de Mouchy, Baron Goltz, the Danish and Belgian Ministers, Baron Walsh, and others.

Wednesday, March 25.

There still remains before us the disputed question, "Why did Prince Napoleon go to Berlin?" I am more than ever convinced that he had no other mission than the

self-imposed one which took him to Germany to see the scene and the effects of the war of 1866. One can conceive nothing more natural in a person of the intellect and inquiring mind of Monseigneur, who has travelled all over the world, and therefore naturally wishes to see the alterations and latest improvements introduced into it by Kings, Cavour, Bismarcks, and the "rampant spirit" of nationality. I hear from Berlin that the Prince thoroughly sifted the state of affairs, as far as they could be sifted in so brief a space, and cross-examined every one knowing anything whom he has happened to come across. "I do not know who the high and illustrious stranger is," said an official, "but I am sure he means writing a book!" "But he saw the Emperor as soon as he got back," some one will say. Of course he did. His Majesty was not likely to let so clever a kinsman as the Prince go to New Germany and not inquire what he saw there and what he thought of it.

Sunday, March 29.

As people are still inventing reasons for Prince Napoleon's late visit to Germany, perhaps the best comment on them may be made in the Prince's own words. Being asked to say really why he had gone *en voyage*, he replied, "I will tell you in confidence; you will not mention it again?" "*Mais, Monseigneur!*" "Well, then, because I was tired of staying in Paris." Here is the key to this "Tom Noddy's secret." A sale of various objects of art taken from the Prince's vast collection has just closed at the Hôtel des Ventes, in the Rue Drouot, some of the articles, such as mediæval cabinets and Etruscan cups, bringing enormous prices. Perhaps people will wonder why any one who

commands such vast space as the dweller in the Palais Royal should be selling works of art or curiosities ; but it must be remembered that the Prince is always travelling, and always adding to his collection. Moreover, in his position as an Imperial Prince, he is every day compelled to buy works which may be works of art or may not; so “ drafts ” are every year as necessary as they are in a kennel of foxhounds. The Palais Royal is really a mine of artistic wealth ; whatever is done in that establishment is magnificent, luxurious, and good ; for the taste of the Prince is singularly simple, so far as he himself is concerned. Of the Princess Clothilde there is but one opinion, if you ask it *cis* or *citra* Seine—the most charitable, unaffected, hospitable lady in all Paris.

I fondly hoped that I had seen pretty nearly every curious combination of society ; but when, looking over my invitations the other day, I found one which stated that you *must* go disguised and masked, I began to reflect that really I had never been to a strict and genuine private “ masquerade ” —a ball at which the human face would not be countenanced unless covered, and where the mere fact of its being seen who you were would exclude you from that society. So I sent for a disguise, bought a mask, gave up my card of invitation, and found myself, very much bewildered, among a crowd of devils worse than myself, in the hospitable hôtel of an American Colonel resident in Paris. I will begin by stating that from the entrance to the innermost boudoir everything in the hôtel was done with the best taste and with the most extensive hospitality. There was supper all night for the “ carnivori,” dancing all night for the spring-flowers, and comfortable chairs for the wall-flowers. I should be charmed to tell you who were there ; but you see

nobody knows but the hostess, and a gentleman of colour who was told off to take the cards; so it must be a *soirée anonyme*. *Elle bien*! five o'clock is a late hour to go to bed; yet I do not think the hours mis-spent that we passed among those veiled prophetesses. I am not quite sure, however, that a strictly masked ball should exceed, as to guests, the number which used to be asked to the Strozzi Palace at Florence; and they should be all perfectly intimate with one another, as they were in that dear old mansion. Then you may "intrigue;" but really it is very difficult to utter a sarcasm or to pay a compliment to a thing in a mask which you do not know from Adam, or rather Eve. For the first five minutes the effect is very droll, but it soon palls; and indeed the "fun of the fair" only begins, I think, when the signal "down masks" is sounded by the *Maître-d'hôtel*:

Wednesday, April 1.

The announcement that we were to have a novelty in the way of opera, and that *Mdlle. Patti* was to appear in armour as the Maid of Orleans, was enough to crowd the *Italiens* down to the most uncomfortable *strapontin*. But, while talking of novelties, it is as well to state that that which is new to France and England is old in Italy. 'Giovanna d'Arco' was played, if I am right, at La Scala, in Milan, during the Carnival of 1845, and may be classed with Verdi's first operas; for it is fifth on the list of compositions which followed 'Nabuco,' the work which, in 1842, set the "hall mark" on the reputation of the Liberal Deputy in the Parliament of United Italy. . . . It was a great night at the *Italiens*: you can always tell it as you approach

the very narrow and disagreeable streets which lead to that temple of harmony—a small temple, in which twice a week there is harmony. Every subscriber had kept his box or his stall. At the “bureau de location” they laughed at you if you asked for a place, and outsiders offered you a stall for 100f—outsiders always have stalls at that price, but I fancy insiders rarely buy them. . . . I anticipated great pleasure on Saturday evening. Well, I was disappointed; we have all been so in our time. If ever there was a *succès d'estime*, Signor Verdi has just had it. As for Mdlle. Patti, I will briefly say that she sang beautifully all she had to sing; and as Joan of Arc saved Orleans, so did Adelina Patti save ‘Giovanna d’Arco.’ opera in four acts by Giuseppe Verdi. But was it a success? “*Cosa crede lei?*” I asked of a very good judge. “*Serza la Patti sarebbe stato un fiasco?*” “*Sì,*” said my acquaintance, “*ed è fiasco anche colla Patti.*” But I will hardly go so far; though I do not think ‘Giovanna d’Arco’ will be played ten times. The music is pretty—that is exactly what it is, no more; and throughout the whole opera you have an idea that everybody must be going to waltz. Of course ever and again there are phrases of exquisite melody; Verdi could not compose an opera without that. But, seriously—and I write it calmly and without prejudice after sitting in a very comfortable box—how Verdi could have composed, Patti sung, and Bagier produced such an opera is beyond my power of conception. . . . Was the scenery good? Not at all. The orchestra? Much as usual. But there was a tremendous audience; and, considering that about nineteen very pleasant hôtels opened their doors on Saturday night, it was perfectly wonderful to see the “world” shivering under

those porceïens, which must be the house of call for the rough draughts. I left that opera with a cry of "Viva Verdi!" which you know is very revolutionary; but I added mentally, "Let us go back to periods since the 'Joan of Arc' date."

Yesterday was the nineteenth birthday of Rossini, who thus completed his 76th year. The maestro is not ill, but he is slightly indisposed; so there is no birthnight kept in the Chaussée d'Antin.

Thursday, March 2.

Lounging away life in these chairs of the Bois in which we bask in the sun, we learn that a very famous theatre has fallen beneath the relentless improvements of the Prefect of the Seine. In a quarter of Paris little known to the English, at the corner of two streets—the Rue de Fleurus and the Rue Madame—over against the Luxembourg quarter, which is really still Paris, there was a theatre called Bobino. It is now a heap of brick dust, watered with the tears of old students, who, as lawyers, doctors, Sous-Préfets, and even Préfets, come back like ghosts to haunt the scene of their former happiness. "*Vi ucciso, o cari luoghi!*," even Prefets are human, and "mingle one human feeling" with the stern duties of their station. One Saix, called for short Bobino, opened this theatre in 1814. It was not a Scala or a New Queen's, for it consisted of two planks set up on trestles, whereon dogs were exhibited. From those two planks rose the Théâtre du Luxembourg, in which at last sensation pieces were played with such success that the "over the water" public belonged to that theatre as one man. Clairville played there, as many student readers may remember. It is all over now: there is no Saix, no Bobino, no Clairville, no plays, no house, no

walls; no and onee, perhaps, for one-half must have gone to Hades, and the other to the Corps Législatif, which will account for their evenings pretty well. "After dinner, Calixto," sang an old poet; a modern recorder of truth, such as that old poet really was, would say, "After the Chamber, bed."

Friday, April 3.

After the theatre, nothing better than a little supper—a number not too large always even, and so divided that Elie can take the arm of Lui when the carriages are called and the weary waiters and *commisaires* see the last of you. Now the best thing for supper is game. But the game laws are very strict, and to eat a partridge or pheasant, after the day of the closing of the chase, is a crime. Why, only last year a highly-respectable Yorkshire gentleman, who brought me some of his own pheasants—and very good they were—narrowly escaped arrest for being concerned "in an illegal trade." Such being the case, imagine our astonishment the other night, when supping at the Café Chaud, to find all sorts of moor-fowl, beginning with "gelinottes," which are a sort of cross between a partridge and a grouse, and ending with capercailzie. On inquiry from an aged and worn attendant—for, having the fear of the agents of public safety before our eyes, we lost little time in inquiring—we find that there is now a large trade between Paris and Russia in game. The birds are packed in oats, put into wicker baskets, and arrive in Paris in five days. One of our party is a great *gourmet*. On hearing this story, he was evidently much moved, and for some moments was silent. Then he said, solemnly, "Do you know, Pierre, you have relieved my mind of a great weight? I have a dinner on

Friday week, and was in despair about the *rôtis*. I really am quite sorry," he added, after a pause, "that I killed that Russian at the Alma." The fact is, the question of the *rôti* is the *question du soir* to the giver of dinners at this intermediate season. You must eat chicken—now, you see, we are always eating chicken!—or fall back on pigeons; but then, seriously, a pigeon is but a small thing to fall back upon; so the diner-out in April usually had to put up with half the leg of a capon and six sticks of asparagus, about the size, and I should imagine with much the taste, of a footman's cane. But then comes an Imperial International Treaty, with its *Dieu et mon droit*, a little bird in a little nest of oats, in a little basket, and all is changed! Birds in those "little nests agree" with me; so we proposed a toast to free trade in articles necessary for the third course.

We have had the first day's sale of the "elegant extracts" from the collection of works of art of Prince Napoleon. Never was there a greater crowd seen at the Hôtel des Ventes than was present yesterday when M. Bouissiton offered for public competition lot No. 1. I give you a list of some of the prices: "The Actresses of the Théâtre Français in 1855," Bessan, £40; "Landscape," Daubigny, £78; "Attila Conqueror," Eugène Delacroix, £94; "Village Girls," Caracht, £48; "Constantinople," Ziem, £196; "The Return Home of Sheep," Dupré, £192; "A pool of Water," same, £116; "Roman Shepherd," Décamps, £304; "Morning in the Country," A. Stevens, £208; "Landscape," T. Rousseau, £640; "Napoleon I., in 1814," Meissonnier, £952; "Interior of a Roman House," Gérôme, £100. The proceeds were over £4520.

Among the many things which puzzle one in Paris is the

fact of the great sums of money almost daily thus invested in works of art, from Velasquez pictures down to old tea-cups. Just as the middle classes, in the worst of times, are always able to find money for a restaurant dinner, a carriage, or a theatre, so are the upper ten thousand always prepared to buy objects of "bigotry and virtue." How the thing is accomplished, nobody perhaps knows, save the buyers themselves and their executors. All pictures, you see, are not Velasquez; neither are all tea-services Sèvres. In nothing so much as this is a handbook of art required. Why does not some "*bric-à-brac* hunter" give us a guide by which we might know when we see the original article and when the false?

Tuesday, April 7.

Within the last few hours the season has arrived when Paris decks herself in that pretty light green spring robe which becomes her so well, and which, though put by every autumn, is reproduced with the coming "youth of the year," and never seems to be a bit faded or shabby. I know nothing prettier than the view to be seen to-day from the Rond Point of the Champs Elysées. From the Palais of the Tuilleries to the Arc de Triomphe—especially at the time when one usually sees it, when the glorious sunset is glittering on the Palace of Industry and the Palace of Royalty, turning their windows to blazing fire and gilding the whole scene—it is a gorgeous picture set in a splendid frame. Of course the "correct thing" is to go into the Bois in a carriage with two steppers, a coachman like a High Church Bishop, and two powdered valets; but, by a sad omission of Nature, not everybody has those little conveniences; and the next best thing is to go with a friend who has. If you have

not that friend, then you can walk—it is a fine constitutional; or you can go in a cab; but that takes up no little time, and costs a good deal of money. Therefore, persons who are “poor but respectable,” lazy people—and there are several thousands of them in Paris—and smart employés in Government offices, whose work keeps them in Paris till late in the afternoon, frequent the Champs Elysées. From the Place de la Concorde to the Rond Point are ranged, on either side the broad well-watered road, three rows of chairs, which, as you pass under their fire, inevitably call to mind opera stalls on the night of a new ballet. Most of the people are well dressed—some very nicely—but the women fall off; for the *demi-monde* does not condescend to sit in a two-sous chair, so the female element, though highly respectable, is a trifle dowdy. They each have an “*en tout cas*,” and, so shading themselves, look like a parterre of proper flowers. The men may be ranged in two categories: one elderly, idle, with probably much more time than money, but evidently enough of both; they all wear spectacles, or “pinch-noses,” and are all reading ‘*La Patrie*’; they have breakfasted late and long, and will dine early. What remains, then, for these intermediate hours? and what better way of cheating time than sitting still and seeing all Paris parade before you? The other class is not quite the “Golden Youth:” the pure golden youth is riding by the side of Amazone, or leaning into the window of Phryne’s brougham, which he and she would call a *coupé*. No; they are attachés and under-secretaries, who flock over the bridges about five o’clock, dressed within an inch of their lives, and pass a happy hour in taking off their hats to the ladies of their affections. It is a simple pleasure; but, in our hot youth, “*sensuel*

insanarimus omnes." Everybody smokes like a furnace. Children—I am sure that there are more children in Paris than in any other city of Europe—cluster round our feet; there are swings and roundabouts full of children. Goat
4 carriages are freighted with young ladies and gentlemen whose troubles are all to come. There are children in "slings," children in arms, children tottering about in a state of seeming intoxication, which, I hear, is called "learning to walk." In a word, babies abound. But we must look at the gorgeous procession of carriages and mounted cavaliers—the latter, perhaps, bumping more than we should like "in the shires," and holding on by the curb more than necessity demands. There goes Mackenzie-Greives, swinging along on a very neat chestnut. Ah! he has sailed over those "shires" before now, and well too. Here comes M. Aguado, with two brown horses, a perfect match Mr. Vansittart (a good judge) seems to think, as he stops to examine them and light another cigarette. "That's not a bad drag," says Capt. Crocker, R.A., over for short leave. "That," says Gonecoon, late of the same service, and now resident in Paris, "is Mr. Roberts, a good fellow and good whip." That other drag belongs to a very neat gentleman, who drives very slowly, and was lately described as M. Chose, who every day is taken out walking by four horses. There's a contrast as to pace. That is his Excellency Khalil Bey; but you know Beys sometimes do go very fast. "Very neat T-cart." Quite right; it belongs to Mr. Ashton Blount, the Captain Little of the French Turf. Well, that is not a good turn-out coming now; it is hired, and the carriage is so old that it might have been in Noah's Ark, as the horse would have been if they could

have found a "match;" but you have no idea how much Mrs. X—pays for it. That chestnut hack? Oh! that belongs to a *petite dame Anglaise*, who *can* ride. A wholly black barouchette, evidently by Peters, now rolls by. That is the Austrian Ambassadors, in the new "colours."* Bright yellow and very neat brougham, "C" springs, and chestnuts—Madame de Gallifet. Two very quick-steppers in a very plain phaeton; servants excellent. "I have seen that face before," says stranger. "Probably," says native; "many people have. It is the Emperor!" And so it goes on—a living kaleidoscope, ever changing, ever amusing—till Jack says to Tom, "Now, old fellow, show us this fine dining-shop of yours;" and Jules, turning to Charles, says, "Let us now go to the club." It is an amusing, if frivolous scene.

Thursday, April 9.

I heard a story to-day which is so good that I must repeat it; and, moreover, I can tell you that it is absolutely true. An English gentleman travelling last week in the south of France encountered a fellow-countryman, and they "got a-talking" as Mr. Samuel Weller did when he went to pay Mrs. Bardell's rent. He found that his new acquaintance was not strong in French—indeed, he was very weak, but he said he was doing all he could to learn. When they arrived at their ultimate station they got out and began to inquire for luggage. My friend got his after an effort, but that of "Mr. Wood" could not be found. As the

* Annoyed and angry at the imitation of the green which used to be the colour of her carriages, the Princesse de Metternich had ordered them all to be painted black.

Wood in question was British oak, and could not explain himself, he asked my friend to act for him. He did so, and the result was no luggage for any "W." "But," at last shouted the frantic man, "there they are—two portmanteaux, one carpet-bag, one hat-box." "No, my dear sir," said his interpreter, "you really must be wrong; I have looked at that luggage. It belongs to one M. Bois." "Of course, it does," was the angry reply; "that is my name—in France; I found it in my dictionary." This is a fact, and before that poor translator gets his goods he will have to endure a fearful purgatory, and most likely have to pay the expenses of a commission sent over to England to examine whether it is the English Wood travelling as the Monsieur Bois in France."

Friday, April 10.

One fact about military affairs. Some new engine of war tried this week at Meudon has been found to exceed in rapidity and power of destruction even that secret gun about the private trials of which by the Emperor we have heard so much. The trial was strictly private, of course, and so I cannot give you details; but I can report the remark of a General officer who was present: "It is the most wonderful weapon I ever saw; I should say that a battle would now last about half an hour."

Wednesday, April 15.

We have just finished our great ham fair—there were whole Boulevards full of bacon; hams from every country and from every city, from Strasburg to York: and now, that being over, we are busy with gingerbread. A

great sporting character, well known with the Pytelles, and at Newmarket, whose memory it is a pleasure to recall, being once met by a friend in the Strand, exclaimed, "Can't stop to shake hands, can't stop to shake hands; full of tallow, full of tallow!" Hundreds of women and children—nay, men—may now be seen hurrying towards the Place du Trône, with their heads, if not their hands, "full of gingerbread, full of gingerbread." There is, moreover, a general fair: dancing dogs, cripples playing the organ, the perennial monkey, the dwarf, the giantess with those wonderful legs which we all knew so well, amply developed—on canvas—under a "costume;" and then there are the usual innocent games. It is calculated that this Easter Gingerbread Fair, the Greenwich Fair, in fact, of France—but where are the tea and shrimps, and the joyous rollers down the hill of the one tree?—costs an expenditure of £8000, the average sale of *pain d'épice* being £1000, and the balance being made up from shows and cheap Jacks who vend *citrons de Paris*. It supplies the wants of some hundreds of families for the year, and so, if a bore on a Boulevard, should still not only be tolerated, but patronised. Let us be just and generous. I propose to eat a pound of gingerbread nuts to my own share in the interest of charity—can the power of charity farther go?

Thursday, April 16.

The affair of Baron de Budberg was a great deal discussed last night, and general regret was expressed that His Excellency was wounded in the hostile encounter at pre-
rich; though I hear the wound is very slight. The Baron
"Cris" Budberg was assailed in a most disgraceful manner by

M. de Meyendorff at the station of Verviers, when his Excellency was returning from Russia. The friends of M. de Meyendorff put in a plea of *non compos mentis*, which was accepted by the public, possibly, but not by either of the Barons; hence the resignation of office and the duel. M. de Badberg arrived in Paris last night, and I presume will resume his post as Ambassador when a certain necessary routine has been followed; but I hear from good authority that it is probable he will not be long Ambassador here. All Paris is going down to inquire after the Russian diplomatist.

Monday, April 27.

On the racecourse yesterday there were but two subjects discussed, the unhappy news from Australia and the happy issue of the Abyssinian expedition. As to the first, it is little exaggeration to say that there was a general cry of horror. "What, that young Prince who was here last year; who was so amiable, so intelligent!" "That Prince who danced so charmingly—shot at and wounded! And for what!" The grand stand was a house of woe. On the other hand, I have never heard such congratulations as were poured out as libations in honour of the Magdala success. By a curious chance, I was the first to announce the event to the Prussian Ambassador. Baron Goltz said, "It is splendid—magnificent! I congratulate England on this, there is no hesitation or failure here. Very grand affair!" Djemil Pacha followed on the same side, and was equally lavish of compliment. The Belgian Minister was not less strenuous in his congratulations. Last night, at the Princess Mathilde's, the two questions continue to occupy the assembly.

Auber is said to be dreaming another opera for the Comique, to be called the 'Rêves d'Amour.' By the way, *that* is credited to the veteran composer. At the *Grande Fête* of the 'Premier Jour de Bonheur,' all the nicest-looking women in Paris were present. "Now," said a friend to Auber, "if you had to throw your handkerchief, at whose feet should you cast it?" "When you are eighty-six, *mon cher*," said the composer, "you will find that you don't cast away handkerchiefs. No, you keep them to tie round your neck." I saw Rossini to-day, airing himself in front of the Café Foy; he looks a mere child, and indeed is evidently much younger than he appears when he has on last year's dressing-gown, the coat of 1866, green, with bright buttons, his wig—the wig—hanging by his side, and is eating macaroni.

Tuesday, April 28.

An interesting piece of old army news has just come to my knowledge. The regiment of 1st Grenadiers, of the Imperial Guard still carries the colours known as the "Drapeau des Adieux." This is the ensign which Napoleon embraced three times, "*avec effusion*," on the day when his weeping soldiers received the Adieux de Fontainebleau—the 20th of April, 1814. In 1815 this flag was sent by Napoleon during the Hundred Days to General Petit, who commanded at Fontainebleau on that 20th of April, and the General bequeathed it to his son, who sent it to the present Emperor. This glorious standard bears the names of Marengo, Ulm, Austerlitz, Jena, Eylau, Friedland, Eckmühl, Essling, Wagram, Smolensk, Vienna, Berlin, Moscow. The present bearers have added to this grand list the words "Crimea" and "Italy." What a glorious record of great

victories! If we consider calmly, it is no wonder that the French have done so much for "*la gloire*."

Wednesday, April 29.

There was an interesting little ceremony at Malmaison on Monday, when the pupils of St. Cyr went to view the "old walls which, during more than fifteen years, sheltered genius, beauty, and misfortune." The infantry piled arms, and the cavalry picketed their troopers, in the Cour d'Honneur; then the whole column was marched by the Commander of the Château through the building, and its attention was called to all the historical relics which Malmaison contains. The rising generation of French soldiers feasted their eyes on the memorials of the greatest French soldier; and if, as Sidonia says, "to believe in the heroic makes heroes," never did a military school learn a better lesson. They saw the room of Josephine; the library where Imperial decrees were signed; the Hall of Council, where edicts were oftener issued than advice was asked; the column which marks the spot where the Emperor Napoleon I. last stood, on the terrace of Malmaison, on the fatal 29th of June, 1815; and, lastly, the Longwood clock, which sounded the last hours of the conqueror. When the inspection was over, the rising pioneers of the Army of France—you know the Cadets of St. Cyr have the proud privilege of always forming the advance—fell into their ranks and departed, after having saluted Malmaison amidst shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*"

Thursday, April 30.

Baron Ferdinand de Lesseps is in Paris. He saw

the Emperor a few days since, who said to him, "Bismarck, I congratulate you; your progress is wonderful." And so it must be, when already Manchester has made inquiries as to the rate of the carriage of cotton through that canal in which a few years—nay, even months—ago it was a heresy to believe. M. de Lesseps told me himself that things were advancing not only so favourably, but so rapidly, that he himself was astonished. In one month now they clear a space as big as the Place Vendôme, and throw up earth-works, consequent on their excavations, five times as high as the houses in that square.

Monday, May 11.

Khalil Bey is said to be about to quit the board of green cloth (Rue Royale) and the green field of Long-champs, to return to his original career of politics in the East. If this be the case—and I shall believe it only when he is gone—the Eastern question will have robbed Paris of two noble spenders. Khalil Bey has, I fear, had two bad Sundays lately; and the *début* of Débat in the self-imposed character of a steeplechaser, when he first jumped the rails of the Grand Stand, and then the ropes of the "*petite piste*," must, I fear, have cost his Excellency that curious sum, a "pretty penny."

Thursday, May 14.

The preliminary publication* of what we should call the "notice" of the marriage of Prince Achille Murat with the Princess of Mingrelia was posted up on Sunday at the Mairie of the 8th Arrondissement, and ran as follows: "His Highness the Prince Achille Murat, aged twenty-one, Sub-Lieutenant in the 2nd Chasseurs d'Afrique, son of Prince Lucien Murat, Senator, and of the Princess Georgina

Fraser, with her Highness the Princess Salomé, of Mingrelia, aged nineteen, daughter of the late Prince David Dadiani, of Mingrelia, and of the Princess Catherine Tchaftchavadeze, who survives her husband." The civil and Catholic ceremonies were performed yesterday morning at the Tuileries, and only in the presence of the immediate members of the two contracting families. Last night the grand Russian religious ceremony was celebrated at the Russian Church, near the Parc Monceaux. The guests—if I may use that expression—were invited by S.A.S. la Princesse de Mingrélie, and the marriage took place at nine P.M. The Russian ceremony seems very gorgeous, but as, unfortunately, the Church is about as big as a large ball-room, it soon became difficult to see the details. The interior of this elegant temple, which cost the Russians of Paris some £50,000, is, I should say, a Greek cross, the cross being formed by recesses. Unfortunately, last night everybody wished to be in the centre aisle, and nobody, not even the plainest women, wanted to go out of sight, into a recess. The interior decoration of the Church is gorgeous—something of the Mosaic character of St. Mark's—and the light was well arranged. When we entered, we found on one side a row of diamonds, with the ladies who own them, and on the other a crowd of men in the dress of the period. I suppose there might have been two hundred persons present in all. The first thing which caught the eye was a scarlet uniform. We remembered it at once at the Tuileries. It was the magnificent uniform of the Prince de Mingrélie. As brother of the bride, he performed the main part in the reception of the guests, and placed the ladies by degrees. I need not say that is a work which requires Oriental cunning and northern

sagacity. I should think there were ten Russians or Danubians present for one Frenchman. The Imperial family of France was represented by Prince and Princess Murat, and the Duc and Duchesse de Mouchy—who looked splendid, and did not require the light of her diamonds. At nine o'clock the bride and bridegroom entered the Church, to the sound of soft music; and here let me say that the musical part of the ceremony—which is nearly all musical—was most beautifully executed. Then two priests, in gorgeous raiment, came forward; and while one knelt at a table, with his face to the apparent altar and his back to the *promissi sposi*, the other advanced, drew up the outer altar-piece, and disclosed the inner sanctuary. The Chief Priest, who had a wonderful *basso* voice, then intoned the service, a most pleasant chorus breaking out from time to time from some hidden recess. As for active or actual ceremonial—praying, preaching, warning, exhorting—there was none. At one period Princess Salomé was presented with a wax taper and Prince Achille with another, and there they stood. Then the best man advanced—there are no bridesmaids in the Russian ceremony. The Hospodar, or ex-Hospodar, by birth, of Mingrelia, with his younger brother—also in the scarlet tunic stuffed with cartridges—appeared for the bride, their sister; and M. de Espeleta and Prince Murat's brother for the bridegroom. It was their duty—and I had nearly said painful duty, for it was physically hard work—to hold over the heads of the bride and bridegroom during the rest of the proceedings, which lasted more than an hour, two coronets of ivy formed like archducal crowns, and each surmounted by a golden Greek cross. After a long time, the bride and bridegroom put down their candles,

walked three times round the altar, the wreaths still supported above their heads; then the blessing was given, and the ceremony was over. As they passed down the aisle to the doorway, the newly-married couple were stopped every minute by their friends. They were a good-looking pair. The Princess, whose dress seemed to me to be chiefly diamonds and some white substance, bore her honours bravely; and the Prince, who was in the uniform of his regiment, is as good-looking a gentleman as you will see in a long day's march. When the pair left the chapel they went to the Rue de Presbourg, and the crowded little society began to circulate. I despair of telling you who were present. There were very few, but the "very few" were everybody. . . . The wedding *cadeaux* are splendid, and—a fact which will probably surprise many who believe that Paris is *purée d'or* the city of ornaments—all the best have come from London. Shortly after the bride and bridegroom had left the Church, the attendance dissolved itself into thin air; but most of the component particles amalgamated again later in the evening, either at the Foreign Office or the War Office. Of course the ceremony was much talked over, and, to use the common English phrase, it was considered "a very good match."

Monday, May 18.

The bridegroom made his *entrée* into society at Chantilly races yesterday—where indeed were all the celebrities and notorieties of Paris. One is so sick of celebrities—they are so perpetually turning up—that we look upon a notoriety as a pleasant change. The costumes yesterday were very pretty, and gave that Watteau-like look

to Chantilly which is one of its most charming features. Bright colours, spring flowers, costumes bordering on fancy dresses—a robe looped up by a single moss rose, a hat crowned with lilies of the valley. Beauty unadorned, and beauty adorned the most. Among the young fellows present was M. Auber, who never misses a race.

Send to, May 21.

It is the luck of some people to see everything—it is rather my case. Ten days ago I was present at a great Russian wedding, and at a first-class French one yesterday; and I have been “first witness”—they use the word *témoïn* for this as for the other and more dangerous duel—at a wedding of the people. If it takes a Frenchman and Frenchwoman as long to get separated as it does to get coupled, then, indeed, is single life a blessing; and separate maintenance a luxury only within reach of the very idle and rather rich. I am persuaded that all the coachmen and all the cooks had given themselves up to be married that day in that special Mairie. It is a droll ceremony. Row after row of brides, bedecked with so many orange-flowers that I look for oranges at six *sous* each next year, were waiting to catch the eye of the Mayor—a mild man with a most evident wig and a decided smell of snuff, with which he sprinkled the bridal wreaths and dresses most handsomely, causing one bride, two best men, and one heavy father to sneeze awfully. Now it is, if not indecent, at least indecorous to sneeze on such occasions. “Will you, Jean, marry this Jeanne?” and the answer a sneeze! But accidents will happen. It must be a great thing to be married at a “Mayor’s Court,” if I may so render a

"Mairie." I had to wait there for a happy couple, one of whom I was about to give to the other, which I did with great pleasure, as neither of them belonged to me. You must first of all state the names of your friends who are "persons about to marry;" then the number of your acquaintances who are removed or have been "expropriated;" then you can buy land to build on, or a ready-built house for those children who may drop in later. If you are bankrupt, you have only to run over to the other side of the Court and state the fact to the proper authority; and, finally, I read, below the chalky bust of the Emperor and the well-bewigged head of the Mayor, the address of a house where you can be vaccinated for next to nothing. Of the religious ceremony, I think the less said the better. We went to the Madeleine, where another very snuffy gentleman, backed up by a small boy in a dirty surplice—suggesting the painful idea that the clean clothes were given out only on Sundays—was kind enough to whisper the ceremony; and while he was blessing the bride, the little beadle came and drew the groom of his fee.

Sunday, May 24.

We have had a curious scandal at Chantilly, in which I think the French police are utterly, entirely, and dangerously in the wrong. "*Trop de zèle*" is the fault of these guardians of the public peace and quiet. One day last week a British clergyman had preached two charity sermons at Chantilly, and was waiting to catch the mail train from Creil to England. Unluckily for him, he heard sounds of revelry that sultry summer's evening—sounds issuing from the drum, fiddle, and flute, which constitute

the orchestra of a village fair; and to the fair he went. Suddenly he was arrested for "attempting to pick pockets." Now, the reverend gentleman certainly had better not have been there at all; and his semi-clerical costume, long black frock coat, stiff white neckcloth, and black wide-awake, could excite no religious feeling in France, whatever it might do at Clapham. Nay, I fear the people of Chantilly would take a man wearing that "dress of the period" for a *maître d'hôtel* out of place, rather than for a "*républicain*." He had sufficient money in his pocket; and if the absurd idea of his wanting to pick other pockets could be for an instant entertained, he could not have found twenty *sous* in any pocket present. Among the witnesses produced against him, I am assured that not one had a franc about him. The gentleman was thunderstruck, as you may imagine, but did one "plucky" thing—he refused all compromise, and would have the affair thoroughly probed. The police were very hard. A gentleman at Chantilly offered rooms in his house for the officer in charge and the gentleman charged; but the police insisted on sending their victim to Senlis, where he was locked up with the commonest criminals for three days. Then the affair came before the magistrate; there was no doubt of the case, but the police tried to save themselves—it is their nature. If the accused would only admit that there was madness in his family, or that he was drunk or subject to delusion, he would be set free. He utterly declined to do so, and the result is that he is now free with a "handsome letter from the Procureur-Impérial to the effect that his arrest was a mistake," and expressing great regret for that mistake. This is all very well; but if such "mistakes" happen

after—it is hardly a year since a similar incident occurred—English people will travel with about as much pleasure and security as foreigners in Austria a few years ago. Luckily, when an Ambassador here who always brings his luggage to be examined in this instance, I am told, he is treated with his usual quickness—but, even more than to his Excellency, the porter is indebted to the kindness of English residents at Chantilly.

Monday, June 1.

Last night the Princess Mathilde gave the last of her Sunday *salons*. It was wonderfully attended, all the world having “given itself rendezvous” to take leave for the season of the pleasantest *salon* in Paris. There really is nothing so pretty. In a large semi-circular *salon* chairs are placed for those who prefer music to talking, and the music is so good here that—would you believe it?—many persons, even ladies, are silent. The musicians—always a combination of the best professional and artistic talent floating through Paris—are placed opposite. Out of this room three doors lead into a vast conservatory, a garden of Eden as to flowers and tropical plants, to which are added easy-chairs and ottomans which just hold two. This opens into the garden, where old trees—really old trees—shade young flowers. Four other doors lead into the suite of *salons*, of which the music-room is the centre. These rooms are filled with works of art, some from the hand of the noble hostess—who exerts herself very hard through the evening to amuse her guests—the rest those which she has purchased from the exhibitions and private studios of artists. There are some lovely statues, some splendid vases, all the new books and papers, a smoking-room, and the most courteous of

receptions. It is no wonder, then, that at the close of the doors of the Hôtel, 24, Rue Courcelles, formerly in the possession of Queen Christina of Spain, there is a general regret. We had a very sinking sextett with a piano, harmonium, and violins. The Princess leaves for the country directly.

Tuesday, Jan. 2.

The outer works of the Grand Opéra are now advancing with rapid strides; and the vast half-finished structure has a very odd effect to-day, as it stands in the centre of the new Grand Place de l'Opéra, with the Grand Hôtel on its proper front, and the Sporting Club and "Baron Brisse" on its proper left, facing what was once the entrance to the beautiful Rue de la Paix—now a gigantic heap of bricks, looking-glasses, stoves, and mortar. The scene would make a capital cartoon—"The Advance of Haussmannisation." I was to-day at the manufactory in the Rue de Bondy; and seeing some colossal bronzes—ugly as only colossal figures can be when you meet them on even ground—I naturally asked what they were, and who on earth had a place where he could put such a gigantic young lady as that one towering yonder many feet above another female proper couchant, on whose head she was about to deposit a wreath of laurel which might weigh about a ton. The group reminded me very much of "*Son vergine vezzosa*," done into bronze. At about a quarter of a mile the effect, I should say, would be good. Seeing them a *quattr'occhi* in the Rue de Bondy, they were hideous dreams—things to hover over your pillow, and wake you up at that early hour when the ghosts of every ill-spent hour and wasted shilling haunt you like remorse, and drive you to reading or rising. These colossals are

destined to crown the Grand Opéra—one enormous group at each corner of the front, facing the statue of the Place Vendôme; and one twice as big, to be placed on the summit of the roof. This is just the relief which the heavy *façade* with its gilt frame required.

Thursday, June 24.

Yesterday was the first of the three great days of the International Pigeon Tournament. The morning was very wet, so most of the lookers-on remained comfortably in bed reading the paper, and no more thought of going down to the Cercle des Patineurs than of taking a header into the Seine. The gunners, however, were all there, and shot a great match. I anticipated that the French would this year take a deal of beating; and so it has proved, as they have run first and second for the Trial Stakes, a silver cup, presented by M. Bouret, which was scientifically won by the Prince de Ligne, M. Dulau being second. Friday is the Emperor's Prize. The Club looks very pretty. The shooting takes place at five traps, placed on a T-shaped platform, and the luxurious gunners fire from under the cover of a glass verandah. The club house is very pretty, consisting of a circular restaurant, and some alcoves for changes of garment which the slaying of the bold pigeon requires. The Bois around is very picturesque; and altogether it should be a pleasure to any well-bred and properly-fed blue-rock to be done to death in such a scene. I confess, whenever I see the end of a great match, I think of the cheap restaurants, and picture to myself how *pigeons aux petits pois* will for days figure on their bill of fare. The birds yesterday were pretty good, and, on the other hand, the English shooting was not up to the mark. Men

gave themselves no chance. One well-known shot, for instance, prepared himself for a match against the best shots in France by travelling all night; and though sitting up is his normal state, and going to bed a wholesome exception, yet he does not usually sit up at sea. Our shooters present yesterday were Lord Stormont, Captain Peters, Mr. Reginald Herbert, Mr. Hambro, Captain Miles, the Duke of Hamilton, Mr. W. Blount, Major Longley, Captain Fredericks, and some others; but none were within birds of their form. Friday will see their nerves settled, and then the great struggle will come off.

Monday, June 8.

The elder Dumas has had another success in 'Madame de Chamblay.' The story is simple; indeed, is the history of every-day life in this curious capital: a young woman married to a *roué*, who plays, bets, races, does everything, and is not even jealous of his wife, preferring to make the *ami de la maison*—the tame cat—pay! A Prefect endeavours to rescue this poor victim to a *mariage de convenance*. He takes the part of the lover against the husband, and (which is not at all like a proper Prefect) advises an elopement—going so far, indeed, as to order his own carriage to take off the elopers. Then he draws M. de Chamblay into a quarrel and kills him, and the point of the play is when he rushes in red-handed, just as the couple are about to go off, and cries, "*Détalez!* take out the horses; I have killed the inconvenient husband; take her, lover, and live long and happy." As for the moral teaching, there is nothing to be said; it is after the fashion of Dumas *père*; and the play is true to nature—to French nature, at least. I should say, however,

that all the Prefects—and there are a good many of them—will rise in judgment against Dumas the elder. A *Dieu ex machina* is all very well, but the divinity must not be a Prefect, and the machine can scarcely be a Prefecture.

Monday, June 8.

The day on which the Grand Prix de Paris is run for at Longchamps is one of the greatest racing meetings and popular holidays of the year, for the Parisians; and, indeed, if any one but cast his eye over the amount of the stakes contested this Sunday, you will confess that Ascot is nothing, and that Ducal Goodwood pales its ineffectual fires. £7242 is a good deal to give for one day's racing; and to that must be added an Object of Art, which to-day was also such an object of curiosity that I for one never could get near it. There were five events, for which 170 horses entered, with 33 starters. Very small fields, you will say; but there were some certainties. This is the sixth anniversary of the Great Prize. Well we remember, consulting alternately our betting and our banker's book, the success of Ranger, whose owner it was delightful to see to-day quite well and sanguine, but not so sanguine. Mr. Savile is so good a sportsman that his winning would have delighted everybody who knew him; he took twelves, and even tens, about Blueskin, but the horse went, I think, short, and looked as if rest, and not racing, was his game. Vermouth won next year; followed the great Gladiateur year, when Paris laid six and seven to four—and Paris is yet tingling with the triumph. Then came the Duke of Beaufort, who in 1866 squared the international account with Ceylon. Fervacques unpleasantly won last year; but

to-day we have restored the balance by winning with The Earl. With great enthusiasm did we receive the victory of the Marquis of Hastings, who has lost a deal of money truly—but then he has paid a deal of money. A line of English was drawn up to see the Marquis and Mr. Padwick lead in the winner, and the cheers were loud and sincere. But I must go back to last night. There was a considerable meeting at the Grand Hôtel, half of the dining-room of which was turned into Albert-gate. There was a great deal of talking, and remarkably little doing. The more The Earl was backed, the worse favourite he became. The fact is, the French were mad about M. Schickler and Suzerain, to whom every Frenchman seemed to think he owed implicit obedience. Even quite late in the day—just before the race, in fact—I heard a French speculator rushing to his fate, and wishing to bet “a thousand, a thousand sterling, if you please,” against The Earl. And he was accommodated! The drive to our Derby is nothing worthy of notice. Everybody starts as late as he can, and gets there as fast as he can. It is a beautiful drive, though, and perhaps to-day looked as lovely as any in Europe. But who looked at it? Carriage after carriage went past, but each occupant was studying the “card,” or, with pencil in mouth, and that sort of six-to-four air of utter despair peculiar to plungers in a mild way, was adding up his books. We heard one droll thing. “Enceinte du Pesage” is inscribed over the entrance-gate. “What’s that?” says Britisher. “All right, old fellow; that is the weighing-place; so we must be all right now”—the weighing-stand being a pay-box, which might hold two children if they were packed close. The first man I saw in the enclosure of the stand

was a great English betting-man: "How do you like this?" I asked. "Pretty well; it is just like the Zoological, with some of the cages open." "And why?" I asked, not unnaturally. "Because I see a lot of my monkeys going about, and I can't catch one." The attendance was certainly not nearly so great as last year's, though it was quite impossible for those who had the misfortune to be down on the lawn to see a race; as to finding a friend—impossible. The Emperor, Empress, and Prince Imperial were present; and the young Prince, in charge of Prince Joachim Murat, went down into the *enceinte* to see the horses. I rather fancy he must have backed The Earl, for he returned with his hat very much on one side, and looking as jolly as the proverbial youth who deals in sand. His mother made him put his hat straight—perhaps she thought wearing it on one side was too much like Lord Hastings. The Tribune was full to repletion—to apoplexy, indeed. "This is a pretty ten-francs' worth," said a French lady, "and I have not even seen *Gladiateur*!" You see, they cling to an idea; and indeed, after the race for the Grand Prix to-day, because there was a jockey in the same colours a French lady asked me if "they were going to run it over again!" Over again! And poor Lord Hastings, and poor Mr. Padwick, and *ces pauvres Messieurs* who had backed it! You ask, Is there any fun of the fair? Not a bit. There was such a crowd that I could not get to see my favourite lottery, and, above all, my "mutual bets;" but, as I struggled over the course, I came to the conclusion that you may very soon have plethora on a racecourse, and that all your arteries will be stopped. I could not lose my money at "mutual betting," because, as

I had to pass by Milles, Finnette, Nannette, Adèle, Fifine, etc., and they all seemed to know what would win, I was kept very late; but we did reach at last that great institution, the drag of the Marquis de Talon—an oasis in the desert—a “Life Guards’ drag,” with lunch and Bedouinism, set down in the wilderness of Longchamp. “God bless the Marquis de Talon!” said many a hungry sufferer to-day. But I must get back to my racing. The French were “very sweet” on Suzerain. It was a point of honour. Mr. Savile was fond of his horse, too, and backed him, though for no great amount. Lord Stamford was also sanguine. The backers of The Earl got frightened and more frightened, and would have paid a deal to be off. The Marquis and the Regenerator of the racing race, however, were firm, and looked all over like winning. When there is that peculiar cock of the hat, it is really a bet on a favourite. In conclusion I will say that it was one of the pleasantest and one of the very dullest of the six Grand Prix days at which I have been present. Next year will be the turn of France; yet I do not think I should mind “standing in” with the Duke of fourteen entries against the commoner of three for a thousand a-side for the Grand Prix de Paris, 1869. Apropos of the great race, let me tell you a little anecdote. Every Sunday the Jockey Club issues a ticket of a different colour for ladies. Yesterday, for instance, it was canary colour—next Sunday it will be pink. Madame de X—, who is very particular about her dress, and ever studious of the harmony of colour, sends her *maître d’hôtel* every Monday with her compliments to M. Grandhomme (our Mr. Weatherby), and “Will he kindly tell her the colour of next Sunday’s ticket?” It is

the fashion to wear your ticket pinned on your breast ; and Madame X— builds up the elaborate structure of her costume on the groundwork of the Jockey Club colour.

Tuesday, June 9.

The Corps Législatif has settled down to the question of the vicinal or cross-country roads. It is proposed to give advances of 100,000,000*f*, and to tax the Departments and parishes so that, in ten years, the 142,000 kilomètres of road may be finished which are required by agricultural France. The Government is prepared to make 15,000,000*f* a gift, and to lend the balance on the very easiest terms, in order to carry out this most important work. I do not think it is possible to exaggerate the value to France of these country roads. Neighbouring villages are in many Departments practically farther from one another than from Paris. You can go to the nearest station, and a given time will take you and your produce to Paris ; you can scarcely pass from town to town or village to village if they are situated off the direct line of rail. It is a fact that fruit, vegetables, and even corn have been spoiling in one parish, while the dwellers in the next were able and willing to pay a fair price for them. Again, labour is wanting in one parish, while labourers are in excess in another ; but the journey is too long, and there is no conveyance which the labourers could afford to use. But another of the great advantages of cross-country communication will be, that steam ploughs, steam threshing-machines, and all the modern improvements without which agriculture cannot hold its own, will now be placed at the service of the farmers. One village, we can well understand, could not afford to pay

enough for the hire of these machines to recoup the proprietor who invested his money in them; but when there are good roads, and perhaps tramways—for I know that system has been submitted to the Government—there will be half-a-dozen parishes competing for the use of these economisers of labour.

The Court left Paris to-day, the Prince Imperial accompanying his parents. Almost the final act of the Emperor before his departure was to receive the Comte de Stackolberg, our new Russian Ambassador. There was the usual ceremonial, the Court carriages being sent to bring his Excellency and suite from the Embassy to the Tuileries.

Wednesday, June 10.

Years ago the late Marquis of Anglesea was cantering up Hyde Park, in his best "form," when he met the carriage of a very well-known lady, Mrs. C—, whose weakness it was to imitate the turns-out of the Queen Dowager. When the Marquis passed, he took off his hat, in that style which none could imitate, and then, seeing his mistake, cried out aloud, "Confound the woman! I thought she was the Queen." Something of the sort happened yesterday. One of the Ladies of the Lake has just altered her carriage and liveries, and has come out in the well-known and striking colours of a great personage. Yesterday the Bois was very full, and all the diplomatists in Paris were there; and it was a fine sight to see the respectful salutes with which Mdlle. Fanfan de Benoiton was greeted by Excellencies, and the blank expression of said Excellencies when they saw their mistake. But those things will happen and it is better to look pleasant over them.

Thursday, June 11.

Among the hospitalities still continued at this late period of the season are the very constant entertainments at the English Embassy, where there are one or two dinner parties every week. We used to hear a great deal of the "want of hospitalities;" but I think few people know how many calls there are on an Ambassador in a great city like Paris, how many State banquets he must give, how many private individuals he must entertain—all the Ministers and the heads of departments, all the diplomatists, all the distinguished foreigners, and, finally, all his countrymen who come over. Add to this a stray Royal Prince and Princess or two, and you will see that his Excellency for the time being has a good deal on his hands. Then, too, the oddest people come and make the most preposterous applications, and go away furious if the rules of society and the laws of the Empire are not set aside in their very peculiar cases. At the American Minister's, where there was this year great hospitality and one of the pleasantest *salons* in Paris, they must have indeed a "hard time;" for the Americans seem to consider that their Minister is their slave, and that his time, his services, and his house are alike their property—so they stand not on the order of going, but go altogether "right away." Presentations at Court are one of the most eagerly claimed privileges; and often, when the English Ambassador has a list of six or seven presentations, his Excellency of America has thirty or forty. Then people are so very angry because their Ambassadors and Ministers do not get them cards for the Monday Balls. It is a curious fact, but the Empress rather likes, after having given three

State balls to 1000 or 5000 persons, at which foreigners who would be presented at home have little difficulty in being present, to ask a few hundred persons who are personally known to her to two or three small parties. The list is made out by the First Chamberlain, and revised by her Majesty, and no Ambassador can send in names. Nevertheless, the applicants are horribly savage, and seem to think it very hard that the Empress should be allowed to have one party which is not a mob. It must be admitted also that introducing even our countrymen is no joke. At the very last State ball at the Tuileries an Englishman exclaimed, at the top of his voice—singularly loud voice by the way—"I say, this is d—d bad wine, not so good as Pinard's." The wine happened to be—as it always is—very dry and very good; indeed, the Tuileries is the only place where the champagne is not as sweet as sugar, and iced to death; but, had it been bad, it was hardly good taste to bawl out the fact close to that most polite Préfet du Palais, who, too, speaks English as well as the grumbler, if not better. That grumbler came to grief for making a similar remark at the house of General Dix. "If the party is a mob, and the supper so bad, I wonder you come, as you do, every Saturday," said an American lady.

Sunday, June 14.

Nobody who has not lived in Paris, and had reason to visit the French *en j'habille*, can have an idea how uncomfortable social life can be. We know a little of savages and tents, and have most of us smoked the pipe of peace, or eaten the onion of friendship, in curious cabins, wigwams, and cantonments; but I believe it is in the houses

of middle-class France that one must look for real discomfort. To them, of course, it is not so; they are born to it; and men get used to anything. At dinner you are allowed table-cloths, and even, under pressure, may obtain napkins; but at breakfast a native Frenchman and his family eat a meal which I will not call a breakfast off a bare deal table. The master of the house wears a *rob - à - l'anglaise*, and carries a snuff-box which holds *deux sous a paiser*; and the lady appears without that frontal decoration which fits into a box. "Madame then has her breakfast like a meal?" was asked in my hearing the other day; and on the same day I heard a highly respectable *chef* say to his mistress, "The Monsieur dines out; Madame, then, will require little, and dine without fashion." This is pure Paris bourgeois life, and it is very curious.

Monday, June 15.

The third number of 'La Lanterne' appeared on Saturday, but the sale is confined to libraries. I have not yet had space to speak of this curious little red book, which comes out once a week, and costs 4*s*.—a pretty stiff price for these piping times of penny papers. It is in appearance the exact counterpart of one of poor Artemus Ward's "goak" books, but I confess that it has failed as yet to make me laugh as they did. When we see the name of Henri Rochefort on the covers, we may be sure that the contents of the book will be both amusing and witty; for he does not know how to write badly; and some of his ideas—that, for instance, of the milliner's girl who refuses the hand of a millionaire—are charming. "Does M. — belong to the Mobile National Guard?" "No! I pay my

scrubber six francs to go for me." "Sir, I would rather stitch all my life than be the wife of one who does not serve in the Mobile National Guard." This is founded on a Ministerial statement, and M. Henri Rochefort asks, "Do Ministers *really* believe this?" Mixed with much that is amusing is very much that is of questionable taste. The writer seems to possess a fine De Boissy power of hatred to England and the English. It is hard to conceive how a clever, sensible man could write as follows, unless, indeed, he knows that it amuses his *public* :—

The English papers tell us that the Union Banner of the reprieves, was hanged on the 19th birthday of the Queen of England. This plan of substituting an execution for the old fireworks accounts for the two reprieves, which otherwise it would have been difficult to explain. It is exactly the proceeding of Theodore, who waited for his birthday to cut off, with his own sword, the heads of his prisoners. But then I do not see why the Queen of England refused her hand to the S. version.

This may be exquisite wit and cutting satire, but I cannot for the very life of me see it.

Monday, June 15.

M. Arsène Houssaye, in his entertaining, highly instructive, and vastly improving work, 'Les Grandes Dames,' tells us that "There is but one lake now in the world. it is that washhand basin of water where the Amazons would not find water enough to bathe in, and which is called *Le Lac du Bois de Boulogne*." He is quite right, from a Paris view. There are people who grind up and down the side of that shallow water for two or three hours daily from the 1st of October to the 1st of August. I remember a friend once leaving England six weeks earlier than he in-

tended, solely because he knew all the horses, all the carriages, all the servants, and all the people in the Park; fancy, then, what it must be in our little Paris. Yet, twenty yards on either side of that lake by whose gloomy shore this daily dusting goes on, there are the entrances to miles of beautiful, cool, shady, dustless rides and drives—“*allées réservées aux cavaliers*.” You can go for hours and see nothing but the beauties of Nature. The *grandes avenues* are splendid, but the little *allées* are the prettiest. Even on a Sunday you can escape from the busy hum of women, and get into peace and shade, quiet and solitude. You can go, as I did yesterday, and see the Bagatelle in which Lord Hertford does not live—he lives, I am told, very little anywhere, so to speak—and the stables of which are so comfortable that every one at first takes them for the villa, which is not a villa, but a mansion, and a Bagatelle which cost anything but the price of a trifle. Then you can see the outside of the Pigeon Club, which always looks as if there was to be a “fancy fair to-morrow, entrance five francs; children under fifteen, and dogs, half-price,” and the Paris cricket-ground, that *terra incognita* of the French. Journeying onwards, you are at the house that Haussmann built, and do not wonder he likes to live there. We drop a tear as we gaze on the now useless racecourse, and wish that that were all we had “dropped” there during the spring and summer meetings. And then we come to the Cascade. Yesterday they must have “done many butts” of Strasburg beer, and converted several ice-fields and glaciers into vanille ices. Returning to our “*allées réservées*,” we were quiet and at rest; so, by the way, were scores of men and women out for the day, who seemed to be taking their

pleasure in sleep. There is certainly no drive near London so delightful as the by-ways of the Bois; yet the two worlds of Paris and their followers—the *circles gentils* and *hommes sérieux*—never leave the Lake.

Monday, June 22.

The Court is enjoying quiet life in the country, and will continue to do so till the Emperor goes off to some "waters," when the Empress and Prince Imperial will return to St. Cloud. But the Emperor never gets a regular holiday; last week he had to come up to Paris, and this week he leaves Fontainebleau on Wednesday to go to the Camp of Châlons, where he remains till Saturday, returning to Fontainebleau for the second and grand day of the race meeting there. The Court, including the Emperor, Empress, and Prince Imperial, were present at the first day of the Fontainebleau Summer Meeting, held on Sunday. The day was lovely, and there was none of the rain which visited Paris; but the sport was only moderate. At Chantilly there had been heavy rain, so the trainers sent plenty of horses, in the hopes of finding the course of Fontainebleau, as it is after heavy rain, the best "going" in France; but, to their dismay, they found that not a drop of rain had fallen, and that the course was as hard as iron. The stakes were not grand enough to justify the risking of valuable horses, consequently the fields dwindled away, and sport was much spoiled.

Sunday, June 28.

There was nothing melancholy in the ultimate *fête* of the Paris season of 1868, which, if it has not equalled

that of the Exhibition year, has been certainly more intimate and more pleasant. Djemil Pacha on Thursday night celebrated the accession of the Sultan. First, his Excellency, who is the most charming as he is the most hospitable of hosts, gave a full-dress State dinner, at which the whole of the Corps Diplomatique was present; then, at ten, he opened his pretty little hôtel—the first on the left hand as you turn into the Avenue de l'Impératrice from the Champs Elysées—for a small ball. I shall pay that ball the greatest compliment I can when I say that, in spite of the night, it was never either hot or crowded. In addition to the hôtel, a large room had been built in the garden, and there was dancing in two rooms. The style was Oriental, and so were several of the ladies, which added considerably to the effect. The *mise-en-scène* was perfect, and the performers worthy of it. There were flowers as plentiful as in Florence, and Waldteufel supplied the music. There was mirth and flirtation—nay, cigars and cigarettes—a very long *cotillon*, and an excellent supper; and so I think that Djemil Pacha may be congratulated on winding up the season with truly Oriental magnificence. The Princess de Metternich did the honours of the ball. All went merry as a marriage bell, and I only presume that the *cotillon* lasted till late on Friday.

Havrè, Monday, June 29.

“Bravo, Toro!” is a cry as popular in Spain as “God save the Queen!” or “Rule Britannia!” in England, but on this side of the Pyrenees we seldom hear it. We eat a great deal of beef here in Paris, but so far as my small experience goes, we have monstrously little reason to say

"Bravo!" after the consumption of that half-cooked joint. Still, "Bravo, Toro!" is a striking cry: and when, having seen it advertised and otherwise thrust upon public notice, we were convinced that there was something in it, we seriously turned our attention that way. What was this bull-fight? that was the question. It was at a ball at an Eastern Embassy that the idea entered our heads. There is a period of the year when diplomacy slumbers, and when you can, indeed, not only say "*Je suis en vacances*,"—your Chief—but also "*Je suis en vacances*," and so get "leave." "Have a sandwich, Duke?" said a guest at the *buffet*—"capital beef." "Ah! never name beef for me," replied the Duke; "you have introduced bull-fights *chez nous*." "Ah! you are right," says another; "I never eat pigeons and *pâtés froids* when I have been down to the club." Then came on the discussion of this bull-fight. There was to be a bull-fight at Havre. To go or not to go, that was the question. Much champagne was consumed, many cigars were smoked, over this question. M. Vapartout had been "attached" at Seville, Cadiz, Cordova, and was sure there would be nothing in it. Nobody killed, you know, and that sort of thing. M. de Chez-soi, on the other hand, was all for going, as he had never been anywhere nor seen anything, and his nurse, whose great-grandmother came from Biarritz, had told him, while he was in his cradle, stories of "*corridos de toros*." A conclusion was arrived at as the *cotillon* ended—that conclusion was to go. Four hours are now supposed to elapse. If I were asked to say how to spend a pleasant day at Havre, I should say, "Take three diplomatists and one private individual; fuse them in a special train when the sun is at its zenith; let

them be well shaken, and then taken to Rouen; and the first result will be a most pleasant breakfast." It was long since I had been there or beheld her; but when "I saw again my Normandy," and found that she was the Normandy of yore—the same crops, the same melons, the same pears and apples, exactly like those which brought water to my eyes in the days of youth—I felt more Normandy than any pippin. Rouen is a glorious city. The cathedral is pure Gothic lace-work, and one pauses to wonder how so much spider-like architecture can be spun up in the air and still exist, while bells are ringing, Norman peasants crying, clocks striking, and the train—from which there is no more escape than from death or the water-rate collector—whistling and grunting as it tells you that you have no further business here. The "ten minutes" are over. "Get on!" Four very pleasant hours may be passed in Rouen, and, if you are troubled with Norman ancestors, you will have historical recollections. You can also have an indifferent breakfast, and be rowed on a river by certain hired oars, who think you are mad for wanting to go on the water at all, but raving mad if you wish to "pull." You had better go to see the churches, which are magnificent, whether put to their legitimate use as houses of prayer, or whether—what is quite as common in that ungodly city—they are perverted into wholesale depôts of Rouenneries or dry goods. Every street which meets you shows what a splendid old Norman city it is, and what fools certain people were to give it up. . . . When the traveller arrives at Havre, he had better order his dinner in the covered restaurant—being near the sea, I should be particular about the fish—and then throw himself into the bosom of his "briny mother." We arrived

only on the eve of the "Funeion." It was a lovely night. The train was late; we lost our luggage. We had forgotten where we were going, and it went to Deauville, or Trouville, or something which ends in "ville." Still we "made bed," and, rising on a glorious morning, went and bathed. It is worth going to Havre if only for one swim and the breakfast in the open air which follows. The glorious freshness and the complete quiet are as tonics to the denizen of the city which the Prefect built, and is building. Well, then, we breakfasted, and talked, and smoked, till an energetic individual suddenly exclaimed, "By Jove! there is smoke; depend on it there's a boat going somewhere; let's go there." "Yes, suppose we do," said Captain Calm, who was one of the party, "I've never been there." So we went to take tickets for an excursion "there and back by half-past three." But when we approached this smoke we saw a sight more brilliant than any I have witnessed since I was called out of Durant's library at Naples to see the outbreak of the last eruption of Vesuvius from the Villa Reale. Close to the Quai de l'Île was moored the bad ship Emma, having on board 750 casks of petroleum. Around her were anchored scores of other vessels, and close by, but luckily lying to windward, was the most densely-populated portion of the town of Havre. At 11 A.M. a fire burst out on board the Emma. It was really an eruption. Luckily they could move off the surrounding craft, and, more luckily still, the wind blew from the shore. For eight hours the petroleum continued to burn, covering Deauville and Trouville with a dense cloud of smoke, and giving to the spectators who lined the quay an unequalled display of fireworks. Nothing could be grander than the great columns of light

brown smoke, which looked like vast rolls of worsted, and which were perpetually lighted up by flashes of most vicious-looking flame. However, little harm was done, and we took it as a part of the day's performance. "A little surprise has been arranged for us," was the remark of Captain Calm. But three o'clock has sounded from the towers of Saint Somebody, and already eager crowds are hurrying towards the scene of action. In a vast arena, built of deal, were assembled M. Alexandre Dumas *pié* and some 3999 other persons. The building would have contained 6000 more. Those who recalled the burning suns of Southern Spain went early and took their tickets for that part which was *en la sombre*—that is, the shady side; the others, who came late, were grilled. "But, my dear Charles, I fear that they won't kill anything to-day," mildly remarked a young lady of a Southern aspect to her lover. And this was, of course, the truth; though even the good people of Havre, and the Cauchois who came in by trains called of "pleasure" from that district whence the Marquis de Caux takes his title, confessed that it did away with the interest, adding that they should have enjoyed a little bloodshed. But "*Désaliter visum*;" it pleased the authorities to put *tampons* or buffers on the ends of the bulls' horns; and indeed it was merely a *corrida de novios*. Yet, for all that, it was very well done and very interesting to behold. All was carried on *en règle*; and as the troop headed by Antonio Arce and Antonio Osuña, those well-known "*picadores*" of Madrid, entered, and I heard the stamping of feet and rapping of canes, and the tune peculiar to bull-fights, I felt myself once more back in "fair Cadiz, rising o'er the dark blue sea." Then the chief of the "*banderilleros*"—hight Manuel Fer-

mandez—advanced towards the box of the Sous-Préfet, who from that distance threw over the crowded rows of the circus the key of the door through which the bulls were to enter. This is a great point. If the key is not properly caught, a real bull-fighting audience hisses the unlucky “muff,” or “butter-fingers,” from the arena. Yesterday it was caught fairly in the sombrero, and loud applause. The two “*picadores*” on horseback then ranged up against the side of the ring opposite that entrance; the two “*matadores*,” the “*chulos*,” and the “*banderos*,”

In costly sheen and lady-lark arrayed

But all afoot,

formed a semi-circle, and looked as if they were going to throw a casting-net. Then Manuel Fernandez advanced, with the peculiar ‘*Barbieri di Siviglia*’ step, and opened the gate.

The den expanded, and expectation mute

Gaped round the silent circle.

And here I must pause for an instant to say that the mounted fighters, the “*picadores*,” were nonentities; they were awkward horsemen, mounted on two screws, whose ways would have been dear at an even reuner. The riders themselves did nothing but lose their stirrups and drop their lances. When, too, the bull had tried once or twice and found that he could not properly use his horns, he lost confidence, and would not attack his mounted enemy again, but reserved his energy for the “*matadores*,” his infantry assailants. They were brave bulls, and if the contest had been *à la mort*, blood would have sprinkled the arena, and beef and horse would have been cheap and plentiful in Havre restaurants this fine June Monday. Yes! they were brave bulls from Andalusia. You could tell it when the

first, a brown animal, poor in condition, yet sure to have been pronounced at Northampton Fair a "nice level beast," rushed into the ring and then paused—just as we have seen Mdile. Petit-pas halt to receive the salutes of the stalls. There is no mistake, however, about our bull; he pauses, throws up his head, and goes straight at the nearest horse; but a lively "*chulo*" distracts his attention, he hesitates, and then rushes wildly after that red cloak. "*Chulo*" is playing for a high stake, simply his life, for if a bull, with "*frenum in cornu*," cannot rip up a horse, he can yet inflict most curious and unpleasant injuries on a man; so "*chulo*" drops his cloak and takes the boundary fence very cleverly in his stride. "What a fool that bull is!" burst from every lip as we saw him pause and look at the cloak—letting Santiago Ayer escape—and then rush blindly at the division, and send his head and horns through the woodwork. Don't tell me it was a sigh of relief which escaped from the audience as they saw Santiago Ayer safe—pooh! You have never been to a bull-fight. I tell you it was the groan of the baffled expectation of blood. But the trumpet sounds the advance of the "*banderilleros*," and they assail the bull with darts to which are attached crackers, at every explosion of which the animal halts, then rears up like a proper bull of heraldry, stamps in the dust, and rushes blindly on the nearest "*chulo*," who lets him get quite close, and sticks another dart just between the horns. More furious than ever, he makes against every one; but each "*chulo*" and "*banderillero*" meets him with two darts, which are delivered in the spinal vertebrae just as "*el toro*" is about to toss his enemy. He who hesitates is lost. Bulls, when hit, always hesitate. And then, with stately step, posing in his turn as

the bull did on his *cité en scène*, slowly advances Gonzalo Mora, "*primera espada*." And here begins the real science—*l'es crime*—the fencing, in fact, between "*el torero*" and "*el toro*." Usually it is a fight to the death; here Mora only planted a not "*lethalis arado*" in the vital spot. Covered by the scarlet cloak, the First Sword of Madrid advances coolly—more coolly than if he were dancing a quadrille at the hospitable hôtel of Madame Trés-Études. He astonishes the bull by that coolness so much as to make the bull fancy that the red rag is shaken in his very eyes. Then he rushes madly on his foe, who is twelve inches from him, but who receives him with a pirouette; and before poor "*toro*" can turn his unwieldy body he has been smitten to death. "*Primera espada*" picks up his cap, bows, the mules come in and drag off the carcass, fresh saw-dust is sprinkled over the blood-stained area. "*Mi querido*," mutters a fair face, "but no '*matoral*' or '*pierrot*' is as yet killed!" "*Pacifique*, that will come, *mon ami*," replies the lover; and on they go, hoping for homicide. They manage these things better in France.

* * * *Cetera Desunt.* * * *

Wednesday, July 1.

Sir Robert Napier arrived here to-day, at seven A.M., having travelled direct from Marseilles; and he goes on to London by the 7.15 mail to-night. He was received at the station by Mr. Sheffield, Private Secretary to Lord Lyons, and went direct to the Embassy. The whole morning was spent in visiting the sights of Paris; and Sir Robert classed not last among those wonders the soldiers of the French army. He was especially taken with the very workman-

like look of the Zouaves. He is accompanied by his staff, among whom are Lord Charles Hamilton, Major Dillon, and Captain Scott. Abyssinia should have a fine climate, if the appearance of the returning conquerors is any criterion. Sir Robert Napier looks as if he were made of bronze. The young son of Theodoros has gone direct to Portsmouth. During the day one picked up some interesting details about the late war. The whole casualties of the expedition amounted to but thirty-seven. Among these was poor Mr. Dufton, who seems to have been the mildest and kindest of men, and who literally repeated the death-bed scene of Charles II., apologising for giving so much trouble when dying. Theodoros used to drink like the proverbial fish, and his peculiar vanity was "raki," always a pleasant liquid in a hot climate. After one of his carouses, he heard some prisoners loudly complaining that others had been set free, while they were detained. "You wretches to make a noise and disturb me," said the King, and ordered them all for instant execution. . . . Sir Robert received before dinner a deputation of English residents in Paris, which had been got up by Captain Lynch, R.N. An address was presented to the General, to which he replied in a speech remarkable for modesty and good taste. He especially remarked on the labours of the troops. The soldiers, he said, by building a bridge 400 miles long, from Zoula to Magdala, had proved how they could work.

Monday, July 6.

I have just received a copy of 'La France Nouvelle,' by M. Prevost-Paradol. The name of the Academician will be sure to give a certain *éclat* to the work, and it will have a decided estimation abroad; but I doubt whether it

will ever be very popular, or produce much effect in Paris. The Parisians will not, as a rule, read anything longer than one of Edmond About's pamphlets. M. Provost-Paradol's work is a thick volume, containing 419 closely-printed pages. It contains a preface, in which the author begins by stating that nothing can be more simple than his book, "inspired as it is by the sentiment of patriotism alone;" yet he fears that it may be sacrificed to the "excessive zeal" of some employé, or the excessive stupidity of another, who, not understanding it, will not let it pass for fear there is something in it which he cannot see. M. Paradol accuses all French writers of asking for too much, because they are afraid of being thought timid, and thus of becoming revolutionists, when they might be reformers. The work is divided into three books. The first is a study of democracy in general; the second points out plans of required reform; and the third contains general reflections on the history of France since 1797, and some further considerations on her future. M. Paradol considers one dynasty and one system of Government as good as another. You may have your peculiar view; but its realisation is a mere "secondary question" by the side of the great questions of political and administrative reform; and he sets out in this book "a plan of general reform which embraces all the State, from the exercise of universal suffrage even to the organisation and working of the supreme power." In the first book also we have "an explanation of what should be understood by the words 'democracy' and 'democratical government,' and the dangers which such forms of government incur;" and in the second a discussion on "the institutions and principles of govern-

ment which suit a French democratical government." In this book the suffrage, meetings, elections, Ministerial responsibility, the power of the chief of the State, of the magistrates, and of the administrators of justice, the press, religious laws, war and the army, are also touched upon. The last book gives us "some ideas on national history, and some words of counsel to the present generation." The whole gist of this curious work is, that old France is becoming overpowered and outnumbered, and a new France must be established in fertile Algeria, where 80 or 100 millions of colonists must maintain "the name, the language, and the legitimate consideration of France."

Tuesday, July 7.

And now I am going to request you to take a short excursion into the Department of Seine-et-Oise—only an hour and a half by rail to St. Rémy Station, then three quarters of an hour's drive through the beautiful valley of Chevreuse—a mere trifle, and everybody goes out of Paris for Sunday at this season. There is a family *fête* at the Château de Dampierre, and we are going thither; I therefore ask you to put back the clock to the hours of pure Legitimacy, and, forgetting the Empire, to return to the day of the "Fleur de Lys." Among the old houses of France, few trace back so long and so clearly defined a pedigree as the family of De Luynes, which came into France, early in the sixteenth century, from Italy. There they were of the *casa illustrissima* of the Alberti, famous in arms, arts, and intrigues; so of course they made a revolution in Florence. It was the thing to do in fifteen hundred and odd. Being beaten at Firenze la Bella, they

came to Paris, where Albert Due de Luynes set up as a King's page and a *gambler* of the period. In life, as in racing, there is nothing like a good start. Alberto degli Alberti got one. How, do you think? "*Je suis bédouin en diè!*" I have heard of droll promotions. "Why did the General take you on his staff?" was asked of a young Hussar, not long ago, by an enthusiast. "Oh! I'll tell you; because I cut—" "Through the ranks of the enemy, you hero," interrupted enthusiast (he was a lady). "Oh! dear no, nothing of that sort; it was because I cut up a turkey so well." Brunnel was promoted because he could sing. "Making Cup" made one A.D.C., and really he deserved his appointment. Albert Due de Luynes got his nomination as page to Louis XIII. because he was very cunning in the art of training "shrikes," or butcher-birds, to catch sparrows. They used to "plunge" on that sort of match in the sixteenth century. Such is the origin of the House of the Luynes of Dauphine, the representative of which so hospitably entertained his friends on Sunday. The place is magnificent; the park extends over seven hundred hectares of beautifully-wooded ground, and water flows in every direction. As you walk, stately deer, long undisturbed, rise and look at you, then resume their *siesta*. A large herd faced round to its proper front, but it was only to look at so many smart people, and wonder "how the devil they came there." Whenever I see a house surrounded by a moat, I am reminded of a speech I once heard 'when out with Drake's hounds. We were going past a water-logged house belonging to Lord Saye and Sele. "How do you like that place?" said somebody. "As a man, not at all; but if I were a frog, I think I could be

very happy there," was the reply. I was of the same opinion. The Château de Dampierre has also its moat; but the water is as clear as champagne, and sparkles like that generous liquid. The building itself is very stately; the centre of the ground floor is nearly taken up by a banquetting-hall where sixty persons can dine, and where there is a gallery for a large orchestra. From this hall extend wings and cross-wings, a library containing thousands of volumes, and a museum in which, among countless other things, are specimens of every bird—including, of course, the "shrike"—which has ever been caught in the Seine-et-Oise. I should tell you that the dining-hall was decorated by Jean Paul Flandrin, and is hung with pictures by that artist and his master, Ingrès. Among the works of the pupil is the well-known "Age d'Or," which is always kept veiled, lest, I presume, the "*auri sacra fumes*" should tempt any one to covet it. The drawing-rooms are not grand, but one is striking. It is draped with black velvet, on which, in silver, are clusters of the holy emblem, the *fleur de lys*; and the only treasure in this sombre shrine is a silver statue of Louis Treize. "But the *fête*?" you say. Well, here it is. A large house, full of pleasant people; a fine day; fun in perspective. Granted those premises, the result would very naturally be a pleasant breakfast; and is anything pleasanter than such a meal? When you look out into a park, you are bound to be as hungry as, and to eat like, one of its keepers. After breakfast, the carriages came round to take the "goodbye company" to see the rustic sports. Two open barouches, each with four bays, the servants in sky-blue and white jackets and caps with silver tassels, were told off for some

of the ladies. Then came the two coaches of the Duc de Doudeauville and the Marquis de Sabran, which loaded directly; and then a whole family of open carriages of all sorts. Rustic games are the same all over the world, and one clod climbing up a greasy pole is just like another clod slipping down. Donkey races are legitimate sport, I admit, but then we have so many little meetings in France now. Yet they were good; and M. de Burguency sat back on his "moke" and won a fine race like a "sweep." All dinners are alike, only that some are better than others, and others are worse than some. This was one of the first category. Then there was a very Cremonne of fireworks: next came a ball; for four hours many twinkling feet kept dancing about; and as for the last quadrille and the cotillon—perhaps we had better take a little refreshment. The names of those who were asked and went are so historical, so redolent of the perfume of the lily, that I must send a few: Duc and Duchesse de Doudeauville, Duc and Duchesse de la Rochefoucault-Bisaccia, into which family the present Duc de Luynes married; Duchesse de Chevreuse, the De Contades, the D'Aramores, De Morepoix, De Sabran-Pontèves, Duc and Duchesse de Grammont-Lesparre, De Grammont d'Aste, etc.—names to be found in history, and particularly in that written by St. Simon, Count Anthony Hamilton, and Madame de Sévigné. When it was over, it was time for all but the very idlest of the *jeunesse dorée* to go back to Paris and look after their affairs. I have given a long account of this *fête*, because it is a *fête hors ligne*, and such Faubourg festivities are getting rarer and rarer as Imperialism increases.

Thursday, July 9.

Mr. Hohler is now in Paris, studying very hard. I have scarcely the pleasure of knowing this gentleman, and have never heard him sing; but I have heard from the best authorities in Paris that the progress he has made in a short time is remarkable. However, I have not done with Mr. Hohler yet; I am about to gibbet him, as a warning to the travelling public. A man who has worked hard not unnaturally sleeps soundly; so did Mr. Hohler last Thursday, in the best inn's best bed. When he awoke in the morning, he found that some midnight thief had rifled him of all he possessed: *item*, a gold watch; *item*, a very heavy chain, adorned with a number of those appendages called charms, peculiar to popular tenors; *item*, fifteen coins, valuable on account of their antiquity; *item*, a quantity of coins, date Napoleon III., very useful for the purchasing of bread and cheese, and the light wine which serves us poor exiles for the homely beer. It is a very serious loss, especially the watch. Unluckily, these household robberies are getting every day more common. Not very long ago another musical celebrity was victimised in the same manner in the Rue Royale.

Sunday, July 12.

The Emperor came up to Paris yesterday, transacted business, and went back to dine in the wood. What a treat it must be to them all to dine under the greenwood tree, and forget that they are Emperors and Empresses! His Majesty, however, is very strict about one point. Whether dining under an oak—they have not got one, by the bye—or on a State mahogany table of *quarante cou-*

erts, he will allow himself only three quarters of an hour at dinner; and that includes coffee. It is the same in all the best houses in Paris. At the Palais Royal you dine at eight, and at nine you are in the smoking-room drinking that Turkish coffee which so astonishes the British digestion. At the two embassies where they give the best dinners it is the same. Dinner is an institution, and, I believe, a necessity, and so should not be "scamped." "Hurry is the devil," says the Arab. The worst of these good dinners is that you are not hurried, and so cannot complain. The service is so perfect—at the Palais Royal small dinners, for instance, there is a servant behind every chair—that it is mere mechanism. When you drop your fork, your plate is changed; and the result is, about fifteen *plats*, and nine sorts of wine, in thirty-five minutes. I confess it is too like steam for me; and I must avow that I think "the little quarter of an hour" celebrated in 'Coning-by,' illustrated with about four very large glasses of, say, '48 claret, is better fun than walking off arm-in-arm with your neighbour at dinner, who would willingly spare you for that "little quarter of an hour." I like her very much myself; but then, you see, I could not find her upstairs in the drawing-room when I had done my claret. But I know this is material, wrong, and vulgar, and must drop the subject.

Wednesday, July 15.

I regret deeply to state that a good sportsman, a good soldier, and, as became one of his house and order, a great gentleman, has just died at Lyons. All Crimean readers will remember the Vicomte Artus Talon, then a subaltern in the 8th Hussars. Many more will know him

as the brother of the popular Marquis, who belongs nearly as much to London as to Paris, and is as well known at Ascot as at Longchamps. The racing world will remember the Vicomte as the plucky winner of the Great Steeplechase at Baden in 1856, when he steered his own mare, Regalia, to victory, coming happily down that drop which enabled Charlie Thornhill to defeat *Œdipus* and Mr. Robinson Brown. Last year, when weighing to ride the same mare for the same race, he was taken very ill with internal bleeding, the effects of disease contracted in the Crimea, and he never has been himself since. The Vicomte was only in his thirty-seventh year, and by his death many of the best families in France are placed in mourning—they were, however, already in the weeds of woe, as the Prince de Beauveau-Craon, who accidentally shot himself last week when about to enter his club, was a near relation of the deceased. The Marquis Talon, brother of the deceased, is well known in Paris as an “Englishman,” and is celebrated for the hospitality of his house and his coach, both of which are essentially British. There is but one expression, and that of painful regret, for the Vicomte Artus, and for the loss which has fallen on his family.

Monday, July 20.

The Emperor is to-day enjoying the fresh air of Plombières, and also that rest which he must require, but which he is always unwilling to take. Plombières, in the Vosges district, is, like its rivals, Vichy and Biarritz, an Imperial creation—a place never heard of till the present reign. It is very pretty, very quiet, and very healthy. It used to be cheap, but that is a state of things which changes

in France with the second season of any new place. But Plombières has, since its creation, played its part in modern history; for it was there that Cavour answered the question asked by Napoleon III. at the time of the visit of the King and the Count, his Minister, to Paris—"Qu'en dira-t-on pour l'Italie?" This year Plombières will be quite in the health-giving, not the life-destroying, line, and so, to be reckoned on, will be the less interesting. His Majesty likes to confer fashion on these young places, and thinks that he has already set Vichy on the pinnacle of celebrity. Biarritz will probably get its turn at the end of August; but Biarritz is such a really quiet place that an Emperor may give an audience in a garden and then go out walking in a shooting-coat. Besides, the climate of Biarritz is enough to make a cripple go out for a long walk. To get from that charming sojourn to Spain is a mere excursion.

Thursday, July 21.

The great heat of the weather has produced in Paris an effect purely Arcadian—simple, cleanly, comfortable, but perhaps slightly astonishing, if not even bordering on the indecent. Paris goes down to Asnières and bathes. I was coasting along the Seine yesterday, and saw the result of this picnic of pleasure and pure water. I must confess that the *vie intime* of those occupied in the waters of the Seine is a remarkable sight. There is a primitive simplicity in the idea of a staid-looking lady in a grey dress, sitting under the shade of her respectable parasol, with a veil on, and so dressed within an inch of her eyes, in the stern of a boat manned by a crew as naked as when born—save, of course, that decent garment which police rules hold to be the *siue quâ non* of bathing. Boatful after boatful of people as naked

as the savage of the primeval forest floated past one another, friends, male and female, saluting as they glided by; they did not take off their hats, of course—indeed it would have puzzled most of them to take off anything. In one boat a whole family was bare as the palm of my hand, except the mother, who sat looking on calmly in her Sunday best. They were not even bathing, it seemed to me, but had been washing a family of small dogs. One of these interesting animals had been lost, and, as we paused at the turn of the river, we heard the solemn requiem of the departed cur. “Sorry?” said Madame; “of course, *mon ami*, I am sorry; she was positively the best of the litter! I would rather have lost you, my dear pet!” Here she looked up, but whether at the mother of her puppies or the father of her children, I, being near-sighted, cannot say. The puppy was lost, and the sorrow and repentance confessed. Well, bathing is one thing; and it seems that common decency is another.

Wednesday, July 22.

The funeral of Vicomte Artus Talon took place to-day, at the magnificent Church of St. Augustin—one of the many new wonders of Paris. It is really a splendid building. The aisle is lined on each side with chapels; galleries, as in Rouen Cathedral, run above these chapels, giving great lightness to the general effect. There are also some good paintings in the Moresque style, and some really splendid stained glass, especially one rose window. The effect to-day produced by the coloured glass was very striking. Just behind the high altar there are some pillars; and, while the coffin was before the priest in its gloomy solemnity, behind him these pillars looked like columns of turquoise. It was

was crowded all day long, the native inhabitants enjoying one of their greatest pleasures—to wit, staring out of a window for hours. His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh arrived last night, and is staying at the Bristol. Lord Stanley arrives to-night, and dines at Fontainebleau on Friday.

Sunday, August 9.

Lord Stanley left for Lucerne last evening, after having dined at the Embassy. Do not let any one imagine that the noble lord at the head of Foreign Affairs is out for a holiday. I believe, except at dinner, he hardly sat down while he was in Paris. Yesterday he was received by Prince Napoleon, and afterwards, in company with his Excellency Lord Lyons, paid visits to all the French Ministers still in Paris, and also to General Fleury, in order that he might thank him for the great trouble he had taken about the arrangements for the journey of our Majesty, the comfort of which was mainly due to the General. Here I will just say that any one who has business with General Fleury will always find him the most willing and most agreeable official that can be desired.

Monday, August 10.

On Saturday the Emperor made the following short speech in reply to an address presented to him at the station by the Mayor of Troyes:

I would not pass by Troyes without stopping for a moment in order to give a proof of my lively sympathy with the people of Champagne, who are ever animated with the sentiments of patriotism. Last year⁶⁸ I witnessed with pleasure the progress of industry in this Departmentth and invite you to continue; for nothing now threatens the peace of Europe^v. Have faith in the future, and believe that God protects France. 1, 2st

This is the most outspoken declaration of peace we have yet had, and, though uttered at Troyes, was intended to be heard by all France. His Majesty arrived at Fontainebleau at 5.30 on Saturday evening, and will remain there till Friday morning. Preparations for the annual visit to Biarritz are already commenced, and towards the end of August the Villa Eugénie will be occupied. It is believed in Biarritz that there is to be an interview between the Queen of Spain and the Emperor.

Saturday, August 15 (Morning).

This year it has been the pleasure of the Emperor of the French that his subjects should not only have their great annual outing of the 15th August—which, be it said, falling on a Saturday, will last without intermission till Monday night; but he also deigned to give them a supplementary holiday on the Friday. It was, in fact, a general holiday; for 35,000 National Guards were under arms at midday, and as all their relatives, friends, and the strangers within their gates were occupied in “seeing them in their new uniform,” business was at a standstill. One party, however, did not have a holiday; that consisted of the Emperor, Empress, Prince Imperial, and their suite, who left Fontainebleau at nine A.M., and if they got back by ten P.M. they were lucky. During that period his Majesty and the Prince were on horseback, under a broiling sun, for four hours; and the Empress was also subjected to the process of grilling in an open carriage for at least three hours. Though comparatively a cool day, the troops also must have had a very hard day, and, indeed, the National Guard looked pretty well ^{fed up} when they left the ground. At a very early hour ^{him} was alive with soldiers, now almost a rare sight here;

end, looking down on the Boulevards Haussmann and Malakoffes, it was not possible to avoid being struck with their great width, and their great capability of allowing large numbers of troops to act. The whole line of the Avenue des Champs Elysées, from the end of the Rue de Rivoli to the Arc de Triomphe, was packed with spectators as closely as the Grand Opéra on the last evening, when for nothing the people heard *Mlle. Nilsson* sing "Gloire." It must be confessed that the scene was very striking. Long lines of opaque lamps—preparations for the narrow *filé*—festooned the whole length of the tree on either side, and glittered in the August sun. The fountains sparkled and murmured—thanks to M. Laurent—while every parterre and grass plot had been watered; so there were carpets of flowers framed in fresh turf. Flags floated in all the temporary theatres—*cafés chantans*, etc.; and, finally, each side of the Champs Elysées was kept by a rank of soldiers, whose bayonets formed a line of fire that seemed to have fallen on them from the dead-looking lamp-bore. I should say it was quite a people's review; for, (excepting a small reserved space in front of the Palais d'Industrie, there was no place where persons who objected to being pushed about as at Greenwich Fair could possibly stand and see anything more than the feathers of those harmonious giants, the drum-majors. No! it was a review in great part of Paris citizen-soldiers, and the rest of popular Paris had the first, second, and third rows in the theatre of mimic war. For this same reason, too, I suspect the Champs Elysées were selected as the field of action: citizen-soldiers and citizen-spectators had not so far to go; and again, the vastness of width precluded any idea of manœuvres, for which, but

70,000 men under arms, there would have been no time at a review beginning at 3 p.m. Moreover, it would have perhaps too severely tried the drill of the National Guard—which, without saying one word against it, is naturally, in time of peace, better suited for a “march past” than for the intricate movements that might have entered the head of Marshal Canrobert, who was senior officer on the ground. It is four years since there was a great mixed review of regular and national troops in Paris, and that took place on the Champ de Mars on the 14th of August, but not in the presence of the Emperor; so it must be five or six years since his Majesty had seen his people’s army in force. His Majesty had every reason to be satisfied on this occasion—not less, I should say, as was evident from their enthusiasm, than they had reason to be satisfied with him. But now to the review. At 2.30 there was not along the whole line standing room for a child, or a perch up a tree for a boy; and the few who were admitted to the enclosure of the Palais d’Industrie took up their shady positions, and awaited the well-known call of drums which tells when the Emperor passes the gilded gates of the Tuileries Garden. Three o’clock was the hour named, and at three o’clock to a minute the Empress arrived, accompanied by her *dames d’honneur*. In another carriage came her nieces, the daughters of the late Duchesse d’Albe; and they installed themselves at the windows of the Palais in front of which the defile was to take place. Ten minutes later the Emperor and the Prince Imperial, with a staff of about fifty, entered past, and having very briefly inspected the whole line, returned to the Palais at a quarter to four, when his Majesty and the Prince got off their horses and went to the Palais, the Prince immediately joining the Empress

at the window. I should remark that the Empress—who was dressed in turquoise blue silk, clouded over everywhere with Valenciennes lace, which caused words of envy to escape from several pairs of female lips in my immediate neighbourhood—looked extremely well and very handsome. The Emperor, too, was generally pronounced to be looking better than he has for years; while the young Prince, who was in plain clothes, with the ribbon of the Legion of Honour, seemed in the best of health and spirits. He is very much grown, and had been promoted from a cream-coloured pony to a chestnut of neighbouring horses, which he appeared to like riding, and to ride very well. Then we had time to look round and see of whom the staff was composed. Of course, we saw Marshal Canrobert, Marshal Vaillant, General Fleury, etc., the usual officers on duty, equerries, A.D.C.'s, etc. There was the inevitable Turk, whose charger was nearly to him a discharger, as it went to sleep after the second hour—poor old horse—and was proceeding to sit down, when Mahmoud Bey, who, I suspect, had also been in a state of “kef,” revived him with his spurs. But there were also three British uniforms, and of one officer a chamberlain said to me, “It is very unlucky that our troops do not recognise Lord Napier of Magdala, for they would give him an ovation worthy of England.” Lord Napier, his son, and Colonel Dillon arrived here yesterday morning expressly to see the review, for which they were mountee by the Emperor. Colonel Dillon’s black Rifle Brigade uniform, and especially his black gloves created as much sensation as if he had been a Black Brunwicker. The other British uniform was that of Colonel Claremont, military attaché to the English Embassy, who

scarlet tunic always produces the most striking effect at a French review, where, as a rule, he is the only representative of the British Army. Besides the mounted staff ranged in front of the Palais d'Industrie, there was quite a curious assembly in the reserved portion of the ground. There might be seen M. Pinard, the Minister of the Interior; M. Pietri, the head of the Police; Comte de Nieuwerkerke, Chief of the Fine Arts; M. Pietri, Private Secretary to the Emperor; Baron de Valabregne, Préfet du Palais; M. Laurent, who decorates with parks and gardens, with flowers and fountains, that Paris which Baron Haussmann builds; and several others who bear names of note. At four o'clock the Emperor and Prince remounted, and, with the staff, took up their position in front of the Palais; the Emperor, contrary to his custom, being many paces in advance of his staff, the Prince, perhaps, ten paces to the rear, Lord Napier close to the Prince. The Empress drove up, and took her position in front of the staff. Then the defile began. I was told that 80,000 troops were present; but I fancy about 70,000 would be a fair computation. Of these 30,000 were National Guards, and 40,000 of the Army of Paris. A more splendid body of men I never wish to see—good in every arm. Some of the corps are wonderful. I would specify the Gendarmerie de la Garde de Paris—the finest corps of all, and, strange to say, the only one to-day which has the converted arm instead of the Chassepôt; the Garde de Paris; the Zouaves, or Risques-tout; the Pompiers, who, as usual, got three cheers; the artillery, horse and foot; and the light cavalry, on their wonderful little Arab horses. We missed the bands, now suppressed in all the cavalry corps except the cavalry of the National Guard; and

if I pronounced that good, I should flatter that branch of the popular service. I should tell you that I was informed, on excellent authority, that most of the regiments composing the present Army of Paris are numerically very weak. The full strength of a regiment—three battalions—is 2100 men. Many of them are not 1100 strong now. It is admitted, however, that the “cadres” could very readily be filled up. Of the marching past of the National Guard I will only say, that they are never brigaded, nor, I suspect, very often drilled, and have not been reviewed for four years—yet some of the divisions marched and carried themselves like soldiers, and all looked as if they might be made soldiers in a very short time. All the biggest men in Paris are in the irregular corps—some too big, perhaps, but drill would get that fault down. There were some droll but characteristic scenes—such as the little boy-orphan of some old National Guard, wearing his decoration, who, marching between two columns, halted, at great risk to his poor little self, and “presented arms” to the Emperor and Prince, to the evident delight of father and son. Or the young lady whose Lui was under arms, who thought that Elle had as much right in the ranks as he had, and so marched up the Champs Elysées and took ground with her regiment. Then there was the National Guardsman who came on the ground with fixed bayonet, and on his arm his mother, an old dame in a “foulard” and list slippers; and, finally, the “vivandières,” who were so fat that they reminded one of Aphrodite—not her of Paphos or Cythera, perhaps, so much as her of the Hottentots. But these are very minor details. As each division of this great Army of the People of Paris def^{ied} the past the Emperor and the Heir Apparent of France, ^{that}

and a cheer which might have been heard at once at the Tuileries and the Arc de Triomphe. It was not mere cheering, but audible enthusiasm; and in this I am not giving you the opinion of myself, nor of the possibly prejudiced people with whom my lot for the day was cast, but of perfectly unprejudiced persons, some of whom were with the staff, some mere lookers-on, some natives who were in that march past, and some foreigners with the perfect use of their eyes and ears. I need say but little of the Army of Paris. That they should march like splendid and cheer like loyal troops, is "as simple as good-day." I think for working soldiers it would be difficult to beat this "*corps d'armée*," and then somehow their hearts are all in it. In conclusion, I will say that it was a grand review of fine troops. So much for the military side of the affair. If curious people will discern a political element in it, then I must say that from their point of view it was, indeed, a success. If his Majesty wished to test the loyalty of his National Guards, and his own and his son's popularity, then I really do think that he must have been astonished, and must have felt that a dynasty was indeed strong which could confide "*tali auxilio et defensoribus istis*."

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Saturday, August 15 (Evening).

"Le Quinze Août," the "Fête Napoléon," the annual holiday of Paris, to which all provincial France usually rushes, and from which all fashionable Paris always flies as from a plague, began last night, as was evidenced by the hourly arrival of myriads of country people; and it is still going on. But I must tell you that the 15th of August, being cannot, when compared with last year, hold the ^{co.e} _{him}

smallest candle. There are several very evident reasons for this falling off. First of all, the reaction from last year, when all the provincials combined the *fi* with their visit to the Exhibition, and so were five or six days in Paris, spending the money for that year and this. Then in France, as in England, there is a great slackness of trade, and the "*classe ouvrière*," which is the staple of the *fi*, is the great sufferer; and finally, from six A.M. to nine A.M. to-day rain fell in torrents, upsetting the plans of all those who were coming in by an early train for a morning *fi*. Still with all this, strangers included—more than ever, I should think of them—the population of Paris is pretty nearly double to-day what it was on the 7th. By half-past five *cafés* began to open, and a few stragglers were about: but the weather-wise shook their heads, and said, "An ugly morning;" and, indeed, "heavily with clouds come in the day." From seven till nine the bitterness of dis-appointments and deep fireworks was on the army of pleasure-seekers; then, just when street-speculators were thinking of realising fortunes in umbrellas, the sky cleared, and we had as fine and as hot a day as the greatest pleasure-hunters could desire. He who did his *fi* well was not certainly "an idle man of pleasure about town." First came breakfast. Your provincial is a good hand at that or any other meal, and there was an early rush to every place open. Spirits rose as the weather cleared, and those who came for mere *bonillon* remained to consume three *plats*, a dessert, cheese, and a bottle of Macon—which was said to be old, and certainly was curious. While these luxurious repasts were going on, other *dîners* more humble were being eaten. I saw one! By the side of the most pestilent gutter was drawn up an organ, and under

shade sat a woman and man, in rags so terrible that no passing chiffonnier would have picked the couple out of their selected gutter. Before them was spread a charcoal sack, on which was "served" a sausage—such a sausage—an enormous loaf, and some wine in an old ice-pail. Two children, with no clothes on worth mentioning, played around, the parent bird feeding them, pelican-like, from time to time. There they were—dirty, naked, hungry, and happy; and perhaps no breakfast to-day at any restaurant "went off so well." Nor was music wanting to this family festival. To-day, for once, the police give St. Cecilia her head; every organ, hurdy-gurdy, bagpipe—Scotch and Calabrian, which is like Scotch, only worse—flute, fiddle, and drum, are pressed into service; and the result is a very curious *macédoine* of melody. As I was in my tub this morning 'Ah te o cara' came to me from one window. A horn brayed out the three senseless notes peculiar to the boatmen of Asnières. 'Partant pour la Syrie' was announced by a fiddle and a drum. 'Addio Leonora' was sighed out—and sighed out of tune, too—by a wandering minstrel with a guitar; while two sailors, with an arm, a leg, and a crutch between them, were singing what, I suppose, was a patriotic song. So, you see, we had music galore; and our breakfasters by the tumid gutter could not have wanted that charm which soothes the savage breast. And now, by San Gennaro, who presides over Crippledom, I must say a word about the halt, the maimed, the deaf, and the blind, who are let loose also on this festive occasion. Only the dumb, I imagine, are confined to barracks. It is really a terrible sight to see the one-armed playing the ^{Can}an, and the no-legged dancing *à la diable boiteux* to

their grinding; then, at every third step, a distorted limb, or the remains of some awful amputation, are thrust in your face. Now, one really is very sorry for these poor victims, and would give charity to them one and all if one could afford it; but would it not be better, before the next 15th of August, to get up a subscription for them, and make them happy for that day at home? But the day advances, and dozens of Deputies looking very hot, and ill at ease in their official uniforms, are hastening to the Temple celebrated at Notre Dame. Strangers and provincials take small heed of that rite; they rather wonder on the Boulevards and in the streets, and think how gay and lively they look in their holiday garb. The Rue de la Paix bears off the prize: it is one line of flags and lamps; and the Place Vendôme, with its classic column, on which the Decorated of St. Helene are renewing the wreaths of *la mortelle*, makes an admirable finish to it. Then comes the Boulevard highly decorated—its trees looking fresh after the morning's fall. "*Date-mi quelque chose!*" says one of a family of fifty Savoyards. "Get out!" says Englishman. Forty different dancing figures of cardboard are offered to you. "Have pity on one who has no legs, and cannot see, owing to coal-damp." Ingenious puzzles perplex you at every doorway. Here a cripple kicks you to attract attention. Dogs dance between your legs. Sellers of lozenges and drinks fizz at you fearfully. "Monsieur, perhaps, would kindly inform me where may be the restaurant de St. Somebody—no, I mean the church?" "I believe, Monsieur, it was pulled down by the English in 1815." "Ah, Monsieur, pardon a provincial, whose head is confused of churches and restaurants." Bows on both sides. But

whence these great crowds? A column marching in two divisions, slow time, four deep, and officered by policemen? These are the gratis audiences of the theatres. One division is marching on the Grand Opéra, the other on the Opéra Comique. Many of them have been there for hours, and were wetted to the skin at seven A.M. Some of them have been waiting all night. Nineteen theatres and circuses in all are free to the public.

Now approaches the hour of "fairs." "No, my dear Peter, I really cannot take you to both at once—one, my dear, is at the Place de la Bastille; the other at the Trocadéro. Be a good boy, and come to the last. I will take you to see 'The Lady with the Legs,' and see how nice that will be!" The fair at the Trocadéro was a pretty and a curious sight. First of all, it is itself pretty; then the view from that site where a marble palace was to have been erected for the Second Napoleon is simply splendid; though in our day blurred by a great brown spot, which used to be the Champ de Mars, was then the Universal Exhibition, and is now a badly-ploughed field. But the fair? Ah, there you are. Duller than last year, it was still a scene of revelry which must be seen to be believed, studied to be appreciated. The ambient air was alive with swings; men, women, and children were running by hundreds to take those aerial emetics. Then there was that awful centrifugal railway—twenty yards one way at the rate of a hundred miles an hour, then fifty rapid twists on your own axis, and back again to the place from which you came. There must be pleasure in it, or why do thousands pay their *sous*? But to me it is a hidden pleasure. Theatres here, too? You should have seen the

soldier-company playing the ‘Gigue of Canton’—they were “kindly assisted by two comic professionals”—or have assisted at ‘Joan of Arc,’ and if you left either theatre without wiping your brow, you must be unused indeed to the melting mood. Why do people always sell peacocks’ feathers on the “Quinze Août?” They do, and I pause for a reply. Many have doubtless seen in boyhood’s happy hours a greasy pole—but they have here to-day they might, with a little trouble, have seen a pole. “I would as soon draw a bad number as want to hit the rest of ‘Cocagne,” said a youth with a short pipe to a friend with a shorter; but others were not of the opinion, and so mounted, fell, and rose and won, as our women have done before, when they feared not to put it to the test, and lose or win it all. Gambling, too, went on merrily—billiards for sweet-cakes, lotteries for shrimps ditto, dry and much attached to paper, roulette for jigs, songs, and glasses. There was a wrestler, who, being overthrown by an outsider in the crowd, lost his wig and his trumper. Aunt Sally, too, in a mild form, was there; and, finally, there was a ball, which is still going on as I pen these lines. But now we come to the “bouquet.” Up to this time I may have thought that, for reasons cited above, the *fête* was a little duller than usual; but when, at half-past eight, we turned out to see the fireworks and illuminations, it was evident that in this division of the delight of the day there was no falling off. All carriages were stopped, as they should be in every city where there are illuminations, and the whole of the streets leading to the Champs Elysées were open to *piétons* only; so the entire width was filled with men, women, and children—especially children. The great point

was to reach the Place de la Concorde, and get standing room opposite the Arc de Triomphe—which, under the influence of electric light, seemed an arch of coral of that lovely rose-colour so dear to the arch-judge of Cockspur-Street, and from which the fireworks were to aspire the sky. Round that favoured spot the crowd was dense, but in the rest of the Place and in the Avenue you could walk about and see your neighbours—a curious sight. There was a Zouave, with a lady on each arm; then a man with his wife and his pointer dog—always an excellent thing in a crowd, especially when led by a string, as the law directs; then two tourists from England, who, the better to enjoy the fireworks, have brought a camp-stool and a guide-book; again four natives arm and arm; two of Albert Smith's "prancers." Now there is a very faint attempt at a "demonstration;" about twenty boys, some bearing paper lanterns, push by their neighbours and cry "Eh! Rochefort!" just as, a few years ago, they shouted "Eh! Lambert!" and, I dare say, knowing about as well why. Yet there was no unpleasant pushing, and the crowd was not only decently dressed, but especially well behaved, seeming as happy as the day was long—and it was a very long day for many of them. The scene in the Place de la Concorde was impressive and beautiful. Standing in the middle, by the fountains, which kept blushing celestial rosy red and then turning blue or grey—now falling like mist, now glittering down like powdered ice, as it pleased the movers of those electric lights—you saw on your right hand the Madeleine, the façade and cross of which were brilliant with lamps, while the peristyle was "electrified" till it looked weird and sepulchral. At the two corners the

Marine and the Baby House were illuminated to match. On your left were the Corps Législatif, the columns of which were like opal, and the Foreign Office, both lighted by outlines of lamps *en forme d'arbres*; before you, far as the eye could reach, two long lines of clear white lamps serving as a hedge to a forest of trees, which for once bore a wonderful crop of ruby globes. The effect of fire and light on the green is new here, and was wonderful to see. You must remember there was a mile of them at least. If you turned round, you saw the Tuilleries, the Grand Canal, which were lighted by white lamps, which carried Nicias and Euryalus to look quite young, Hercules to gleam, and Apollo to glitter, while the fountains splashed like liquid light. Then came the fireworks. They were very brilliant—somehow they always are: but, speaking soberly, there is a family likeness in them which, after a time, is wearying. However, I have never seen so many rockets go off at once: and as for colours, the stars were quite out of the common. The people for whom the show was intended were delighted and cried "Oh!" with an enthusiasm which brought back to the elderly mind Simpson's bow, Lord and rack punch, and the perpetual 50,000 extra lamps of d'Amet Vauxhall. Then the company separated, or rather, I should say, went to supper, highly satisfied. Paris was turned inside out, and every one was eating and drinking in the streets. The dissipated went back to fairs, to balls, anywhere but home. So ends the Fête Napoléon of 1868. Favoured by splendid weather, it has gone off gloriously.

Sunday, August 16.

This dull Sunday is even duller than the average of Sundays, from its contrast with the festivities of Friday and

yesterday. True, Paris is still full of provincials, and there are also a rather large number of English. The revellers of last night had great reason to thank their stars for the fine weather which allowed them to see the very last spark of the last rocket, and the expiring tinge of the electric light; for half an hour later the rain fell in torrents. Fortunately, you can eat a family supper, and a good deal of it too if you have dined early, even if it does rain; and the only sufferers were the late visitors to the fairs, and the outsiders sitting on chairs on the Boulevards, who were driven inside the closely-packed wine-shops. So the rain did not do much harm; unluckily, it has also done little good; for the weather continues hot, with a suffocating heat which is very oppressive, and, I fancy, extremely unwholesome—for I see the horses of the doctors' *coupés* looking worn and haggard, while M. le Docteur himself is radiant with the brightness of fees.

Wednesday, August 19.

The death of Mr. Higgins,* who was well known in Paris, is much regretted. Most Parisians know by sight the "giant" who, at least twice a year, walked about the Champs Elysées. Not many years ago he went to see the hunting at Compiègne, and a French gentleman offered to buy a *charmant petit cob*, which was a horse seventeen hands high, but which looked like a pony under the crushing weight of the giant whom the then Colonel of the Life Guards had refused to receive as a cornet—saying simply that "it would be cruelty to chargers." But the best anecdote of him was his going to see a French giant. He was the first of the audience who arrived. Presently a family came

"Jacob Omnium."

in. "Even so-minded," said the father, who had pined; "why, I saw him this morning in the Champs Elysées!" There is a nephew of Mr. Higgins frequently in Paris, and Louis is several inches taller than his uncle, who is six foot seven. This gentleman is an Italian, Signor Pandola.

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M. DE WALEWSKI.

A great deal has been said about the poverty of the widowed Countess de Walewski. So public have these private affairs become that perhaps it is as well the actual truth should be known. By no means in a position to tell it, M. de Walewski began life with an income of £5000 a year; his widow may possibly have £1000. The house in Paris and the villa at Evian are of no great value; and as for the residue in the hands given by the Emperor to the late Count, it would have made a small German Duke do—let such things now exist—merely to shore up the banks of the retreating coin. The late estate has produced £1200 in one year, which was swallowed up like an oyster. Since the regretted death of Count Walewski, the number of living men who were privy to the Plombières arrangement is limited to three. The original party which assembled round that hazardous table of green cloth was made up of his Majesty the Emperor, Count Cavour, M. de Walewski, Baron de Billing—secretary to Walewski, and now high up in the French Foreign Office—and M. Nigra, one of Count Cavour's "learned discoveries," then his secretary, and now the Italian Minister at the Court of France, who has suffered so much and done

* Who died on the 27th of September, aged 58.

so much for Italy during a season of crisis—or, perhaps, I should say a lustre of crises. Mocquard, also since dead, was at Plombières; but even he was not present when the arrangement which created “United Italy” was signed, sealed, and delivered.

Sunday, October 18.

We had a decided treat at the Italiens. There was a fixed idea here that Mdlle. Patti sang as well not only as she could, but as anybody could sing, and had so sung for years. “*Erreur, mon cher!*” While her voice is more powerful, her acting is more passionate, more dramatic. I have never seen any opera so well done in the Salle Ventadour as was ‘Rigoletto’ on Thursday. Fraschini never sang so quietly. Delle Sedie was splendid as the buffoon; and Grossi sang the part of Madeleine as well as she looked it. The final quartett was a triumph; and the house was very full. . . . Naturally, the first night on which you revisit the Italiens you look round with a searching eye on the fond, familiar scene. At the very second box from the stage there was a blank. Where was the Armenian cap which covered the head of that illustrious foreigner who never spoke to any one, and, I believe, came to the Opera only because it reminded him of other days when there was a ballet? Alas! poor infidel, he has left the boxes—not, I trust, for the pit—and we miss him as he did those Almas who, in *collettes courtes*, were wont to delight his old Eastern eyes.

One of the wittiest women in Europe has, I regret to say, just left Paris, and gone back to her native Italy. The Signora Rattazzi, besides that she been dowered by some good fairy with everlasting youth, had the advantage that

with that youth she had and has everlasting beauty. These are enough for any one woman ; but when to those attractions is added a constant flow of wit, I say that a woman gets too dangerous to be allowed to go about. The present mission of Signora Rattazzi is to edit the cleverest review in Europe, to which the cleverest men in Europe contribute. In the meantime, she could not leave Paris without making her mark ; and the other night she wrote under a picture of Michelet, who is quite as cheerful as Hume or Alison :

“ Michelet, dont voici l'image,
Offre un contraste assez plaisant :
Il réveille le moyen âge
Et fait dormir l'âge present.”

Such wicked women should go to Florence—the wickedest capital in Europe.

Monday, October 19.

The Court, during its stay at Biarritz, indulged in a perfectly new description of sport. Most of us have driven grouse and partridges, but a drive of ring-doves is a novelty. At this season enormous flights of these tender birds emigrate to France from Spain, and year after year they take exactly the same course. The sportsmen of Sare, a small town beyond St. Jean de Luz, are very cunning in hunting this game, and planned the “*battue de palombes*” at which the Emperor, Empress, and Court assisted. The manner of proceeding is this : One side of the trees which border the line of flight is occupied by boys with loud voices and white flags ; both of these are exercised as the doves are seen following their annual route, and the birds, being as innocent as sucking doves, always fly off in one particular direction, where a kite, in the shape of an eagle, is hovering, and

where the net is set in sight of every pigeon. The flock, as soon as it perceives the sham bird of prey, descends, and then begins the slaughter. So stupid and frightened are the birds that whole flights are killed or taken.

The 'Diable à Quatre' appeared yesterday. It is a red book, like the 'Lanterne,' and has had a great sale on the Boulevards. It costs 50 cents, and outwardly bears the brazen image of a devil waving the flag of the four devils, whose names are thus inscribed on their banner—H. de Villemessant, Alph. Duchesne, Edouard Lockroy, and Mephistopheles; and we begin by learning that Mephistopheles is not M. Rochefort. Fancy a new paper about which it is necessary for the three editors "to declare on their honour" that M. Rochefort has nothing to do with the management of their journal. Thirty-one pages out of sixty-four are devoted to the repudiation of Rochefort; the remaining pages are filled with remarks about other papers; and M. Villemessant prides himself on having no Spanish news. Unluckily he has no other, and so begins, as the 'Lanterne' is ending, by being intensely dull.

Tuesday, October 20.

I was reminded last night, when passing the little house which was formerly the *piéd à terre* of the Duc de Morny and is now the *succursale* of the Italian Legation, of a story which made Paris laugh at the time, although respect for the Ambassador kept it confined to the strict privacy of fifty *salons*. Madame de Kisseleff was then, as now, fond of backing the chances. The Ambassador from Russia to the Court of France kept very late hours, and used to walk homewards down the Champs Elysées at all sorts of

times. Every morning he saw lights burning in the supplementary house, and through the half-closed curtains discovered cards, and the excitement consequent on shuffling, dealing, and playing those spotted pasteboards. "Who is that person who plays cards all night and every night?" asked his Excellency. "Madame de Kisseleff," replied the policeman. "Ah! my wife; I did not recognise her. All right; good night." He, I believe, has gone where good diplomatists go; but she still lives, punting on the black when it comes up red, and *vice versa*.

Sunday, October 25.

Madame Walewski has resigned the property given to her late husband by the Emperor, as her income will not be sufficient to keep it up. This property in the Landes will some day be very valuable; but in the meantime the bailiff and his "book" are terrible, as they are inevitable. Madame Walewski has also made another cession; that of her opera box, to the Duchesse de Cesto (late Duchesse de Morny), who this year makes her *rentrée* in the great world.

Tuesday, November 3.

I called at Rossini's this evening, at five o'clock. There was quite a levée outside the gates; many carriages which I did not recognise, and that of the Marquise de Caux, who never misses a day; also I saw M. and Madame Verger of the Italiens, and several others. After the bulletin of last night, this day's, I confess, was startling, and so all seemed to think. "Good night. No fever. Alimentation quite satisfactory.—(Signed) NELATON." For my own part, I now feel persuaded that Signor Rossini will recover.

There must be great hope; and as to his age—why, that is nothing. In the Avenue de l'Empereur, on our way to Passy, we met a jaunty middle-aged man who had got out of his *coupé* to take his constitutional; this was M. Auber, *ætat*. 86. He was walking like a young man, and looked fresher than most of the boys of the period. Also on my way to Passy, I passed another carriage. In it was Baron Goltz; and I regret to say that within the last ten days he has fallen away and aged to an extent which I could not have thought possible.

One of the most striking changes in Paris is produced by the fact that the Boulevards are gradually getting out of fashion. Many of us have lived to see the English visitors desert the Palais Royal, the Rue de Rivoli, and the Rue de la Paix, and cling only to the Boulevards des Capucines and Italiens. That part opposite the Grand Hôtel will always be in high favour; but now the new streets—the Rue Scribe, Rue Auber, and Boulevard Haussmann—are fast filling with first-class show shops, and will soon be the favourite haunt of the British loungeur. Many good English shops are opened already in that quarter, at rents which I should say would be found very unpleasant four times a year.

. *Thursday, November 5.*

The speech of the King of Prussia at the opening of the Diet has given great satisfaction; as, indeed, it might well do, for its tone is eminently pacific. "We are justified in hoping that the time for using these means", of aid to the wounded "is still distant." These are the words which afford especial satisfaction. It is to be hoped, now that the King of Prussia—that bugbear of French alarmists—

has spoken in this reassuring tone, society will recover from that terrible fear of coming war which has weighed on it for so long. Let it ask itself who is to make war, and for what is war to be made. France declares that she will not attack unless attacked; Prussia is intent on "works of peace;" Russia is disposed to keep quiet, at all events for the present; and Austria has neither the means nor the wish to go to war. Italy can scarcely be an aggressive Power, or even the cause of war. The Bourse, which is the best barometer, is rising; and I think we may predict fine weather for the winter season.

Velocipedes to the front! The cry is still they go! There are private riding-schools most aristocratically attended—Lords, Dukes, and Princes, who get "Imperial crowners" when they impel their willing wood and metal too recklessly. Very soon I expect to see in the Bois an "*avenue réservée aux vélocipèdes*," and that which is now the reserved ride of cavaliers deserted. Wandering people, too, have been travelling afar on that well-bred velocipede, which, like its equine namesake of old Heathcote days, "is an engine, and can go fast, and stay." But I have to-day seen signs of the seemingly useless playthings being turned to use. The great complaint of the workmen of Paris is that they have so far to go to and return from their work, high prices having driven toiling Paris into the outskirts. Now I see that several workmen of the better class have invested in velocipedes; and as the work of impelling them is nothing for a man used to labour, and the motion is rapid and easy, whether or not all working Paris goes home from work on its own "high-mettled" steed is a mere question of price. In the neighbourhood of Lyons the

postmen are mounted on velocipedes at the expense of Government, and, in consequence, they get through their delivery in a third of the former time.

Sunday, November 8.

Many must have heard of "La Belle Gabrielle," who sells papers—sometimes for napoleons—at the entrance to the Grand Hôtel. She, too, it is said, is going to devote herself to the worship of Thalia. She already neglects her kiosk, and, instead of finding her, you find her mother, —a most respectable dame, no doubt, but labouring under a severe attack of plainness about the face which I fear even time will not cure; and I find that the demand for *dernières nouvelles* falls off conspicuously when the mother appears in the box. It is difficult to exaggerate the great beauty of the "Fair Gabrielle," who might, indeed, be "*une véritable doña Sevilla*," and who, seen in the Calle Real, her eyes flashing through her mantilla, would be enough to cause Murillo to rise from his grave—though I strongly suspect she is really French. However, art is long, and selling newspapers is, I fancy, at times short; and so "*la linda Gabrielle*" is thinking of turning her attention to another stage—that, in fact, of the Théâtre Déjazet. That she may succeed is the wish of all Paris; but I must cry with Catullus, "*Ingens Turpes, Cupidinesque!*" for the world will have to take a stall, instead of buying a newspaper, in order to see "La Belle Gabrielle." There was a very Low Church parson here last week; he asked why there was always such a crowd between six and seven at the stall where I told him to get his daily paper. I told him that there was a protestant selling tracts against the Red Lady of Rome. He went

and purchased, and confided to me that he liked that proselyte—who is as respectable as the late Sir Robert Peel—and had bought a tract every day.

The past week has been unpleasantly called upon to act the gentleman usher to winter. Certainly the first day of that season is anything but a *premier jour de bonheur* to a denizen of Paris. Here it is very difficult to regulate the temperature of your rooms. It is possible to make them intolerably hot, or to leave them many degrees below zero; you have a stove and are suffocated, or an open grate and are starved. The natives elect to endure the former state, and exist in an atmosphere which would astonish a salamander. Their rooms are simply unbearable; and even they are nothing to the interior of the public offices, which are to be compared only to

— Quel secondo regno
Ove l'umano spirito si purga,

and so gets ready for cooler and pleasanter lines. I think the heat of the post-office in the Place de la Madeleine, where it takes six minutes to pay the postage of one letter, is the most noxious I have ever endured. I am, indeed, about to apply to the Royal Humane Society of France for a gold medal, for having plunged into the post-office and rescued a lady who was sinking rapidly in her struggles to register a letter. That the employed in these furnaces—which are not only red-hot, but smell of scorched flannel and burnt iron—are, as a rule, eager, abrupt, and uncivil, does not astonish me; indeed, I only wonder they are alive enough to be uncivil. Private offices, too, are the same; coke fires and hermetically sealed windows being given, we can draw our own conclusions. Coals, which in spite of

steamboats, railways, etc., are still absurdly dear, have come much into use, which accounts for the fact that the damp mist of the Paris of old is now frequently dyed to the colour of Charles Lamb's "innocent blacknesses."

Tuesday, November 10.

The bulletins about the health of Rossini are good one day and indifferent the next; but the private accounts which reach me are not at all reassuring. I can tell you a curious and true anecdote about the *maestro*, which I believe has never come to light. Rossini was some forty years ago in Madrid, and was received like a King by an Archbishop, who lodged him in his palace, and treated him as a superior being. When the *maestro* was going away, Rossini said, "Most illustrious and most reverend of the regents of Heaven, what can I do to prove my gratitude for your hospitality?" The priest pondered: "One thing you, and you alone, can do for me—write me a service." "Impossible," replied the composer of 'Il Barbiere.' "With the memory of Pergolese before me, I cannot touch sacred music." He was over-persuaded, however, and before long returned with the MS. of the 'Stabat Mater.' Years elapsed, and the good priest died. In looking over his papers, the executors found this manuscript, and took it at once to a Paris publisher to see if it was worth anything. "Worth anything!" exclaimed the publisher; "why, it is an original composition of Rossini's, and here is his signature!" So he bought it and advertised it. Rossini saw the notice, and sent a lawyer to the publisher to threaten an action for defamation of character. "But it is his," said the publisher, in answer to the declaration that Rossini

had never written such a composition. "I have the MS. in his own writing." Then came Rossini, and, on seeing it, said, "Ah, yes, I see it is mine; please give me the rights of the author." On being asked by a friend of mine, if this was true, Rossini said, "Yes, I quite forgot it; you cannot remember all the foolish acts of your youth."

Sunday, November 15.

Il Gran Maestro Rossini died on Friday night, at nine o'clock. I was at Passy at six, and felt sure that the last act of that melodious life was approaching. That great genius has gone from us. Listen to him, and he was divine; see him, and he was human. Everybody who knows anything knows his music; but he was very strong in politics, and many a time have I discussed "Liberal Italy" with Rossini, whose only complaint against Garibaldi was that he was not liberal enough. It dies out rapidly, this great musical genius. Not many months seem to have passed since we walked from the Rond Point after the coffin of the composer of the 'Huguenots;' now we must make the same sad march with the creator of 'William Tell.' Rossini was, as a writer, more loved by the good people of Paris than any other Italian composer. They would tell you that he "was so French." Of course he was more suited to French taste, though he was many bars above it, than Meyerbeer; but then, although the denizens of the Grand Opéra are capital judges of Granzow's *ouates*, I doubt if they are equally capable of appreciating the notes of either composer; nor do they care for music. He was a curious and very amusing man, Rossini, setting aside his great genius. I think the last time I saw him he was in

his dressing-room; on his head his oldest wig; on his back his oldest coat—a green “cut-away.” He received us like a king, and ate more “*minestralla*” and eggs than I should have thought even an Italian could have consumed in the brief period. A well-known English musician was present at the meal, and, indeed, assisted the *maestro*, who kept calling him “*Quel bravo, quel buono!*” Ah, the charming evenings which we used to have in those *salons* over the Café Foy! There I have heard Alboni, Patti, Nilsson, the Marchisios; but it is all over. The rooms are closed, and the curtains have fallen over those scenes of private opera and cabinet melody.

Monday, November 16.

Rossini's funeral, for which he composed a Mass—it was sung before he died—will take place on Saturday at the new Church of the Trinity. The body is embalmed, and, I am told by one who saw it for the last time to-day, the countenance is so perfectly lifelike that it is almost impossible to believe that death's “effacing fingers” have swept over it. It will not be sent to Italy, but will rest at Père la Chaise. Rossini has left all his fortune, supposed here to be very large, to his widow, with the exception of £120 a year to found two prizes, one for music and another for poetry. The Madeleine will be crowded to its peristyle, for the Academy attends *en masse*, and every musical person in Paris—their name is legion—will rush to pay the last honours to the great composer. It is said to-day that Auber, when he left the Villa Rossini, exclaimed, “Poor Ambrose Thomas!” Evidently the composer of ‘*Le Premier Jour de Bonheur*’ does not in the least believe that his affairs are in danger when the next house has been burnt.

Saturday, November 21.

There was to-day but one subject of discussion from morning till late at night, when the audience of the Italiens were returning from the performance of Rossini's 'Stabat Mater,' which was given with the following cast: Niccolini, Palermi, Agnese, Ciampi, Mercuriali, Zemelli, Ubaldi, Arnoldi, Fallar, Krauss, Grossi, etc.; and that subject was the funeral of the Grand Master. He so loved his adopted France as to have resolved that his ashes should repose there; therefore Madame Rossini felt herself compelled to refuse the splendid offer of Italy to bury her husband at Florence, and to give him, in the Westminster Abbey of that metropolis of art, a monument only less permanent than those which he himself has erected. I said that nothing save the funeral ceremony at the Trinité was talked of to-day. I should have said that nothing else has been thought of for a week. I fully believe that the Prince and Princess of Wales would even, had courtesy allowed it, have willingly resigned the Imperial hospitality of Compiègne for those two hours in that closely-crowded church. Madame Rossini was quite overwhelmed at the requests for invitations which even the material reason of "no room" compelled her to refuse. Twelve pounds were, I know, offered for one unreserved seat. I regret to say that one Frenchman, having four tickets for himself, wife, and daughters, used three, and reserved one for the highest bidder—and, as his market was spoiled by his avarice, was finally forced to sell it for ten francs. I should like to know that man who, at a time when Madame Rossini was refusing people she was most anxious to oblige, could sell to a stranger for eight shillings and fourpence the ticket which he had received as a personal

invitation. And Rossini, it will be said, has died a rich man! True, he has left about £100,000; but he got very little for all his fifty-seven works, which will render him immortal as Milton. It is a fact that he never was paid anything like a large sum of money for any opera. He received £100 for the 'Stabat Mater,' and never above £500 or £600 for anything; and he had "author's rights" on 'William Tell' alone. Not long ago he told all this to a friend of mine, and added, "No! I never could have lived on what I earned as a writer. If I am well off now, I am so thanks solely to two or three friends who took charge of my money and invested it." Two of these friends, I have reason to know, were the great financier, who has preceded him to the grave by so few days,* and the gentleman in whose honour he composed his last 'Mass.' The new Church, known as the Trinité, is a splendid building at the end of the Chaussée d'Antin; and there is a large open space in front of it. That open space began to be crowded with the people of Paris as early as seven o'clock, the ceremony—of which they could see the external part alone—not being expected to begin till twelve. There was an impassable crowd by nine; but we manage these things very well in France. In a few minutes, and without a grumble, a cordon of police was put round the place, and the square was kept vacant till the final procession started. The interior of the church is magnificent, with great space, unadorned architectural beauty, some of the best painted windows in Paris, and splendid organs. The centre of the building, from the door to the altar, was kept by two files of the 51st of the Line, who, being in heavy marching order, knapsacks, etc.,

* Baron James de Rothschild.

took up a great deal of room, and also at times interfered with the harmony of the service by "grounding arms," "presenting arms," and "kneeling" at words of command which, by awkward chance, were always given in a loud voice in the midst of a solo. Ladies were sent to lateral chapels, the body of the church being reserved for the men. The doors were—very unnecessarily—kept closed till eleven. It was a cold, even a bitter day; and a long train of ladies, many in demi-toilet, were kept shivering for hours. Five minutes after eleven there was not a seat, in twenty minutes there was not standing room. I should say that there were present at least 4500 people. There was no ornament, nor were men forced to go in evening dress and mourning, which would have made the scene more striking. I shall make no attempt to tell you who were there. It is shorter to say that every celebrity in France assisted. The Emperor was represented by Vicomte de Laferrière, in his uniform as First Chamberlain; Cavaliere Nigra and all the Italian Embassy were there, in full uniform, with all their orders. Auber was there—Ambrose Thomas—the "Institut," the "Académie," the Italian "Delegati"—all the art and science, and most of the beauty, of Paris. I have never in France seen in one assembly so many pretty faces. The chorus, which was very fine, and included voices rarely heard in chorus, was at the extreme end of the church; the solo singers over the entrance. It is a very long time since—if ever—I heard anything so splendid as the music. Every singer seemed to be inspired. Nilsson, who had sung in 'Hamlet' on Friday night, was wonderful; but the duet between Alboni and Patti, the 'Quis est Homo,' from the 'Stabat' of Rossini, was the gem; and the grand,

round, melodious voice of Alboni never came forth in greater majesty. The effect was electric, and scores of women and men were weeping. Madame Alboni was very much affected, and wept before she began the favourite air of her old friend. Gardoni, too, was in grand voice. "That's Gardoni!" said a friend who had not heard him for years, and to-day could not see him. In a word, all sang splendidly. The ceremony was in itself nothing. A coffin, absolutely covered with medals and crosses, Parma violets—Rossini's favourite flower—and wreaths of ivy, was carried into the Church before the Mass, and, after it, was taken with great pomp to Père la Chaise, all Paris lining the road to the last resting-place of the "Swan of Pesaro;" and then all was over. And so was celebrated, far from the land of his birth, the funeral of the greatest composer of the day. His own splendid melody was splendidly sung over his grave, and he may be said to have been wafted away in a cloud of his own harmony. *Requiescat in pace!*

Sunday, November 22.

Friday last will long be a day marked with chalk in the memories of dwellers in the pretty and pleasant-looking little town where that "old almanack," history, tells us that Joan of Arc, who was engaged in some serious actions against the then owner of Badminton, was given over to the English; and that Louis the Bald built the nice little country house where, on Friday night, the cry was (of course in French) "Who-hoop—tear him and worry him!" It was a great day for Compiègne, and we had a "wicked hunt." It is now the height of the brief hunting season at that French Melton; and the Court occupies the bald old gentleman's Château, and makes merry "in good green

wood, where the hunter's horn is ringing—" and, indeed, I might say, ringing a good deal more than the late Thomas Sebright would have thought conducive to sport. At night, too, there is "dancing and delight," and all that sort of thing. Now, on Friday the Prince and Princess of Wales paid their first visit to the Emperor at his country house. The weather was bright as the 21st of June should be, and the sky was blue as could be wished; but it had frozen very hard—so hard, indeed, that the Emperor, who, perhaps, alone of the whole party, except his English guests, knew that you do not as a rule like hunting in a frost, said, "I think it will be too hard." Now, as the visit was only for two days, and the first was devoted to the chase, this was a bore; but "*l'Empereur suppose et Dieu dispose.*" So a special train, all Royal saloons, was put at the disposal of their Royal Highnesses, and they arrived to the minute they were due at Compiègne Station, where carriages, each with four Percheron mares, covered with bells which rang musically in the frosty air, and with fox-skins, were waiting. Early and cold as it was, yet another carriage had arrived ten minutes earlier, in which sat the Emperor of the French, come to meet his guests on the very threshold of Compiègne. With the Prince, Princess, and their staffs, came Lord Lyons, and Mr. Sheffield his Private Secretary; and the whole party drove off to eat their breakfast and get on their hunting clothes in time to be at the Croix d'Antin at one o'clock exactly. That was the "meet;" and a real good stag had been heard of near it. If you want to conjure up a lovely woodland picture, fancy to yourself the big covert that you loved best in the days before "boots and breeches had given way to flannel bandages and fleecy

hosiery," and cut a large ring in the centre of the eight widest converging rides. For picturesqueness, not sport, we will throw in a good deal of foliage and grass, and a bright sun. Surround that circle with gendarmes, fill the drives with carriages full of nice-looking people, mixed with that motley group which seems inseparable from a "meet" whether it takes place at the Coplow or at Patcham, and then, being one of the privileged, ride into it yourself. There you will find some twenty-five couples of hounds—large, heavy, not slow as you will see later, but fat. With them are their valets, most gorgeous varlets I assure you, and Baron Lambert, the Master of the Buckhounds, who will probably be found talking to the Marquis de l'Aigle, who hunts the other side of the country with his wild-boar hounds. Turning round, you will see some forty or fifty hunters in faultless condition, under the command of Mr. Gamble, who canters in on a horse which I shrewdly guess not to be the "screw" of the Imperial stud. I pause and reflect that no Frenchman can put on top-boots; you could at once tell the nationality of this fine horseman by his boots and breeches, without looking at his hands. Such was the scene which awaited us on Friday, when, after sending our hacks along rides like the T.M.M. course, we waited for the Imperial master, who, I regret to say, that day did not ride. It was a little late for hunting, being about two p.m., but nobody cared. Presently up came the Imperial Prince, who is much grown, and seems to like greatly to come to cover. Having bowed to strangers, and spoken to the Master and others, he sent for several pet hounds that knew him. He must like hunting; and the great sport can never fall off in times when

we see the heirs to two thrones taking so much interest in the same day's chase. A few minutes later the Empress drove up with the Princess of Wales, and the Emperor with the Prince of Wales, the English and Turkish Ambassadors, the Italian Minister in a *char-à-banc*, followed by a line of other carriages, with all the "series" of guests now at Compiègne. Then there was mounting in hot haste, and, the word being given, his Royal Highness trotted off with Prince Achille Murat. Then began a scene strange to the English eye. But I must "hark back" for a minute. You know that our livery here is green, and that all the members of the Imperial hunt look like gorgeous and gentlemanly Captain Macheaths; but on Friday we were lighted up by no fewer than four "bits" of pink. Without going so far as that acquaintance who declined to look at a red coat, and always turned the toes of his top-boots to the wall, during the summer, because they reminded him how long it was till November—yet I confess my heart does warm to the scarlet. So, when I saw his Royal Highness, Lord Lansdowne—the only English guest of this "series"—Colonel Keppel, and another gentleman whose name I have not the pleasure of knowing, I felt a glow of enthusiasm mingled with gratitude. The rest of the field is a curious study and an odd "*macédoine*" of character and costume. Of course there are three things you cannot go out hunting without seeing—a horse-breaker, a man on a kicker who endangers your limbs, and a boy on a pony who gets in your way and everybody's way. But here, in addition, you have light and heavy cavalry, and "infantry *hadjutants*." I do not consider either full uniform and a "cutting" whip, or a regimental coat, with white cords,

butcher boots, and fixed spurs, to be comfortable or becoming wear in the hunting field; nor should I, were I a Crimean and Algerine Colonel, hunt in all my orders, crosses, and decorations. But *que voulez-vous?* They do so here. Still, just fancy Captain Bruiser, V.C., charging a Leicester bullfinch, and bestowing upon it his Victoria Cross? It being now about three P.M., we "found" the scarlets sailing to the front. There was no scent. Is there ever anywhere? But here that does not signify. If the nature of the ground compels you to ride at right angles with the pack, what does it matter where you go? Seriously, if you could turn with the hounds so as to see them work, hunting, even here, would be good fun enough—though there is no "lepping;" but you cannot do so. I can answer for at least one "gentleman sportsman" who tried it on Friday, and, within five minutes, found himself on a puller in a rabbit warren, which is nearly as nasty as being at law. There being no scent, too, the hounds, when they ran, ran mute, so there was no guide; and as for the run, I will not write at length on it. Then, there were such swarms of deer about, that the pack divided in two several *chasses*; and I myself confess to having had quite the best of it for ten minutes with a stray hound and a roedeer. But these deer gave us an incident which might have been an accident. Riding to hounds being impossible, the best thing to do is to gallop down the next ride as hard as you can. The Emperor finds the horses, the guests have their own spurs; logical consequence, "pace." Everybody then was going best pace, the Prince of Wales, for whom Mr. Gamble had sent out Marignan and the Czar, being first, when three big red deer crossed his path; the first two

cleared him, but the third struck Marignan on the near shoulder and cut him clean off his legs, his Royal Highness alighting yards off his horse, getting as good an average fall as you see in a season. I think all the French thought at once he was "late Prince of Wales;" and to see their faces when he jumped up and got on his second horse before even they caught his first was as good as a play. His Royal Highness was neither hurt nor shaken. Now I think this is the strangest casualty in the hunting field which I remember; though I once saw a man, out with the Queen's staghounds, jump over the hunted deer, and know that two men once cleared a school which was taking a walk in a country lane. The result of the run was that we did not kill a stag, and went home guiltless of blood. The view of the procession returning by the side of the great lake, the mixture of carriages and horsemen—and here our red coats were most effective—the lake turned to gold by the setting sunlight, which absolutely flooded the avenues, combined to make a picture hardly even to be painted by Claude. At night the *curée* took place as usual in the courtyard of the Palace, where, from the gallery, the visitors to the Court witnessed by torchlight a mimic kill by a phantom-looking pack, which should be hunted by a Zamiel. We have heard so much at different times of the Emperor's health that I may state that it is a long time since he looked so well. On Friday he got out of his carriage four or five miles from the palace, and walked home at a pace which I think was too good for the gentlemen with him. The Emperor, the English and Turkish Ambassadors, and the Danish Minister, were an odd group to find wandering in a wood.

Tuesday, November 22.

It was reported last night by several papers that M. Berryer was dead. By chance, I happened to have seen a private telegram as late as could be, and fear it may be true before I send my next letter. He was fast sinking when I last heard.

Wednesday, November 25.

M. Edmond About has been taking a provincial tour, apparently with the view of testing the popularity of the Empire. I do not know what kind of electioneering agent the clever writer may be; but he seems to me to admit—perhaps not very willingly—that the balance of public opinion is in favour of the dynasty. In the middle class alone he believes that opposition has much increased; but, as he also states that section of society to be “relegated to exile by the Emperor, the working classes, and the peasantry,” I think that, although he proves his case, he threatens the Government with a very small danger. The working classes and the peasantry are most powerful allies in a country where universal suffrage exists. It is out of this middle class that the Opposition expects to recruit its ranks. It would be a good thing for the Government if there were a larger and more serious Opposition; for the perpetual “25” Noes cause foreigners, at least, to think that the debates of the Chamber are a farce. I really think the Government may rest perfectly satisfied with the condition of its popularity even as represented by M. Edmond About; but I have reason also to believe that he exaggerates the opposition of that educated, “enlightened, and active section of society,” the middle class, which, indeed, even if it be opposed to the system, can hardly be hostile to the dynasty, as it contains

those who have the greatest amount of capital invested in mercantile and financial affairs, and they must be the men most interested in the continuance of the dynasty, as they assuredly are in the maintenance of peace and goodwill towards and throughout all Europe.

Thursday, November 26.

Paris is beginning to look quite like the season, and on a fine afternoon the Avenue des Champs Elysées resembles a fair—I might say a nursery-garden, for the children come not single babies, nor even twins, but in battalions. Their costumes are marvellous, and prove how superior is the condition of the playing classes in '68 to what it was in '48. Velvet has supplanted cotton; wheel-barrows have given place to velocipedes; and where is the vulgar little boy who would play in the gutter, or make a fourth in the manufacture of a dirt pie? No; in compliance with the universal request of the day, the infantry is better dressed and better drilled, and no doubt will be more deadly and killing than the legions of the last army; and certainly the effect is very pretty, for the whole promenade is like one of our grand doll shops set in motion. The "carriage company" is also beginning to make its *rentrée*, and most of the old stagers may be seen in ranks driving towards the Bois just as it is getting dark and damp. There is nothing especially good in the way of new turn-outs. As last year, the carriages of Lord Lyons and the Princess Metternich—who herself says that she is beaten by his Excellency—are quite the first, and no others approach them. Lord Charles Hamilton has a phaeton and two steppers, which are to be the beauties in the Wood, but I have not yet seen them. Next to velocipeding, riding seems

the most popular entertainment. Hacks are at a premium, and "cavaliers" more plentiful than ever. The Bois is almost as lovely in winter as in summer, and, indeed, it wants only two things to make it the best Park in the world. If chance throws me soon against Baron Haussmann, I think I shall, in the interest of society, endeavour to overcome my natural shyness, and ask for them. Here they are: first, a ride which is not wholly a bog after a shower of rain; and, secondly, rails to lean over. Without the latter, no Park is perfect; as for the former, the valets of several of my acquaintances have discharged their masters on account of the amount of brushing and blacking. Now, it is a bad thing to be discharged without a character by your valet. Granted these boons, I think we need be afraid of no Park, Corso, promenade, or Prado.

Friday, November 27.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, with their family and suite, left the Hôtel Bristol on Thursday evening at five o'clock, and travelled by the fast train, in an ordinary saloon carriage, to Cologne, where they were to arrive at eight this morning. They rest there till the evening, and then go on to Lübeck, where a Danish steamer is to be in waiting to take them to the Castle of Fredensborg, which is situated on a lake close to Elsinore. The Royal Family leave Paris in the best possible health.

Sunday, November 29.

Do you know how the visitors to Compiègne are classified? 1st series, necessary; 2nd series, bores; 3rd series, gay; 4th series, "serious people." But you never

find any one who has been invited in one "series" who does not wish to be asked with the next. On Thursday the Marquis Arthur de l'Aigle gave the visitors a taste of his quality as Master of Hounds. The meet was at Vaudrauport. The Marquis is a true sportsman, and understands the noble science thoroughly. With his pack you draw the forest and find your wild boar; and, if you find a "solitaire," he will give you a run which will astonish even men who have been used to go first "from find to finish" from Ashton Wold or Cream Gorse. These animals travel twenty or thirty miles for their food, and so, when found, are like dog-foxes in March—apt to be rather far from home. They travel back there, too, at a pace which would slightly astonish any one who did not know the speed of which a wild boar is capable. It is really sport; and then to see the Marquis walk into the baying pack, and despatch the "solitaire" with one thrust of his *couteau de chasse*!

Monday, November 30.

Last evening the Marquis and Marquise de Caux had a *réception intime*. Among the guests were Madame Alboni and M. Auber, Agnesi and Alary—cold and consequent extinction of voice kept away Gardoni—Prince Poniatowski, etc. Madame de Caux sang 'L'Étranger' of Alary, and a new composition of M. Hoffmann. Agnesi also sang. M. Auber, who left soon after midnight, as the young fellow had "some other parties to go to," looks as fresh as a boy, and, indeed, as if it would be "any one's turn next" except his own. The veteran composer was asked last night his opinion of his hostess, and I have great pleasure in repeating his answer: "I have seen and heard many singers; I re-

member Catalani, Pasta, Malibran, Grisi, and Sontag; but I never heard so perfect an artist as La Patti: as for her voice, it is without flaw."

Wednesday, December 2.

Having heard a few days ago that there was to be a demonstration at Montmartre, I went up there about two o'clock to-day. A burial-ground is not, as a rule, the playground of Momus; and, indeed, one goes there either as mourner or as an amateur with a tendency towards grief. But never in my life have I seen anything so dull as the promised scene of the great demonstration against Imperial Government. There was not even an extra cocked hat. There were no people present; we did, indeed, see one man—he was by chance a very small one—place nine or ten violets on the tomb of Cavaignac, and he seemed rather ashamed of himself. We then asked for the tomb of Baudin, but we could not find a soul who knew where it was. We wandered about in that curious cemetery, which is so like Pompeii, but not a revolutionist did we see, nor any one attempting to break the peace of our Sovereign Lord the Emperor.

Monday, December 7.

The funeral of M. Berryer took place to-day, and no fewer than eight orations were pronounced over his grave. Monsignor Dupanloup officiated, and MM. Grévy, de Sacy, Marie, de Falloux, de Noailles, Laferté de Sèze, and the Presidents of the Societies of Typographers and Carpenters, were the speakers. Mr. Huddleston, Q.C., and Mr. Anderson represented the English bar. Besides the country ceremony, there was a mass at St. Roch, attended by members of the French bar who could not go down to Angerville. The

real funeral passed off without incident, though it was attended by a very large number of people—so many, indeed, that only a very few could hear the concluding portion of the ceremony. Instead of getting back to town at three P.M., as promised, the speeches occupied so much time that the Paris visitors had not reached that city at seven P.M. M. Berryer has not died a rich man, and, indeed, would have long lived a very poor one, but for the kindness of the Duc de Noailles and three other friends, who bought back a property which he had been forced to sell, and which now goes to his only son.

Monday, December 14.

No one, I think, can say that the Parisians are not easily amused. I was walking to-day in one of the “dangerous” quarters of the city, and, as I turned the corner of a dull and rather gloomy and unfrequented-looking street, I heard cries and shouts, saw people running—the doors were crowded with men, and the windows above with women; four trucks stopped at the corner of the street; the vendor of artichokes left his barrow, and followed his last customer. Four cocked-hats and swords advanced towards the scene of the *émeute*; they looked pale and resolute; the cries redoubled, and the crowd was increased by an itinerant glazier. “It has come at last,” I said to a friend with whom I was walking: “at last we have that rising of the People of France so long predicted by Opposition journals.” “Row, and that sort of thing,” said my friend, a man of great intellect but few words: “vote we see it all.” We advanced, the crowd hustling us, the excitement intense. A shriek as of one man, silence, and then a burst of applause; for a very large dog had killed a very small rat.

Wednesday, December 16.

As the day for the reply of Greece to Turkey's ultimatum on the subject of the Cretan revolt approaches, there is of course a good deal of anxiety here. What a perpetual fester this Eastern question has been for years, and is now! yet many great doctors have been consulted, and some, indeed, have operated, but to no effect. It looks as if Eastern anxiety had got into the European system. There was a report in circulation late last night, to the effect that the answer of Greece was couched in terms so offensive to Turkey that Photiades Bey was forced to depart. As we are literally on the eve of the solution of this question, it is worthy of notice that Omar Pacha is in Thessaly with two *corps d'armée*, 60,000 men, ready to take the field at any moment. If this be true, as I believe it to be, it is an unpleasant fact. Omar Pacha is a fighting man, and just such a commander as Mr. Kinglake's "warlike Turks" love to fight under. But what force has King George to oppose to these 60,000 men under that tried warrior? It is difficult, even at this eleventh hour, not to believe that to-morrow we shall learn that the other points of the Turkish ultimatum have been accepted; and then we shall have peace—hollow enough, without doubt, but still peace.

Sunday, December 20.

Last night the Marquise de Caux took leave of Paris previous to going on her Russian campaign. It was a great field-day at the Italiens. Men fought even for those "Jack-in-the-box" seats yclept *strapontins*. Madame Patti selected the first act of 'Traviata,' and the last act of 'Sonnambula,' for her *adieu*. She sang the whole act of

'Sonnambula' with very little ornament, and the audience was perfectly hushed; but when the finale was over, there was one burst of applause which might have been heard almost at the Grand Opéra; and then the whole house rose and stood while Adelina Patti came forward three times. A magnificent gold bouquet was cast at her feet, I believe by a *principe maestro*. All the fashionable and all the artistic world were present. It is very seldom now that the Salle Ventadour makes such a show. Mdlle. Hauck was in the boxes, and is to sing 'Sonnambula' in a few days.

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Sunday, February 1, 1869.

This has, indeed, been a fatal week in France. Besides the death on the same day, and even at the same hour—9 A.M.—of two relatives of the Emperor, the Princess Baciocchi and the Duc Tascher de la Pagerie, on Friday the demise of the Marquis de Moustier, the late Minister of Foreign Affairs, was recorded. The Marquis was a man scarcely beyond the prime of life, and apparently in the enjoyment of good health; but his long residence in the East had orientalised him in some degree, and I believe that he took little exercise. He was a great personal friend of the Emperor's, the acquaintance having commenced when the then Prince Louis and the Marquis de Moustier sat side by side as Deputies in the Chamber during the autumn session of 1848, in which the present Emperor, who had resigned his seat for Paris in the previous June, was forced, from having been elected to represent five different constituencies, to resume his place. M. de Moustier was

deeply versed in Eastern politics; and probably those complications which have upset empires and killed emperors, ere now, hastened his end. He had been suffering for some weeks; and when, a few hours before his resignation, he left the Council Chamber at Compiègne, it was the general remark that he looked like a dying man. I had the honour of knowing the Marquis well, and the day before his resignation, having, I confess, been kept waiting an hour—it was “his (Eastern) custom of an afternoon”—had a very long and pleasant conversation with him. He was in great spirits, and very keen on the Eastern question. I never saw him afterwards. The Marquis was one of the largest landed proprietors in France. He was a man, too, who, if lazy, had a bright intellect, knew much of the world in which his lot had been cast, and could work with a will when he liked. He was a staunch Imperialist, and that cause has therefore seen another good soldier drop dead in its advancing ranks.

Tuesday, February 9.

. . . I think they are doomed, these last remains of heathenism, the *bals masqués de l'opéra*, which have become not wicked or immoral—that, indeed, would save them at once—but dull. In the nineteenth century morality is tolerated in Paris, but no quarter is given to dulness. “Which would you rather be—a rogue or a fool?” was asked lately. “If it please your reverence, I think I should prefer the rogue,” was the reply. As the house empties the scene is curious. The *cafés* are alive with costumes—costumes which mean suppa. The streets crowded with maskers and mummers, who are striking and theatrically effective than they have ight. See, for instance, that Greek girl,

firting under a lamp at the corner of the Chaussée d'Antin with the Turk and the Man of the Period. Apropos, let us tell a true story. Last Tuesday a party of students and studentesses were returning from a ball at the Châtelet; they were all more or less "disfigured," both in dress and liquor. Suddenly they came on a wretched beggarwoman, with an actually starving child crying painfully, if not dying from exhaustion. *Etudiants* and *étudiantes*, as a rule, are not rich, especially after *bals masqués*; but one lady—and, indeed, she must have been a *grande dame quand même*—cried "Halt!" She then took out her lace pocket-handkerchief, collected all the remaining money of the gay cohort, and gave it to the mother. It was a nice act, nicely performed; but the last act crowned the work. A "swell" going by witnessed the performance, went up and took the handkerchief and its contents from the hands of the poor woman (sensation among the audience), unfolded it, added two 100f notes to it, and put the handkerchief in her bosom. (General applause.) Yes, the world is not all bad, even in Paris.

Sunday, February 21.

I believe that the result of the Conference of the Great Powers, to settle the differences between Greece and Turkey, has given general satisfaction, though it has been a bitter pill for Greece to swallow. M. Delyannis began his letter to the Marquis de Lavalette by stating that the declaration of the Conference was received by all Greece with the deepest possible regret. There was, in fact, a Ministerial crisis, which lasted several days, and prevented the answer of King George from being despatched earlier. The new Zaïmis Cabinet has seriously considered the

declaration of the Powers. In reply, it first of all expresses its regret that the Minister who represents King George at Paris could not be present at the Conference by reason of the inferior position assigned to him in comparison with the other members of the meeting. Regard being had to the opinion of the six Great European Powers, and the declaration of their Plenipotentiaries, prescribing the rules of intercourse which must exist between Greece and Turkey, the Hellenic Government cannot but adhere to the general principles of international jurisprudence which are there set forth. The Greek Minister hopes that the French Minister will make allowance for the difficulties of Greece, and believes that she desires to do all in her power to preserve the peace of Europe. The Conference accepted the answer and respected the difficulties of the Greek Minister, while at the same time it declared that diplomatic relations between Turkey and Greece were re-opened. Having given its verdict, the Conference voted its own dissolution; and I can confidently assure you that in the official world this latest diplomatic Council of Paris is considered to have been a great success.

Monday, March 1.

M. Troplong, President of the Senate, died this morning. I happened to be in company with some half-dozen Senators when they heard the sad news, and it would be impossible to exaggerate the flattering allusions made by them to his public and private character. He was in his 74th year. I think it is not more than a month since he presided at the Palais Bourbon; he was suddenly seized with a pain in his side, but he sat out the debate; and

paralysis soon came on. He was a man who had worked and worked for years, and had also written much.

Last night, at the Italiens, the ‘Messe Solennelle Inédite’ of Rossini was brought out by M. Strakosch, to whom all Europe—all the world, I may say—is indebted. It is not for a mere outsider, an amateur, even if he has listened to music since Pasta sang ‘Norma,’ and Grisi witched the world with noble melody in ‘Puritani,’ to write about such a composition as this which was played to the public for the first time, but which was written for M. Pillet-Wills and performed at his hôtel some three years ago. Rossini is said to have then asked, “Have I composed sacred music or damnable music?” He composed simply a mass of melody. Never do I remember to have been so charmed; and certainly I have never seen such an effect produced on an audience which consisted of the whole of the musical world of Paris. Not for an instant during two hours and a half did the excitement—I will not say interest—flag; it was one flow of harmony. I should say, perhaps, ebb and flow; for the transitions from great volumes of sound to pianissimo accompaniments, especially in the ‘Kyrie’ and the ‘Sanctus,’ were the most marvellous effects I have ever heard. I could not have conceived that so much wondrous melody could have been condensed into one short oratorio. Alboni was, of course, the heroine of the evening; and her singing of the ‘Gloria’ and the ‘Agnus’ was splendid. Madame Krauss, too, was in grand voice, and so were Niccolini and Agnesi. The orchestra and chorus were very effective. It was a success from beginning to end; but I despair of convincing you of the beauty of the composition itself. Rest assured that nothing that can be said in praise

of the performance is exaggerated. Such lovely music has not been heard since the day when the orchestra rose to cheer Mozart. This is, of course, a mere layman's description; but I write as other laymen feel.

Tuesday, March 2.

So the poet-politician is dead! Of late little has been heard of Lamartine, and that little chiefly of an unpleasing kind. He must have been an unhappy and hunted man for years. His life, throughout, has been as strange as "other men's dreams"—prose writer, poet, politician, statesman, socialist, duellist—that is, he fought once, at least, with General Pepe on account of two verses which he wrote about Italy:

Je vais chercher ailleurs—pardonne, ombre Romaine—
Des hommes, et non pas de la poussière humaine,

which very naturally drove an irritable Italian mad, and caused him to wound the poet severely. In 1848, as they were saying everywhere last night, he was, if not a great man, at least the most popular personage of the hour.

Wednesday, March 3.

The Emperor has decreed that, "considering the great service rendered by M. de Lamartine to his country in very troubled times," and "the eminent services rendered by M. de Troplong to the Government," both shall have public funerals. At a brief sitting of the Senate, his Majesty's decision respecting the late President was announced by the Vice-President, and, the whole of that august body having declared their intention of being present at the ceremony, the House adjourned. M. Troplong will be

buried with all state and pomp at St. Sulpice on Saturday.

Wednesday, March 10.

In the Chamber to-day the debate on the cemeteries of Paris came on; but, instead of being stormy, it was rather sentimental, and the House passed to the order of the day, perfectly contented with the assurance of the Minister that Government was studying the best manner of dealing with the subject, and would meet the views of the Chamber in any way. The question of interference with burial-grounds is one of intense popular interest here. In France, and especially in Paris, the dead are respected and their memory is kept alive as is the case, I think, in no other country. I do not speak of the annual processions on fixed days: they are customs; and custom, we know, deadens sentiment. Any day that you like to visit Montmartre or Père la Chaise, you will find scattered about the "sacred ways" scores of pious pilgrims, who have come there to visit and decorate with perishable *immortelles* the tomb of a father, a mother, a friend, or a lover. It is the sacred recreation of a large class in Paris, and on a *fête* day the visit to the tomb does not prevent a later visit to the restaurant and the theatre. Whole families go down to hang those wreaths, and lonely men may be seen contemplating the last resting-place of affection or love. I know no more striking spectacle than Montmartre, as seen, not on Sunday or a *fête*, but on any week day. You pass through an avenue of stalls devoted to the sale of wreaths and bouquets of *immortelles*, and enter the cemetery, which is beautifully kept. The first feeling is that you have got into some new city; for the noise of Paris is hushed, and to be

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away from noise in Paris is itself a pleasing sensation. The cemetery is beautifully situated, and the view from it is as fine as any near Paris. You can perceive at once that every tomb is kept in perpetual repair, and nine out of ten are much ornamented. Again, all that many families have of history—and every family has some little story—is recorded on those walls. Great and very long orations have been spoken over this grave. Political demonstrations have been made over that. Here Legitimists slumber; here Orleanists rest at last. On one side you see a tomb at which all Imperial France was present, “the Emperor represented by one of his chamberlains;” and next to it that humble tablet erected to “A Patriot,” who perhaps was a Red Republican, and was followed to the grave by his brother defenders of the barricades. It is the history of departed France. Yes, the “City of the Dead,” as Sir Walter Scott called Pompeii, is common ground; and, with the veneration for the grave which is really genuine in Paris, you can imagine the public interest felt in the discussion which M. Maurice Richard opened in a remarkably good speech. The question is this: M. Haussmann wishes to pass through a part of the cemetery of Montmartre in order to shorten the distance which the inhabitants of that suburb must traverse to reach Paris proper, where their occupations and their pleasures—especially the latter—take them daily. M. Richard thinks they might go round a little way, and is sure they would be rewarded for the extra distance by their consciences and by the feeling that they were respecting the dead. This question was happily tided over by the Government’s consenting to refer the matter to the Inspector of Public Works. Then there is a strong feeling against the idea of having a

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large cemetery twenty miles from Paris, with a funeral railway to it. The impression was that the Paris cemeteries would be closed. The Minister of State, however, assured the Chamber that there was no intention of closing the cemeteries to those who already had tombs there, but that the burial-places of Paris were so crowded that a "supplementary cemetery," of vast dimensions, was absolutely necessary, and the Government had thought of Méry-sur-Oise, about twenty miles off. Vicomte Clary suggested four smaller ones—one at each corner of Paris—to save expense, and allow of those visits to the dead of which I have spoken; and, the Minister of the Interior having consented that the whole question should be reconsidered, the Chamber adjourned.

Monday, March 15.

. . . But if the foreign horizon is clear and calm, we have angry little storms at home. I allude especially to the public meetings, which are daily more numerous, and more and more violent—the Republican spirit appearing stronger and more manifest on each successive occasion. At one *réunion* a M. Badaille was the great orator. He made a very strong speech, wound up by exclaiming "Vive la République!" and then dissolved the meeting before the Commissioner of Police could do so. Several speakers had been loud in praise of Robespierre, Marat, Danton, and the other notorieties of those days. At Belleville there was, another violent assembly. A M. Allix made a very strong speech, in which he said that society was in leading-strings. The people is the only Sovereign, and cannot delegate its power. It must always be able to say to its representative, if he does not please them, "Go." There was a

meeting of workmen in the Passage Raoul, at which one speaker called on the people to band themselves together to cure the hideous wound which is now consuming them. Whatever may be said about police interference, nobody can deny that the people have great liberty of speech; but I question if any Government is sufficiently strong to allow such meetings to be constantly held, especially on the eve of a general election. Putting an end to them, however, now that they have once been permitted, will be very unpopular, and probably create some unpleasant demonstration. But one point must not be forgotten. Every cry of "Vive la République!" rallies to the reigning dynasty every one who has saved money, bought Rentes, or taken shares; and now their name is legion. The remembrance of 1830 and of 1848 is still fresh, and selfishness will make Imperialists of thousands and tens of thousands who would not care whether the Government were Bourbonist, Orleanist, or Imperialist, if it saved their scrip and shares. They are loyal, not *quand même*, but *ad hoc*.

Tuesday, March 16.

I confess it is rather like "ancient history," writing about a lady who was intimate with Byron, who has seen or might have seen Moore, Trelawney, and Shelley, and whose early history is written in a memoir itself "very old-fashioned," "almost forgotten," "never heard of before my time," and so on according to the present generation; yet I am going to devote a few lines to such a lady. Only last evening I was present at the Hôtel of the Marquise de Boissy, who has just commenced her Monday evening receptions. As to the age of Madame la Marquise, or of any other lady,

of course one can know nothing ; but I should say from her appearance that she must be fast approaching her eighth lustre. Yet she preserves her beauty wonderfully, even if she is forty ; and as for her hair, why, in these days of deception and chignon it is a striking proof how superior nature is to art. Madame de Boissy, too, retains all the magic manner of youth. But I really think I must be mistaken in her age ; for I see that next “ longest day ” it will be exactly half a century since she told Byron to write ‘ The Prophecy of Dante. ’ “ Thou in the pride of beauty and of youth spakest, and for thee to speak and be obeyed are one,” wrote the great poet at Ravenna, on the 21st June, 1819 ; and I took quite a young and still very handsome lady only last night into the refreshment room, and she was the “ Lady of the sunny South ” to whom those lines were addressed. Apart from the recollections which must be pleasant to any one who, like myself, is of the same opinion as the late Lord Holland, that, “ if the present race of poetasters write poetry, Byron did not,” and who reverences the memory of the dandy-poet, Madame de Boissy’s parties are very pleasant. Her welcome to English guests, especially, is not only hospitable but cordial, while her house itself is a picture.

Tuesday, March 16.

There are most divided opinions about the performance at the Grand Opéra, and the merits of Mdlle. Nilsson in ‘ Faust. ’ Indeed, Paris is divided into two factions. One swears that there is nothing like the second Swedish nightingale, the other worships Carvalho and all her notes. One thing, however, is certain—‘ Faust ’ fills the Grand Opéra up to the very chandelier. Something

of the same difference of opinion seems also to have arisen about the merit of the 'Solemn Mass' of Rossini. The majority assert that it never heard anything so lovely—I vote with the majority; but there is a minority which says it is hardly worthy of the composer of 'William Tell.' Perhaps as good an idea of this beautiful composition may be derived from the observation of an amateur who came to Madame Fleury's fresh from the performance: *C'est magnifique, mais ce n'est pas la guerre*; it is perfectly wonderful, but not the least like a Mass." Perhaps there are some profane laymen who may not think it the less interesting on that account. I must not forget a *mot* of Auber's: "How do you like the Mass?" was asked. "Oh!" replied the veteran youth, "it is magnificent; but it would be better if it were thirty years younger."

Wednesday, March 31.

Strange rumours have been afloat concerning Victor Hugo's impatiently-awaited novel, 'L'Homme qui Rit.' It was said that the publisher, Lacroix, intended to sell copies to those only who would take a certain number of volumes of other works that hung on his hands. The fact is that an intrepid speculator has bought the whole of the first edition, fifteen thousand copies, of 'L'Homme qui Rit,' and will, in a few days, put them forth for sale in an unusual fashion. By subscribing for one hundred francs' worth of books, to be chosen from among a certain list, which, strange to say, contains works by Michelet, Hugo, Jules Simon, Pelletan, Louis Blanc, and others, you become entitled to a copy of the new novel; moreover, the subscribers are allowed a year's credit. The speculator counts upon the impatience and curiosity of the public. Lacroix

cannot get the second edition out under three weeks, and in the meantime 'L'Homme qui Rit' will be obtainable only under those conditions—not hard either for those who have a hundred francs to spend in books. Whether Hugo's reputation will come victoriously out of the ordeal remains to be proved. In an ordinary way, it is difficult to sell more than a thousand copies of a novel at three francs; Hugo's novel is to cost thirty francs; therefore the speculator who has gone in for the affair must find fifteen thousand subscribers in three weeks.

In spite of the inclemency of the weather, crowds of visitors, especially ladies, have found their way to the charming Hôtel of Prince Paul Demidoff, whose fine collection is to be sold by auction in a few days. Since the loss of his young wife, the Prince has lived in the closest retirement, occupying himself with charitable institutions; and he is now about to divest himself of all the beautiful artistic surroundings that were once the pride and pleasure of his life. Pictures, curiosities, arms, rare furniture—all are to be scattered abroad under the auctioneer's hammer. Out of the large number of people that thronged the beautiful *salons*, carved oak dining and billiard rooms, and stables of the Hôtel Demidoff, many came as much out of curiosity about the Prince himself as interest in the exhibition. Ladies were by far the most numerous; and, strange to say, they were more particular in their attention to the Oriental arms, antiqués, and curiosities, than to the pictures, which are perhaps more rare and curious than pleasing. Can it have been because the hilts and scabbards of these kanijars, swords, and Damascus daggers were many of them richly inlaid with

precious stones, and feminine eyes in general, and Parisian eyes in particular, are always attracted by such costly baubles? For this same reason I suppose there has been much talk about the Bengal Nabob, Munsoor-Ali, who has just arrived in Paris, and whom report envelopes in the glamour of vast wealth and the glitter of diamonds.

Tuesday, April 1.

The public meetings continue, and grow stronger and stronger in language. One Bulles said, "We want reform, and we will have it. We will overthrow tyranny and all its abuses!" A workman suggests that there now exist "masters," and that they must be done away with. "Talking" was not enough for another Demosthenes; he wanted "action." You will observe that "politics are excluded" at these meetings, which, in the interest of the French people quite as much as of the Emperor, I think we should all like to see suppressed by the strong hand of the law; either that, or allowed to go on and be laughed to death. In England they would be crushed by ridicule; but we are in France, where such venomous weeds are of strong growth, and, if allowed to spread with unchecked luxuriance, become so poisonous that often they have had to be destroyed root and branch. France wishes for no such root-and-branch work now. She is established and respectable.

Friday, April 2.

Several of the Parisian *femmes à la mode* are, it is whispered, about to carry many startling innovations into the most *huppés salons*. The month of April is to make up in gaiety for the dulness of the winter season. I am

told that one daring hostess intends introducing some variations on the old saraband, a dance in which costumes of every country are to figure. Another project consists in the Parisianising of *la fiesta de los flores*, a South American custom. At the entrance of the *salon* is placed a large covered basket containing small bouquets of flowers, and presided over by a modern Flora. Each guest plunges his or her hand into the basket and takes a posy, which the women attach to their dress or put in their hair, and the gentlemen place in their buttonhole. The latter promenade through the *salons* each in search of a lady wearing a similar bouquet to his own; and when she is found, he has a right to take possession of her, and retain her as partner for the rest of the evening. At several charming little dinners last week an old German plan was tried; the gentlemen guests draw lots, and the *cavaliere servente* whom fate gave to each lady remained her humbly devoted slave until the party dissolved. What will English conventionality say to all that?

One of the veterans of the Society of Dramatic Authors, M. Gabriel, was yesterday borne to his last resting-place, followed by a large number of his old colleagues. Gabriel died at the age of seventy-nine. For more than forty years he had helped to write numberless pieces, and had in his time given his aid to authors of the highest repute. The four greatest successes to which he lent a helping hand were 'Victorine, ou La Nuit porte Conseil;' 'Jacko, ou le Singe du Brésil,' with Rochefort père and Merle; 'J'Attends l'Omnibus,' with E. Guinot; 'Bonaparte à Brienne;' 'Le Roman chez la Portière,' with Henry Monnier; and more than a hundred other minor pieces. Gabriel, many years ago, was quite a lion; and he always remained

somewhat of a dandy, carrying himself very erect, remaining faithful to the satin stock, and being somewhat touchy on the subject of his age. He was well known in all the *coulisses*, and to everybody connected with theatricals; while his eccentricities were a standing subject among them. He never raised his hat if he could help it, but kept it religiously screwed upon his head in spite of the severest provocation. They used to say he was afraid of thumbing the brim; and certainly Gabriel was of an economical nature. Long before the Brothers Davenport were dreamt of, he invented a miraculous cupboard, which served him as a dining-room. His meals were laid out on the solitary shelf of the cupboard, and Gabriel despatched them standing, half concealed by the open door. If a visitor rang, the cupboard was quickly shut, and Gabriel, having rubbed his lips on his napkin, received his guest without the *ennui* of having to invite him to share his dinner.

Sunday, April 4.

The event of the week has been the Demidoff sale. The young Prince, whose marriage I recorded less than two years ago, has, as I have told you, lost his wife, and now retires for ever from the world. Three years ago he was a celebrity of the Bois: his hôtel was a mine of artistic wealth. Everything, down to his horses and carriages, has been sold, and the total received was £10,100—no great sum, I think. All Paris was at the sale; and Princesses, Duchesses, *grandes dames*, *petites dames*, *gandins*, collectors, amateurs, a mixed host—all that were idle, elegant, utterly ruined, or had balances at their bankers, were bidding. You must please to remember that the Demidoffs are ten times millionnaires,

and have mines of diamonds on their estates, which they will not "work," for the same reason that a friend of mine, a Yorkshire proprietor, once seriously gave to me—"for fear it should make the estate dirty." The Demidoffs, too, are possessed of what were called by some one at the first Great Exhibition "the spoils of the Malachites," to an extent unknown even to other Princes and potentates of Russia.

Tuesday, April 13.

The Empress gave her second "Monday ball" last night. It was rather larger than usual, as at one time there must have been at least 450 to 500 persons present. The dancing took place in the Hall of Marshals, and the supper in the long gallery, which was divided in two by a splendid bank of flowers and tropical plants. At no other Court in Europe does this system of "intimate balls" exist. They are as different from the great Court balls as Almack's from a Queen's ball. There is good music to dance to, plenty of space, and neither heat nor crowd even in the supper-room. The only outward sign of Royalty is that the staircase is lined with soldiers of the Cent-Gardes; and those gentle giants always make a great show. The whole suite of *salons* used for the State balls, at which 3000 persons are present, are thrown open on these evenings; so you really can see who is present, and walk across the room without running the gauntlet of black looks, as is the necessary consequence of treading on those sweeping robes which we can no more avoid than we can death or quarter-day. The Imperial host and hostess walk about and talk to every one they know. Dancing goes on with more energy and animation than at any other ball,

and people are seen to dance who have left off the practice elsewhere. At nine o'clock the Emperor and Empress receive the few persons who are introduced on these occasions. These are only strangers, or recently arrived officials, who have not before had an opportunity of presentation. By ten o'clock the Empress is in the rooms, and dancing begins. Supper and the *cotillon* come on together at half-past twelve, and everybody who likes can be in bed by two o'clock. The supper is excellent; and I only hope that the respected dowager who stood next to me is not to-day suffering inwardly and severely from a plethora produced by woodcock-pie and Imperial *salade*, the latter being an artistic compound of potatoes, asparagus, peas, beans, and truffles, dressed with oil and vinegar, and iced—which must be quite as pleasant as digestible. Still, a *cotillon* gives an appetite to the young and active, and looking at it may have the same effect on the elderly chaperons. Perhaps you would like to know who was present? If you will stroll through the rooms, I will point out some of them to you. In the recess close to the door by which you enter, you see three men sitting—one is the *Préfet du Palais*, in whose hands are all the domestic arrangements of all the palaces; with him are a writer and an ex-diplomatist. The latter has not resigned his *finesse* with his post, and he is even now preaching peace upon the grounds of Prussia's difficulties at home, and the fact that every day peace lasts makes it more probable that it *will* last. The handsome man who is hurrying away so early to his carriage, but who stops to shake hands with the trio, is Prince Napoleon. That lady is Mrs. Moulton, a great American beauty, and a fine musician. The three or four men in uniform who make

such a contrast to the Court evening dress are Generals of Division, who believe that in plain clothes there is no salvation, and who are said to sleep in their spurs with their swords under their pillows. Those other young fellows *must* wear uniform—they are Cadets of St. Cyr. That very pretty person who is glittering about in a sort of silver cloud is the Comtesse de Fernandina. But here comes the host himself. The lady with whom he is walking is his Majesty's relative, the Duchess of Hamilton, *née* Princesse de Bade. The lady they stop to speak to is Madame Arcos, Irish but married to a Spaniard. In that corner is the *ne plus ultra* of Paris fashion, the Princesse de Metternich; Mesdames de Gallifet and de Pourtalès, and the Duchesse de Saigon. They sit in judgment on society, and out of their lips comes the dreaded sentence. If they nod, Juno-like—Jupiter nodded I know, so I suppose Juno did likewise—then those on their trial are admitted within the pale of society. If they shake their decorated tresses, then the postulants are sent empty away, and find themselves sentenced to the outer darkness of large balls and official receptions. No English, you say. Oh! yes, there are; I should say there were a dozen. That gentleman with the red ribbon is your Ambassador; and if you follow him up the room you will guess how popular he is here. Then all the *personnel* at present in Paris are here; two of them—the Hon. Henry Woodhouse and Mr. Sartoris—have been “presented.” If there are few English, see what a bevy of our Transatlantic cousins—very pretty and well-dressed cousins they are, too—we have present. No; that is not Miss Beckwith: it is only the shadow which she cast on society. Miss Hammel? Oh! no; “she has gone from our

gaze." She has also, it is said, been civilly married to her Prince at Washington. The Empress, who is, you observe, very simply dressed, though radiant with diamonds, holds a small *levée* in the doorway. That distinguished-looking man is Prince Metternich; and the very fair lady to whom he is bowing is the daughter of the King of Italy and the wife of Prince Napoleon. If you observe several very nice-looking women in an alcove or a recess, and discover a pleasant-looking man very close to the prettiest, you will do him no injustice if you assume him to be the Italian Minister. As for Baron Königswarter, I say nothing; whenever there are two or three fair ladies gathered together, depend on it you will see him, as now, in the centre of the group. I think you observe that you met that gentleman before? If you ever go out, I should say you have seen him daily ever since, perhaps, you first looked at him as he advanced with his division at the Alma. It is Marshal Canrobert, who, when there is no fighting, is ever to be seen in the very thickest of the fray at every good ball in Paris. I believe he would prefer a battle, but, in default of that, he certainly likes a ball. But I must not forget the Oriental contingent. That gentleman who is absolutely enveloped in ladies' dresses is the Turkish Ambassador. I do not feel sure that he thinks ball-going the very worst duty of a diplomatic appointment. He, you observe, wears his fez close-fitting, and as we are accustomed to see it; but those other fez-covered guests wear that Oriental head-covering quite in a different style—rather, indeed, like flower-pots a little too large for the wearer. The Viceroy's son wears his mildly; but Nubar Pacha—that is he, with his wife, talking to the English attaché—gives his "bonnet a cock," and wears it

as Tom Duncombe used to put on his hat when standing on the steps of Crockford's. This, though I hear it is *chic* in Egypt, gives a dissipated and devil-may-care crowning to the stately Oriental edifice. But the *cotillon* is raging, music is pealing, and the clatter of china proves that the *menu* at which we have already glanced is now receiving rapid justice. We look through the recently opened folding doors, and see everybody with a cup of soup in hand, like genteel paupers receiving relief at a charitable institution; so we leave the "halls of dazzling light," go into the supper-room, and do likewise.

Tuesday, April 20.

One of the curious sights of this strange city, the streets of which teem with amusement instead of being crowded with sombre citizens intent on business, like the thoroughfares of London and other great capitals, is the procession of weddings daily to be seen wending their jovial way towards the Bois. The system of being married—the actual binding contract, which is here kept, as it were, by "double entry," that is, first by a Mayor and then by a priest,—is the same for the dwellers in Palaces and the inhabitants of cottages; but there is a great deal of difference in the way in which the festive ceremonies of the afternoon are celebrated. I am not writing of those superior beings whom some people call "the upper classes." Everybody knows their ceremonial, from the "blessing" down to the time when the friend of the family—probably the lover of the bride's mother; but let that pass: such accidents have arisen ere now and will arise again in this city of the Seine—puts a little wine in his glass, and hopes that "our dear child will be happy." I do not write of these willing victims

of marriages of convenience ; I want to tell of humbler individuals, who are not, I presume, conveniently married, and who spend the day by the side of the "Great Lake Improper," shining instances of regularly married propriety. A *sergent de ville* espoused an heiress yesterday, and the display of uniform and orange-blossoms was a sight indeed. *Sergents de ville* are a race apart, and are forced to marry heiresses. A soldier in that service must give up his cocked-hat, his worsted epaulettes, and his sword, if he takes to his martial bosom any young lady with a *dot* less than £120. These parties are naturally exclusive, consequently fashionable and dull. The marriage of a soldier in the Line is quite another thing. He brings three good comrades of the regiment, who, in their turn, bring three young women of their affections ; they have a small drink before going to the Maire, and "coal again," as they used to say at "Gib," before they face the priest ; then they breakfast, smoke, and sing, and so it is no wonder that when they reach the golden gates which lead to Boulogne's Wood they are slightly excited, and advance, the whole party, ladies and all, at a quick step, something between a *pas de charge* and a *bal masqué* galop. But if you want steadiness and decorum, look at that procession : six coaches each holding six ; the bride, by sitting on the knees of hers truly, makes room for seven in that conveyance ; six pairs of white cotton gloves holding the reins which do not drive or conduct twelve horses that, white from age and anxiety in respect to food, wander listlessly about, causing bad language to issue from the lips of drivers who have not been married or given in marriage that morning. What a happy party ! except, perhaps, the horses ; and even they may be dreaming that they

may get a bucket of water and a hayband when they reach the hostelry which is their goal. "Oh, Hymen, Hymen!" How happy they all are! The drivers are; for, having hung up their hats on the lamps, and placing implicit faith in the venerable sagacity of their animals, they have gone calmly to sleep. The bride and the groom are happy; for the terrible ordeal, of which the profane actor in 'Nicholas Nickleby' said "It don't take long—no more does hanging oneself," is over. The guests are very happy—some asleep, and some singing; for they have breakfasted: soup, four made dishes, a *rôti*, dessert, coffee, and a glass of *rhum*; and, in addition, they have had red wine, a fine, strong, heady Burgundy, some time (say a week) in bottle, not *à discrétion* but even unto indiscretion; and they have a dinner and dance in perspective. But it is when earth is covered by the dusky mantle of night—by which I mean six P.M. in winter and eight P.M. in summer—that the real wedding revelry vexes the dull ear of bachelors dining alone in the public rooms of the *Dîner Européen*, Tissot's, the Thousand Columns, or some other house in the Palais Royal, sacred—in the *salons* of course—to the celebration of *noces*. Such a dinner! such wines! and such a *salon*! Everybody cries out to the waiter at once. The bridegroom pretends to look after his guests, and does not neglect that mystic numeral, No. 1. The bride is all veil, orange flowers, and giggle, but still retains her appetite. Everybody eats and drinks something. Grandmamma—that is she in the Norman cap—goes to sleep between the dishes, and is aroused to a sense of her possible loss by kicks and pinches given by her pet grandchild. Uncle Jules, from Amiens, is cryingly intoxicated; and the father-in-law will sing a song

of lax or at least Anacreontic complexion, and easy morality, with the cheese and apples. Then comes the ball! None of your walking through figures, I promise you; but the real thing. The bride dances two hours by Tissot's clock, and then retires. Everything being eaten and drunk, and there having been two family quarrels, everybody else goes home also; and, all being very ill next day, all are proportionally rude to their customers. That is a picture of a marriage *à la mode de Paris* in the third week of April, 1869. Scores of victims have been sacrificed on the altar of the mischievous Cupid and the foamy Aphrodite this very day, and are now wandering through the streets in pursuit of a lost appetite. Never fear; they will recover it.

Tuesday, April 22.

The Minister of his Serene Majesty the Emperor Tong-tchi, and Mrs. Burlinghame, last night gave their second diplomatic reception and ball. It was even more celestial than the last; for there were fewer present, and, indeed, but for the stupidity of the guests themselves, who would all rush upstairs at once, there need have been no crowd at all. The host and hostess, who received, as usual, with a most genial courtesy, had opened every room, and they danced "upstairs, downstairs, and in my lady's chamber." "I see no bed rooms," said a lady to a Chinese attaché; "do tell—where do you all sleep?" The attaché of course replied that when the night was illumined with eyes of beauty, there was no sleep for the servants of the cousin of the Moon. High-flown, and evasive, perhaps, but pretty, and with a full Souchong flavour. As there are no Chinese in Paris, they naturally cannot go to a ball

there, but Americans take their place. They are charming representatives. I am in the habit of looking into a good many ball-rooms in the season—official, diplomatic, military, and civil; nay, I sometimes cross the Seine and enter into the sacred precincts of the Faubourg. But nowhere do you see such beauty as in American *salons*; almost every young American is elegant if not positively lovely, and they do not despise the assistance of Worth. The result is, that Frenchmen who admire beauty and bankers' books, and labour under an impression that Americans and fortunes of untold dollars are synonymous, are leaving the *salons* which they were wont to frequent—*salons* in which, perhaps, toilet does exceed beauty and fortune—and are devoting themselves to "eyes, eyes, beautiful eyes, eyes which in liquid lustre swim;" thus "making infidelities—" at least so complain the ladies who love them, and whom they used to love till they seceded from the *monde* to the New World.

Monday, April 26.

Driving down the Champs Elysées the other day, I confess I received a shock. Can the dead and dyed return to earth? Yes, of course they can; for was not that the Duke of Brunswick? There he was in the original George IV. phaeton, with the very same two cream-coloured horses—strawberry-and-cream-coloured would be nearer the truth—which, some thirty years ago, he drove in Hyde Park, when it was the fashion to drive parallel with Park Lane. His Serene Dukedom is not changed; he is younger, redder, blacker than ever. What an eternal youth! Only these ghosts of long past London seasons should not rise from their graves and run over us as,

middle-aged, we potter along the Champs Elysées, talking scandal of ladies who are even older women than he of Brunswick.

Sunday, May 2.

A good deal of nonsense has been written about the comparative poverty of those who live on the same side of the Seine as the Panthéon. I imagine that, if the grand social ceremonials of life exist, they are to be found only in those families which, being utterly "Tory," believe that improvement is another word for destruction; and who consider that the Devil has ruled in political Europe for half a century. I was struck lately by seeing the great establishments kept up over the water. What will Belgravia ball-goers—even those who remember Devonshire House in its zenith, and have written their names there, and beneath the disputed shadow of the "lions' tails"—what will even they think of a court-yard kept by halberdiers, with swords and belts, who announced the guest to a hall-full of valets looking like a dismounted troop of Life Guards, who in their turn mispronounced the names given to them to an inner entrance-hall, in which was a regiment of servants in Court dress? This took place on Friday, at the Duchesse de D—'s; and, I may add, when the family is in the country, they always keep a mounted band to discourse them fine music.

Tuesday, May 4.

The penultimate private ball of the Empress last night, was extremely pleasant; there was no crowd at any period of the evening, supper-time included, and no heat. There is always at least one "personage" at a Monday ball; last night it was the Archduke Victor of Austria,

who came so late that the *Quadrille d'Honneur* had to be postponed, and the dancing commenced with a waltz. When his Imperial Highness came, he danced with Lady Susan Vane Tempest—our *belle compatriote*, about whom all the French were raving as usual. Dressed in black, with a crescent à la *Diane* on her head, this representative of British beauty, who is not to be beaten in any ball-room in any capital of Europe, looked splendid, and was admired accordingly. The Emperor and Empress walked about *sans façon* all evening, talking to every one they knew; and it was observed that the Empress had a very long conversation with M. Benedetti. The Emperor seemed in the best possible spirits, and missed no chance of talking to any foreigner. The Princesses Mathilde and Clothilde, Prince Joachim Murat, the Austrian Ambassador and the Princesse de Metternich, the English and Turkish Ambassadors, and many others of the Corps Diplomatique, were among the company. The dresses were very pretty, and flowers seem to have taken the place of jewels. Mr. Hubert Jerningham was expressly invited by the Duc de Bassano to lead the *cotillon*, he being a youth who takes the advice of Horace—“Oh! my boy, do not despise dancing.” Among the guests were six Englishmen—Mr. Charles Gregory, President of the Institution of Civil Engineers; Mr. Bidder and Mr. McClean, past presidents; Mr. Cubitt, vice-president; Mr. Hemans, member of the council; and Mr. Manley, honorary secretary,—who had come over to present the Emperor with the diploma of honorary member, to which office he had been recently elected. They were officially received on Sunday, after mass. The President, after a short address, presented the diploma, with a set of the transac-

manded by Prince Joachim Murat, who should, indeed, be proud of his men, their discipline, appearance on parade, and their mounts—dark brown horses, very level in appearance, their tails cut after the Fitzwilliam fashion, and up to heavier weight than they have to carry. They are very fine men, too; and as for the uniform, gorgeous is the only term applicable. I am assured that this regiment is as good as it looks. The Emperor and Staff reached the ground at three P.M. to a minute; they were received by Marshal Canrobert, Marshal Niel, General Fleury, etc. It was a brilliant Staff. The Empress did not get on horseback till after the inspection, but remained talking to the Princess of Wales—who, if tired, as she well might be after a four months' tour, did not look so. With the Emperor were, on his right hand, the Prince of Wales, in the uniform of the 10th Hussars—very striking at a French review—and on his left the Archduke Victor Albert of Austria, whose white and red uniform is always conspicuous. The Prince Imperial was next to the Prince of Wales; he has left pony for horse, and is much grown. Among the general *cortége* were uniforms of almost all nations. A Greek was remarkable, but the pride of place must be yielded to M. de Moltke, brother to the Danish Minister, who had an hussar uniform so gorgeous that he looked as if he had borrowed a dress from Iris. It was splendid, no doubt; but I think the scarlet of Colonel Claremont and Captain Ellis, and the Blues as represented by Lord Carington, had the best of it. After the inspection the Emperor returned to the saluting-point, where he was joined by the Empress; and the review began with a splendid charge by regiments of cavalry, which was followed by an advance on

the Imperial position by the artillery. Coming to the front by batteries, the gunners, to the great surprise of the crowd, went at once into action, and showed some practice which even Woolwich confessed to be quite above average. The cavalry retired by fours from the outer flank, and the artillery by half batteries. Then the whole *corps d'armée* trotted past, the cavalry in columns of squadrons, the artillery in columns of batteries. Then all was over; and, amidst cries of "Vive l'Impératrice!" "Vive l'Empereur!" "Vive le Prince Impérial!" "Vivent le Prince et la Princesse de Galles!" terminated the most striking review which has been seen in Paris since that at which the Czar and the King of Prussia were present.

Tuesday, May 11.

Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales remained, as was hoped, for the last private ball to be given by the Empress this season. It was an early party, the Emperor and Empress, with their Royal guests, entering the ball-room before ten o'clock, and the *cotillon* ending before half-past one. If there was a select supper in a small *salon* after that, it is an affair which rests on the consciences and digestions of those only who assisted at it. It was a very small ball, and certainly the prettiest given this year. One felt that it was worth going if only to see the bank of bright flowers, moderator lamps, and evergreens which formed the sort of transparent screen that divided the long gallery where supper was laid, and whence, judging by the *consommation*, I should not say that the rich were sent empty away. The *Quadrille d'Honneur* was very select—the Princess Clothilde and the Prince of Wales, the

Princess of Wales and Prince Joachim Murat. The Princess of Wales created a perfect *fièvre*. Both their Royal Highnesses danced a great deal, the Prince leading off the *cotillon* with Madame de Pourtalès.

Friday, May 14.

On Wednesday evening Paris was the scene of an extraordinary political tumult. M. Emile Ollivier is a candidate for the suffrages of the third division at the next election; and it was announced that on Wednesday night he would address the electors in the Théâtre du Châtelet. Long before the appointed hour, a dense crowd surrounded the immense building, and, with loud signs of impatience, awaited the opening of the doors. A back door had provided an entrance for M. Ollivier and a number of his friends, and, while the crowd was still surging outside, he proceeded to deliver his address. It was able and eloquent, but imprudent. He forcibly urged the necessity of seeking reform, not by revolutionary but by constitutional means; on that ground he defended his oath to uphold the Empire; and thus far he was heard, if not without interruption, at least without any persistent attempt to reduce him to silence. M. Ollivier startled his audience by declaring that the Empire was based, not on the *coup d'état*, but on universal suffrage. A scene of indescribable confusion followed his allusion to those earlier events; and, after some effort to restore order, the police dispersed the meeting. During this time, the outside of the theatre presented even wilder tumult. The crowd, which is estimated at 20,000 persons, thought that the meeting was "packed," and vented its indignation by methods which a Parisian mob can render singu-

larly effective. Seditious speeches were delivered; cries were raised for a Republic; and at last the air rang with the sounds of the 'Marseillaise.' By this time it was nearly midnight, and a strong body of police attempted to disperse the crowd. The result was a hand-to-hand fight, in which stones were thrown, sticks used, swords drawn, and shots fired. A great many people were injured in the tumult; and, according to some reports, the life of more than one person was sacrificed, though I have not been able to verify the statement. It was only after a long struggle that the police succeeded in dispersing the crowd, and even when it scattered in all directions seditious cries were still raised. I am told that one portion of the mob finished the evening's work by marching to the Place de la Bastille. The disturbance has caused a profound sensation in Paris. At present we are speaking about nothing else. Certainly, M. Emile Ollivier's political prospects have not been improved by Wednesday's tumult.

Sunday, May 16.

The Ollivier disturbance was noisy enough and bad enough; but the Rochefort row was worse. The place of meeting was the Cirque Napoléon, and so dense was the crowd that as early as seven o'clock traffic in the neighbourhood was entirely stopped, all the shops were shut, and dense masses of the people of that busy quarter were marching along, singing the 'Marseillaise,' and crying "Vive Rochefort!" "Vive Raspail!" "Vive Barbès!" As soon the Cirque, which is an enormous building, was declared to be entirely filled, there began in the street a terrible struggle between the police and the people, who would still crowd up to the entrance. At last a charge of the mounted

Gardes de Paris was ordered, and several people were knocked down in the scuffle. M. Brun, an Inspector of the Municipal Police, while exhorting the people to disperse, was struck on the head with a loaded cane, fell covered with blood, and was carried senseless into a neighbouring *café*. Another officer was severely wounded in the head by a similar weapon. While these scenes were passing without, MM. Baudin and Raspail were delivering within the theatre most intemperate harangues against the existing order of things; and the language held became at length so outrageous that the Commissary of Police dissolved the meeting. At eleven o'clock a fresh detachment of mounted Guards arrived on the spot to clear the ground, and reopen for traffic the public way, which was at length effected. About sixty persons were arrested and taken off to the Prefecture. No doubt these demonstrations are serious enough, and prove that in Paris there is a strong feeling of dissatisfaction with the existing state of things; still I do not think we should attach great importance to the fact. It was known to every one that the Opposition would be very strong in Paris, and several of the large cities; but supposing that it carried everything before it there, as it probably will do, even then the Government would only be as it was in last Parliament. In Paris high rents, some want of employment, the general dearness of living, and, above and before all, the improvements which have forced the working man to seek his lodgings in the suburbs, have kept up, if not increased, that instinctive ill feeling against any Government which is the chronic state of this curious city. The existence of this hostile spirit is evident to any one whose business brings him in contact with the working

classes. I mean, when I say working classes, a most respectable and well-educated section of society; lower down in the grade I think you would find a sullen spirit, and a hatred to all above them, which ordinarily show themselves in intense incivility and inconceivable roughness.

Sunday, May 23.

Now let me endeavour to give you a sketch of Paris on the first of the two days of a general election considered to be the most important ever held under the present dynasty. It was Sunday of course—everything here is done on Sundays, everything at least which you think should not be; but few workmen here would vote on a week-day. If I scarcely expect anybody to credit the account I am about to render, it is still the truth. In defence of the good people of Paris, however, I may state that there were five reasons why they should not be very eager to-day about the elections. In the first place, they have till four P.M. on Monday to vote; then it was a great holiday, a fine day, the Derby Day, and the first day of the season of the “Grandes Eaux” at Versailles. Having given these excuses for electoral apathy, I will proceed. I started about mid-day, supposed to be the busiest time on Sunday, the people having then breakfasted and not yet having started on their excursions; and I went first to one of the polling places of my own quarter—a very quiet one certainly, but still having Ernest Picard among other candidates. I live only two hundred yards from the “Squarr” Clarice, but did not know where it was; I asked three people, and they did not know, and the tailor, I think, who was shutting up his shop, next door to the entrance to the polling booth,

was not even aware that there was an election going on—it is only fair to say that he was a new-comer, and had no vote; but yet, next door!—and referred me to his *concierge*, who kindly took me to the place, forewarning me, however, that everything was *très calme*. And indeed it was; for I waited five minutes, and not a voter came to the rescue. At last a man, a green ticket in his hand, approached rapidly in a victoria. I distinctly heard him say, “*Filés, filez*—get on, I am in a hurry!” Alas, it was the Comte de X—, who was late for the train, and the green ticket was the Jockey Club card for the Tribune of Chantilly. I need not say that this is an exceptional case, and that there are eight polling places in every *circonscription*; but still it is a fact, and occurred at a busy hour in a crowded neighbourhood. Then I visited the most important polling places of the three great contests which really absorb the whole interest of the Paris elections—those of the second *circonscription*, where Thiers, Devinck, and D’Alton-Shée contest the seat; those of the third, the battle-ground of Emile Ollivier and Bancel; and those of the fifth, where we found the name of Garnier-Pagès. Always the same result. I do not say there were no voters, as in the “Squarr” Clarice. No; the voters were arriving in steady Indian file; some *sergents de ville*, with whom I contracted a very pleasant speaking acquaintance, told me that a great number of votes had been registered up to that time; but there was no symptom of excitement, no rushing to the poll, and the whole process of voting seemed rather to bore than excite the voters. There were a few Oddfellow-like processions in some of the streets; but I have my doubts if they intended going up to-day—even if it is allowed, which I also doubt

—to vote in a body. I am informed that all the violent Oppositionists of Paris are waiting to come with a rush, and will not poll until to-morrow between two and four p.m., as they will not trust the urns—curiously ugly little boxes, by the way—in the hands of the authorities during twelve hours of darkness. All but those with voting tickets are rigidly excluded from the room containing the ballot-box; but, as a foreigner, I found no difficulty in being present at the mystery. The whole affair is as simple as A B C. The voter has taken his ticket beforehand, or called and got it on his way to the poll. This ticket is his licence to vote; it is green, and bears his name, age, profession, and dwelling. As he approaches the door, five or six respectably-dressed men in black, looking rather like mutes, rush at him with little square bits of paper—"Devinck," we will say is on one, "2e Circonscription Electorale de la Seine;" "M. Thiers, Député sortant," on the other. The voter takes them both if he likes; but, as it seemed to me, he generally took the one he wanted, and walked with it stark open to the room in which stands the "fatal urn." There are two policemen at the door of this hall, and the first thing you see is a notice that if you have lost your rights of citizenship, and yet vote, you will be fined and imprisoned. Six grave gentlemen sit behind the table on which is the box. The voter advances, shows his green licence, and then screws up his polling paper, pops it into the box, and goes his way. There were *gendarmes* guards at all the polling places, and at the most important there might be a dozen idlers looking on. Such, I assure you, is the round unvarnished tale of the polling of this day up to post time. I do not mean to say that I have been to the

seventy-two polling places; but I can assert that down to this moment the greatest order has reigned throughout Paris. There will be a little more excitement, perhaps, at four P.M. to-morrow.

Monday, May 24.

It is now six o'clock, and I have just returned from attending at the close of the poll in the most excited voting places of some of the most excited districts. I was told yesterday that from three to four o'clock I might make sure of seeing something worth seeing; so I duly went. We managed to be present within a few minutes of the close of the election of M. Thiers, within ten minutes of that of M. Ollivier; and, as the clock struck four, we were in the Rue Gerson, the very centre of the Quartier Latin, where Rochefort was candidate. And what went we forth to see? I can answer as to what we *did* see. About twenty-five National Guards preparing to parade before being relieved—or, I supposed, dismissed, as they were there for special duty only—half-a-dozen idlers, and four men in blouses. Of course the infantry was present in force; but then it was commanded by discreet nurserymaids. There were a few policemen scattered around, but much fewer than are usually to be seen; and that is, I fear, all. “Has it been like this all day?” we inquired of a *sergent de ville*. “[No, monsieur,” he replied; “there have been voters, and even many, but of excitement none.” This is an actual picture of the final day of polling, as I saw it myself; and to me it seems so very droll that I scarcely expect it to be credited. Wherever I asked, I was told that there had been a constant, if small, stream of voters, and that we know will tell; still, to a looker-on, it would seem as if universal suffrage appeared to

the people of Paris as something with which it would give them trouble to have anything to do. They fear that they must go to a Mairie, get a ticket, swear something to somebody; go another day somewhere else—perhaps on a holiday, too—show the ticket to a man in office, who tears off a bit, and says, “It is well;” and, lastly, procure and fold up a bit of paper and put it in a box. It looks to me, I say, as if the universal right of voting were very little appreciated in this curious country; or else the people of Paris are the least demonstrative in the world—and that is scarcely their character. I will yet promise you a sensation. After working hours, and when the returns are known, we may have a “demonstration” to-morrow. I believe that to-morrow will be “falser than the fleeting day.”

Tuesday, May 25.

With all due respect for his age and talent, I must say that M. Thiers acted very foolishly on Sunday night. After the hour of polling was past, the ballot boxes were carried to the Mairies of each arrondissement, under escort of a picket of National Guards, and placed in charge of a division of that corps. On Sunday night, about eleven o'clock, M. Thiers, accompanied by two friends, presented himself at the Mairie of Batignolles, and demanded permission to examine the boxes. It was evident that the intention of M. Thiers was known, as a number of people were collected on the spot. After some hesitation, the permission was, as I think, very unnecessarily granted; and M. Thiers, having closely examined the seals, professed himself satisfied, and went off with his friends. A more foolish act was never performed by an eminent statesman, and it has given the

greatest offence in all quarters. The National Guards are furious, and the Mayor of the district has addressed the following letter to M. Thiers :

Paris, May 24.

Sir,—I learn that you called at the Mairie of the Batignolles last night to examine the room where the electoral urns were deposited. Without raising any question as to the illegality of that visit, made in my absence, and without previous notice, I may observe, with all the deference due to your person, that your proceeding, besides being unusual, has greatly wounded me, inasmuch as it would seem to imply that my delicacy or my attention ought to be suspected. I am convinced that, after a little reflection, you will regret the step you have taken.

BALAGNY.

For my part, I am fully persuaded that M. Thiers will not be convinced by any reflection. There is a theatrical element in all Frenchmen, which urges them on to “play to the gallery ;” and this was, indeed, an action devoted to the gods. The Orleanists are dreadfully upset by these morning and evening returns ; and well they may be so, since the figures are really their *adieux* to France forced into utterance by a people who, after many years of unusual peace, have gone into business, and who, like Florac in ‘Pendennis,’ *se rangent*. The best supporters of the existing Government are, after all, Bancel, Gambetta, Rochefort, and their set ; for they have raised the Red Flag, and, as the supporters of the Legitimist and Orleanist party have all property in France—vast property, in fact—and as they see that the Government system of their predilection has no chance, they will consult self-interest, and rally round a power which exists, and which can protect property.

Sunday, May 30.

During the week I have been paying visits to the stables of Paris, in company with a friend who, having the best "stepper" in France, wishes naturally to buy the next best. Madame Musard has the very best stables, and the very best horses are in them. The English Ambassador comes next, and with infinitely better taste in the turns-out. Next I should place—and it would be almost a dead heat—the Princess Metternich; but I will for a moment confine myself to stables. They are difficult to find at any price in Paris. The ex-Queen of Spain has, perhaps, in the Hôtel Basilewski, got the show lodging for horses. Figure to yourself what a reckless Russian gentlemen thought should be the abode of his long-tailed trotters: a stable of ten stalls, with an arched roof, ten feet at least between the stall and the corn-bin, ventilated better than any Paris *salon*, lighted by gas, warmed by stoves; the accommodation for servants superior to any "officers' quarters" in any English barracks. And that is how all the Queen's horses and all the Queen's men of Spain are lodged and provided for in the Avenue du Roi de Rome. The coachman in command has, of course, improved the occasion. I have never seen a neater or more ornamental stable. The arms of Spain are over the very drains, and the straw is wreathed in the national colours. An American friend of mine has, however, a much more practical stable than that of ex-Queen Isabella. Curious sight in France: it is an old coaching stable. The horses are thoroughbred, and the machines by Peters.

Monday, May 31.

There is still a good deal of excitement about the

result of the final elections, the meetings anterior to which have recommenced, and seem likely to go off very quietly. I will try to give you the opinion of Paris; and will begin with that of an English gentleman long resident here, who knows Paris as well as any native, and perhaps judges about it better. He thinks the efforts of the violent party are so evident that they will frighten the French and bring about a great reaction in favour of any existing Government. In what should be well-informed circles the actual state of affairs, while admitted to be serious, is not for an instant allowed to be dangerous. The demon of Socialism has arisen again in France. Do you remember that it is a ghost which has haunted renascent France since '93? It is not really, perhaps, a very strong power, but its slightest efforts are so feared that the mere idea of them is the most powerful arm in the hands of the Government. Socialism—at least in the popular acceptation—is Jack Cade-ism; it means taking away what you have and giving it to somebody else; and that is not a pleasant idea, even for the most generous persons. But this idea has existed more or less in France during the whole of the present century. The French, too, are a very difficult people to rule. They hate socialism, and yet vote for it; they hate many things, and yet vote for them also. Personal, not political, opinion seems to be the test of French feeling. I do not say this of Paris—there opinions are defined enough and bitter enough; but even there they are not consistent. All this makes the existing state of Paris exciting; but it is nothing more. We have one great security; and that is, that the Emperor is more liberal than all those about him, and dares to do more for his country than any of his Minis-

ters. I am fully prepared to see extended liberal measures proposed, and a new Parliament uttering ideas which will be accepted, but which would have been treason a few years ago.

Tuesday, June 1.

Last night ended the period of three days within which the supplementary election meetings could be held ; they went off without the least outward excitement, though some strong personal language was used. The friends of Count d'Alton-Shée, the ex-Peer of France, and of M. Thiers, the ex-Minister of a deceased *régime*, had a merry little fight, which resulted in making the audience think M. Thiers much too mild, and resolve to vote *en masse* for M. d'Alton-Shée. I wonder if that would-be Deputy was of the same opinion which he holds now when he was a gay and very pleasant young fellow about Paris. In mature life, you know, he took to very decided opinions. When a man says in his seat in the Senate of France that he is neither a Catholic nor a Christian, it is no wonder that he should be stared at with astonishment, or that his friend M. de M— should say, "*Mon cher*, when you have such pretty speeches as that last one of yours to make, do not, I pray you, come and sit next to me." I hear, however, that the Count, in spite of his extreme politics, is a charming person, and will run M. Thiers very close. Rochefort and Jules Favre had also a lively little engagement through their friends, who held a sort of political power of attorney, and called one another everything but patriots. The mild joke of the evenings was hanging up a little lantern. Truth to tell, the meetings were scarcely fit to be qualified as serious political movements, when we consider that the interest of all France is

in question. They are over now, and the final result of the remainder of the elections must be known on Tuesday. For the moment we are all at "daggers drawn," and looking very fierce, and nobody is afraid. The Government, I can assert, is calm; the Opposition intrepid.

Sunday, June 6.

We had a very nice "Grand Prix" of pigeons on Friday. It could not indeed have been much better. The natives were in excellent form, though I do not think they can ever really "stay"—"cutting it," in fact, when the English collar them. Better birds never flew from traps, and the shooting "under two flags" was very good. At one time France looked like walking in alone, but England came again, ran very resolutely, and finally won in a canter. When one English regiment can send over such guns as those which were second and third, I think we may assume that the art of destroying doves is not on the decline in England. Mr. Reginald Herbert, that most cheery of shots, won, and was decorated with flowers, after the fashion of the country; he also won a Sèvres vase, which I sincerely hope, though I confess I doubt it, will make him happy for life. Captains Gist and Marsland were second and third, and so England shot up to her form. It would be hardly possible to over-estimate the very *Grand Seigneur* style in which the French accepted their defeat. They cheered the winners more than did the English who had backed them.

Tuesday, June 8.

The elections have had less Radical results than they threatened. 'Le Constitutionnel' says to-day: "They are

over; the electors of the Seine have rejected the irreconcilable, and selected the conditional, Opposition. Paris has reacted against itself; it wishes for reform, but not revolution." Everybody must be glad to see that M. Thiers is elected; and you will remark that Count D'Alton-Shée made but a poor fight of it. The provincial elections, the list of which was nearly completed this afternoon, is also very satisfactory to all but the Red—the very Red, I may say; and the Government is said to be quite satisfied, considering as it does that the Opposition has not made that advance which it menaced. There will be a larger adverse party in the new Chamber—nobody doubts it, and everybody foresaw it; but it will also be weaker than was expected. It is believed in official circles that the moderate Opposition, who form the greater moiety of the non-official candidates elected, will rally to the Government, as the people of France have, it is quite evident, been alarmed by the Red spectre of revolution. There were certain disturbances last night—great crowds gathered round the Hôtel de Ville and along the Boulevard Montmartre, and there were some nasty demonstrations—policemen and civilians opposed to one another, and heads broken; but absolutely nothing serious. About the Montmartre quarter there was perhaps a stronger demonstration; but all I can say is that it was over quite early. I traversed a large portion of Paris between dinner-time and bed-time, and must confess that I saw little disturbance. I have had long conversations to-day with those whose information ought to be of the very best; and I am persuaded that there was no sympathy on the part of the people with anything which has occurred in Paris. There is a certain portion of the population which took up the extreme party without

perhaps knowing much about it; but the mass of the inhabitants of Paris are, I am assured, much more in favour of the existing state of things than of any revolutionary movement.

Friday, June 11.

It is, happily, seventeen years since Paris presented such an appearance as it did last night in some quarters. The section of the Boulevards from the Rue Laffitte to the Faubourg Montmartre—which, perhaps, would be better known to many as the space which lies between the Opéra Comique and Vachette's—was, for several hours, in as regular a state of siege as I have ever seen a city; and, by chance, I have had some experience in such things. The gatherings of the other night round the office of the 'Rappel' were mere crowds of idle people, such as might be found at any English borough election, and the police was able to cope with them. But yesterday afternoon the authorities discovered that something more serious was likely to occur; so when, after working hours, the usual crowd began to assemble, all was prepared for their reception. Besides a strong body of police and a division of the Guard of Paris, there were two regiments of the Line and a troop of the Mounted Guard of Paris. So long as the people were quiet they were left to themselves; and I must say that, so far as I have seen, the troops and the police have acted with equal temper. I will now tell you what I actually did see; and I believe it to be as near the truth as possible. Whenever the crowd grew noisy the troops advanced, slowly drove it before them, and occupied the entrances to the streets which lead from the Boulevard. I have been assured by two people that during this operation

of clearing the ground warning was given to two groups, more violent than the others, that they would be fired on if they did not immediately move, which they did at once; but I have my doubts whether the threats were ever uttered; and I can assert with confidence that no shot has been fired yet. The position, then, was this. The whole length of the Boulevard was perfectly clear, two cordons of police keeping the ends, while the troops had possession of the rest of the space. It was a curious sight: every shop was closed—even the *Maison Dorée* and the *Café Anglais*—and every window was crowded with lookers-on. All vehicles were sent round, and indeed our cabman declined at once to go near the spot, as he was sure that his carriage would be taken to make a barricade. So we got out and walked, meeting at every yard a *gamin de Paris* in a blouse, and in a state of noisy excitement. When we got to the Rue Favart we were stopped, not by the police—for the business was out of their hands—but by a soldier with a loaded Chassepôt; the officer, however, was very civil to us as English, and allowed us to cross and recross as we liked. We were told that we should not get back alive, and were offered beds at two different places, but still we walked on; and what did we see? A dense crowd of people certainly; but who were they? Governments are not upset by a mob of boys; and I declare that I saw in the crowd—lookers-on excepted—none but boys of eighteen or twenty, of course unarmed, whose chief amusement was to dance about and shout “Vive Rochefort! Vive Rochefort!” in the most unmelodious tones. We stopped there till one in the morning, and that is all we saw. In former French revolutions *gamins* assisted, but did not Still, small as

this affair is, greater are threatened; and it will never do for the Government to leave tumult unchecked. The rioting has continued with increased violence. Last night I reported a skirmish; to-day I regret to chronicle a dangerous but, as it turned out, a bloodless engagement. It so happens that the affair, which I had the fortune to witness occurred under circumstances that enabled me to see it thoroughly. A friend who knows several things sent me word that "something would happen on Thursday night at Montmartre." Such being the case, it is self-evident that the right thing to do was to catch another like-minded with myself and dine at Vachette's. "Why Vachette's?" I reply, not only because you get the best and truest French dinner at that "old and respected establishment," but because from two windows you can see the office of the 'Rappel,' that "*belli teterrima causa*," while from the rest you can command the whole Boulevard from the Porte St. Martin to the Rue Drouot. A friend was soon found—it is so easy to find friends in Paris, especially if you only want them to join in a good and cheap dinner. It was a lovely evening, and, as we strolled up the Boulevard, glowing in the setting sun, we could not help remarking how quiet it was for a great thoroughfare in a great city. There were sitting on benches the female guardians of the next generation of Parisians. On springy chairs, soon destined to be instruments of destruction, reposed the fogies whose delight is in the *faits divers* of the minor journals, which, consumed with many pinches of snuff, seem to be delightful reading. Past ice-consumers—past those who prepare for dinners by a dose of cold coffee and dominos—past the doll-shop, the inmates of which are *femmes d'un luxe enragé*

more than ever, and so we arrived at the office of the 'Rappel,' where a perpetual stream of Rochefortists were investing three *sous* in that perilous paper, several of the proprietors and directors of which had just been arrested. We also bought a paper, and found it dull. Then, about 7.30, we dined; we looked out now and then, and were a little disappointed at seeing few people, fewer police, and no soldiers. This went on till the *rôti*; but things improved with the cheese, and by the time we had got to the coffee there was a fair average crowd. By nine o'clock there was a mass of people, and at half-past a sea of heads was ebbing and flowing as far as the eye could reach. All the restaurants immediately followed the example of the Variétés theatre, which was already closed, as were the whole of the shops—even those which sell "necessaries of life," such as tobacco, food, and *petit bleu*; but as yet all had been quiet—except for a vast amount of whistling, which is annoying, but not seditious, and a few cheers for M. Rochefort. Suddenly the demons of discord appeared on the scene in the shape of a dozen men, said to be "students," each armed with a long stick, on the end of which was a lantern; and then the riot broke out. Different parties formed up; some went to shout before the 'Rappel,' some to cry "*À bas l'Empire*" in the Rue Drouot, while a detachment was told off to sing the 'Marseillaise,' a few bars of which they executed with great satisfaction to themselves, I dare say, though their rendering of that once popular air suggested that a few lessons from M. Strakosch or M. Wartel might be useful. They did not sing the hymn for five minutes, however, finding perhaps that yelling, whistling, and singing in the absurd manner peculiar to Parisians of their class was

easier. The burthen of the song was “‘Le Rappel’—ah, ‘le Rappel’—ah, ‘le Rappel,’”—and there was also a little dance. But now let us look at the crowd. I should say there were 20,000 persons within rifle shot, packed as closely as sardines. What do they look like? Workmen? Oh! no; we are not in that quarter—the blouses, also supposed at the same moment to be dancing the same devil’s dance, only in a worse way, are all by St. Antoine. This Faubourg was described to me last night as a “most respectable quarter.” Out of this gathering of 20,000 persons, I should say there were 200 who wished for a real riot, 200 more who love to make a noise; and that the rest, composed of women and children as well as men, were mere lookers-on. Riot, mischief, and curiosity were thus represented, and the crowd were all at the height of their enjoyment, the party of action just proposing to pull down something—the Empire, or at least a kiosk—when a change came over the spirit of their dream. Up the Faubourg Montmartre moves a body of darkly-dressed men, marching four deep, and halting at the Boulevard. A drummer advances, and then comes a gentleman in plain evening clothes, only wearing a scarf. He holds up his hand to the young drummer, who is about as high as change for a napoleon, and immediately a tattoo is heard. At that sound it is no exaggeration to say that every revolutionist fled like one man—no, like one old, nervous woman. Presently, however, the noisy party returned, and then M. le Commissaire—the gentleman in the scarf—delivered to them a little warning from the Law of Public Safety. It was brief, but to the point. “You can, of course, make a riot, if *you* like, but then we can fire on you if *we* like.” They seemed struck

by the fact, but kept up their pluck, and answered by howling awfully. As the gendarmes retired, to deliver their little warning elsewhere, these heroes hissed with intrepid boldness. "They do mean mischief, I believe," said my friend. But just then arose a shout. "La troupe!" "The soldiers!" and looking towards the Rue Drouot you could see a steady mass advancing. Another panic; but the fugitives returned, keeping, however, on the pavement a little more, and making less noise. Then the cavalry charged—the mounted Municipal Guard. They advanced in open order, and trotted very slowly—they had drawn swords, I believe. When they had trotted past, the crowd became exceedingly audacious, and must have hissed and whistled itself dry in the throat. But what is this which seems so near and is not so far? Why, it is the Municipal Guard of Paris, Baron Haussmann commander. Again the enemy personally ordered itself to fall back on its supports. And now occurred a little incident which I have always said would happen if there were a fight of rioters against regulars in the now wide streets of Paris. Advancing in columns equalised so as to fit them into the Boulevard, steadily came on the Municipal Guard. It is a splendid corps; and, indeed, a finer sight than their advance I have not seen for many a long day. The night was brilliant, and the majestic mass of men produced a great effect in the moonlight. It did so also on the people, for they again retired. Advancing, however, without noticing anything, the columns passed by and literally swept all the "rioters" before them. In ten minutes the Boulevard was as empty as Gower-street. Then we come to another crisis in this eventful night—for so the night of the 10th of June really was to France. All

the Guard and all the police left the spot; circulation of carriages even was not stopped—a fact which subsequently placed several cabmen in very false positions. At first quietly, but then noisily, the mob returned, and in five minutes it was evident to every one who had seen a street fight before that mischief was meant. There was a pause, almost a dead silence—a consultation of leaders, and a resolution to act. Then began one of the most ruffianly and disgusting scenes of wanton destruction which can be conceived. M. Rochefort's lantern-bearers opened the ball by smashing the lamps and turning off the gas; all available windows were then broken. "The kiosks! the kiosks!" "Vive la 'Lanterne,' et à bas les kiosks!" and at it they went. In five minutes five kiosks and other buildings had fallen. I saw one cook—there were dozens of cooks and *garçons* in the mob—go in by himself with a large kitchen poker, and utterly destroy a kiosk in five minutes. "Vive la 'Lanterne!'" "Let us have a barricade!" At it they went again. "Vive 'Le Rappel!'" "Let us seize that omnibus!" but they could not stop it. "That cab!" but the driver turned and fled quicker than cab has been driven within the memory of Frenchman. A house under repair was ransacked, and then the first barricade erected in Paris for years sprang up as if by magic in the Boulevard, just in a line with the Variétés. It was the very first one I had ever seen, and I confess that it did not strike me as a serious obstacle—any ordinary trooper would have taken it in his stride; but it was the beginning of an end which never can be allowed here. The destruction of poor people's property—of lamps belonging to the parish—of the living of that class which these destructives say they are benefiting, the

kiosks, the fall of each of which ruined some poor old woman or crippled man—all, of course, for Liberty—then went on with a vicious rapidity which would disgrace the worst class of society in the worst city of Europe. I cannot express the effect produced by seeing this ruffianly work done under one's own eyes. I believe I am not of a very sanguinary disposition, nor do I delight generally in the destruction of my fellow-creatures; but I confess that when I watched that wanton riot I did wish for one good volley and one good charge of cavalry—the very worst things, it is true, which could have happened. When the mischief was at its height, half-a-dozen of the mounted Guard crossed the Boulevard, and were hooted by these triumphant “patriots;” then an officer, with his orderly, rode up, inspected the barricade, and retired amidst a perfect tumult of hisses. “Now my young friends,” I said to myself, “I think it just possible you will catch it.” They thought he had run away; I fancied he might have come to inspect. Fast and furious again, for five minutes, was the madness of destruction. But hark! what is that clatter? The cavalry trotting coolly on the scene; and before the officer could give the words, “threes about,” and ere they were ranged in line, there struck on the car that tattoo, so unpleasant to a French mob. Advancing very steadily, the Guard debouched from the Rue Montmartre, and opened out into line, which brought it in front of the barricade. It was a grand sight when the order “make ready” was given, and they stood with their rifles ready to answer an attacking fire. For a minute I thought things looked like serious work. So did other people. “Close the shutters!” “Get between the windows!” “Take me somewhere!” Such

were the cries of the domestics of the house in which we were: but they remembered 1848, and, indeed, I have since been very pleasantly told, "Oh! you know, they *generally* fire at Vachette's windows." The police saved us some trouble by ordering the door to be locked, nobody to leave on peril of arrest, the gas to be turned off, and the shutters closed. Luckily, our shutter was broken, and we saw as well as ever. There was a lady with our party, and she provided herself with a capital loophole. "Just there," said a Frenchman, "a lady was shot looking through a shutter in 1848." "Ah, then," replied the lady, "the chances are that they do not hit me." Again we heard the regular tramp of troops, a music there is no mistaking, and lo! the barricadists are attacked also in rear. Sweeping up in column of companies again came the Guard. Then what a stampede! And here the Municipal Guard falls out of this history, and the police enters on the scene. I do not know to whom the Parisians actually owe the strategy which saved their property, but the tactics were the best I ever witnessed. Here was a riot, serious certainly, but not an affair for soldiers. Let the civic force settle civic troubles; they did so, without firing a shot, and, having stopped absolute destruction, handed the offenders over to the police. And now let me say—as I can say with authority, having been within a few yards of them in the moments when they were most tried—that it would be impossible for any troops or any police to have acted more firmly, more mildly, or with better temper. Again the scene changes, and the performance would be almost laughable if it were not so grave for many. The Guard and the police had closed every

street leading out of the disturbed district, and shut up the whole of the rioters in the space between the Café Riche and the Restaurant Vachette. They were caught as fast as a polecat in a trap. Then came a simple manoeuvre. The police advanced up every street, driving the people before them, and at the end of the street there was a semicircle of police surrounded by an outer cordon of troops. Literally, they took them all. Once I thought there would have been a struggle opposite the office of the 'Rappel,' but the clatter of a few cavalry put an end even to that; and then it was all take and no give. For more than two hours the police continued to make captures. The soldiers held the position, and a body of police was sent out as skirmishers; and I really do not believe that they missed a man, except my iconoclastic cook—who, perhaps having other fish to fry, got off at the first beat of drum. I estimate the prisoners at from two to three thousand, and I certainly do not exaggerate. The order was, "Arrest all!" and the order was fulfilled. When all the prisoners were taken away we were allowed to depart. The Boulevard was indeed a strange sight; besides ourselves there was not a soul to be seen, save one poor waiter from a *café*, who was immediately arrested by an outlying policeman. But in the Boulevard which we had deemed some ten hours before so calm and tranquil, we walked through a mass of domestic ruin. As far as the Rue Royale this destruction of private property had extended; and it was impossible not to reflect on the fact that it was brought about under pretence of asserting a right to Liberty, whereas it was the work of a crew of ruffians who, having nothing to lose, marched forward with two petty papers as their banners,

to do as much mischief as lay in their power to the trading and working classes of Paris. They have been eminently successful. They must have ruined many shopkeepers in all parts of Paris. The loss to Vachette alone on Thursday night was estimated at £40, and every shopkeeper on the Boulevard has suffered. Foreigners and natives alike are leaving Paris, and its fancy trade will, in a day or two, be a "fancy" trade indeed.

Monday, June 14.

After the quiet of the last two or three evenings, we may fairly conclude that the election riots of 1869 are over. Yesterday evening Nature came in aid of the authorities, for about seven P.M. a rattling storm cleared the Boulevard of all the loungers, sending them to their proper place on Sunday evenings—the theatre. No mob, it seems, can stand against water; is it because the persons composing it belong to the great unwashed? It is on record that a French General dispersed a riotous assembly by playing on it with fire-engines; and yesterday an officer, who distinguished himself in the cause of order in 1848, related how the National Guard contrived to surround a mob and hem them in on the Boulevard on a wet day. Nobody was touched, only they were told, "you cannot pass," and the rioters were kept there for eighteen hours in a pouring rain. Troops have continued to parade the streets every half hour, and on Saturday there were a few small crowds which the mere sound of the advancing force was sufficient to disperse. But what really did finish the affair was the behaviour of the tradesmen and superior workmen, who are fearfully exasperated, having been touched in the pocket,

and that rather severely. They arrested suspicious characters, and handed them over to the police; and under that final blow the whole affair collapsed. We are told, however, that it is only adjourned till the day when the Chamber is to open; but repetitions of such affairs rarely succeed, and forewarned is forearmed. Now to come to the prisoners. I have heard the number stated at 900 and 1800; but I have my eyes as witnesses that more than the larger of these two numbers were taken on one spot on Thursday night. The prisons are crowded. No doubt many hundreds will be discharged at once, and we shall never know how many were really captured. Among them are a great many English and some Americans; some of the former, and two of the latter, have already been liberated, and the rest of the English, and I suppose of the Americans, will be free to-day. Englishmen at home must not be very angry at these arrests. If people will go into riotous crowds—and I confess that my sympathy is with them—after the Riot Act has been read, they must take the consequences; and very unpleasant those consequences may prove to be. Indeed, complaints have already reached me that the prison diet of Paris is not at all of the same class as the breakfasts at Bignon's, or the dinners at the Café Anglais. I do think that the authorities might in a very few hours, have discovered the truth as to their English and American prisoners, and not have punished them before trial; since it is paying dear for a pardonable curiosity to pass three days and nights in a Paris prison. The damage done on the Boulevards is estimated at £2,400; but to that amount must be added the loss to trade all along the line from the Rue Royale to the Faubourg

Montmartre. The theatres have suffered very much, as this return of the takings for Thursday night will prove: Vaudeville, £48; Gymnase, £21; Porte St. Martin, £86; Palais Royal, £56; Gaîté, £25; Ambigu, £20; Folies Dramatiques (averaging £120), £60; Déjazet, £9; Beaumarchais, £4. 15s. The Concerts des Champs Elysées were closed. The *cafés*, especially the supping-houses, have had even a worse week; but the Café Néapolitain has been the greatest sufferer, for they have locked up the head waiter, who is as well known now as David of the red nose and the Maison Dorée used to be; indeed, there are so many cooks and *garçons* now in prison that the service is but indifferently performed in any of the Boulevard restaurants.

Wednesday, June 23.

The Empress presided over a Cabinet Council yesterday. Formerly it was the fashion to laugh at her Majesty, who was said to be "frivolous," addicted to dress, and to have no idea beyond a robe or a bonnet. People who so judged were very wrong. Nobody works much harder than the Empress, nobody has read much more, and nobody perhaps is now so interested in the politics of France as she is. I chance to know that at her last private ball she absolutely took away the breath of a British politician by talking to him of Irish affairs, with which she seemed quite as conversant as was "the honourable M.P." Depend on it, the mother of the future Emperor of the French has not lost her time, but has deeply studied the conditions of France and other countries, and the bearings of the peoples. The Prince, too, is entering into life, and is this very day making acquaintance with the army of France under the Emperor's tutelage at the Camp of Châlons.

Sunday, June 27.

Now that Baron Goltz has shuffled off this mortal coil, it would be curious to know how much he had to do with the German fighting which was nearly French fighting. He was so popular here that it is difficult to believe him ever to have been really opposed to France. Certainly he was not French, but he was born in the Embassy where he was so near dying, and was as Parisian as any one could be who was not actually so. He used to talk over the affairs of the two countries with the greatest calmness, and, while believing that Prussia was sure to triumph, he yet respected France, and dreaded a possible collision. My own impression is that Baron Goltz did his very best to keep the peace between France and Prussia. Every one who knew him will speak of his tact, his temper, and his pleasant way—impossible to be more pleasant; and how he suffered! Two years ago I was at Biarritz with him, and he was beginning to acknowledge that he was dying. Nobody could be more cheery even then; and, indeed, seldom is a diplomatist so unreserved as was Baron Goltz at the Hôtel de l'Europe at Biarritz. And for two years he has been dying—dying, too, in the greatest agony. “Who will succeed him?” is the question here. The choice of a Prussian Ambassador to Paris has an enormous importance now.

Monday, June 28.

The event of yesterday was the proffered resignation of M. Schneider, President of the Corps Législatif, and the refusal of the Emperor to accept it. M. Schneider's grievance was the nomination of Baron Jérôme David to be Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour, an incident which

he considered "a degradation of the moral authority so necessary to the President of a great assembly." Soothed by the letter of the Emperor, M. Schneider has withdrawn his resignation, and will preside officially and socially in his Parliamentary halls. I confess it does not strike a looker-on that he was much injured, even in his dignity, by the increased rank of his colleague; but in this country politicians are very thin-skinned. It must be admitted that the letter of the Emperor is very outspoken, and that the "union of strong powers with really liberal measures" is about as clear a programme as has been announced by any Government for some years. People, no doubt, will say that the letter and the answer were "made to order;" but then they say also that the recent riots were paid for by the Paris police.

Monday, June 28.

M. Henri Rochefort has been indicted for publishing the 'Lanterne,' and so "affording MM. Myrle and Cornebois the means of committing the offence" of giving it circulation. M. Rochefort has been fined £400, with three years' imprisonment, which, as he has already been sentenced to a year and a half, will pretty nearly put him out of the present Chamber, even if he were not already excluded by the deprivation of his electoral rights. I question if it would not have been wiser to let him die out like his own 'Lanterne'—he would certainly have done so. M. Gambetta is, I am assured, about to be very troublesome in the Chamber; as for M. Thiers, he is going in for utter Opposition, and says, "Now we really will begin." He gives great dinners every day, and holds Opposition *levées* every night.

Sunday, July 11.

At St. Cloud on Thursday the Emperor, who was in the highest possible spirits—I have not seen him look so well or so little pre-occupied for years—challenged conversation. I am bound to say that the challenge was accepted, and the lists of the political tournament were crowded with quite as much zeal as politeness. His Majesty said to one Deputy, “Why, you know that if there were another plebiscite I should get six millions of votes,” and then his Majesty went on to say that he agreed with the Liberal views of the nation, but that France should have had before now sufficient experience of hurried legislation. In a word, as I myself and better judges read the Emperor’s conversation, it was indeed the announcement of the beginning of that end which France desires. It is only fair to say that the Emperor was so mobbed by twenty or thirty people at a time, that he was “hemmed in on every side,” and it was difficult for those who did not wish indecently to intrude to hear word by word what fell from the Imperial lips. I have, however, sent you the sense, and it is no breach of hospitality to do so, as his Majesty spoke evidently *avec intention*.

Sunday, July 13.

The Paris Exhibition Year was by general consent allowed to be a season of extraordinary festivity. Sultans, Viceroys, Emperors, Kings, and Princes, heirs apparent to great crowns, followed one another in rapid succession to Paris, going thence for brief interludes to London. Great *fêtes* were the order of the day and night; and from the Tuileries to Stafford House, from the Hôtel de Ville to the New Foreign Office, the Eastern visitors to Europe were

received in a glorious and gorgeous fashion. But, in spite of the terrible contrast of that lately bygone year, 1867, Paris, even with those recollections fresh upon it, declares that the *fête* given on Thursday night at St. Cloud to the Viceroy of Egypt, on his returning stay with us, was equal in beauty, in peculiar character, and in strange attributes, to the great *fête* given to Czar, Kaiser, King and Prince in the illuminated Gardens of the Tuileries. Whatever shortcomings there may have been before, this time the Viceroy has been fêted to the top of his bent. In England he seems to have had a Royal return for Princely hospitality; and here, as usual, a foreign magnate has been received in a fashion worthy of France. The *fête* had "great chance," as they would say here. In the first place, it was held on one of the few nights of a European summer when influenza was not lurking in the entrance and catarrh coughing in the cloak room. It was really fine—by which I mean not only that it did not rain, but that it was actually warm in the open air. The *fête* may indeed be said to have commenced at 8.30 P.M. Passing out of the Rue Royale at that hour, the mere drive down to St. Cloud was a pleasure, the dying day colouring the long line of trees, of flowers, of buildings, from the Tuileries to the Arc de Triomphe, with those glorious hues which are almost peculiar to a Paris sunset. The groups ranged on chairs on either side of the road, the gradually descending twilight, and then, suddenly starting into life and light, the myriad of carriages—which in Paris appear like fireflies, and illuminate the whole line from the Place de la Concorde to the "bock" consuming Restaurant de la Cascade, as soon as the police pronounce that it is dark—make up a picture on our rare fine nights not to be

equalled in any capital in Europe. A friend with a *coupé*, a neat stepper, a good cigar, and the latest scandal of the clubs, a level and well-watered road, the limes still fragrant, the noise of the great city fading away in the distance—a calm smoke, succeeding to a mild dinner: these things show life under a not unpleasant aspect, and prepare the guest for the necessarily rather ceremonious duties of an Imperial reception. Rolling on the level road ten miles an hour, we scattered scandal, took away several characters, married a priest, divorced a Duchess; and lo! before us, glittering with light, is the Palace of St. Cloud, to which we are hidden—St. Cloud, where the grandson of Clovis ran and made himself that dullest of dogs, a hermit; St. Cloud, which was then called Novigentum, and which the English destroyed by fire in 1358. Henrietta, that poor unhappy wife of Charles I. of England, died there. Bonaparte assumed the government of France, and Charles X. put his name to some pretty papers, all in that blazing building to which we are invited. Through a series of rooms, certainly small for a Royal Palace, we proceed to pay our homage. The first thing which strikes you is the tapestry. It is simply magnificent—unequalled. Rubens, who always looks as if he had studied only tapestry heroines, is repeated in the woof so splendidly that you doubt if those over-massive beauties are not better in the frames than they were in life. The colouring is wonderful, and there are some mauves, which I believe modern people imagine they have invented and christened after that colchium which is said to be good for gout—yet Peter Paul, in his big hat, knew of them in 1620. Such a billiard-room! Pool must come easy in such a *salon*, and balls holed and pocketed

francs must be the necessary consequences of so much air, so much room, and, I may add, so much chalk—for they have pounds. . . . It is a pretty sight—a long series of small but beautifully-decorated rooms, extending in one long suite leading to a great door and staircase, and thence to the garden, which is bathed in one of those floods of moonlight rare here as in England. All that is pretty—all that is not so, but is of the great world-worldly—all the best dressed and best looking women in Paris are ranged in those rooms, to the enormous delight of some half-score Turks, who, forgetful of the seraglio and domestic ties, looked on calm, contented, perhaps envious. In a *salon*, the decorations of which would not have disgraced Louis XIV., and amidst a society in which would possibly have been found hearts as reckless and morals as relaxed, we enter the advance guard of the evening's watch. No prettier scene was ever painted. We pass on. In another *salon* is the Emperor, in the very highest of spirits, "intriguing" Prince Napoleon, and utterly declining to put on a greatcoat. "Not old enough yet," says the Emperor of the French, who was wont to shoot in wet coverts and to ride on very damp days to hounds. There is an interesting group. The Empress, the Prince and Princess Napoleon, the Emperor and the Viceroy, the Empress and the Princess Clothilde, Lord Lyons and the Princess Bonaparte, go out on the lawn, and the great performance begins. I confess that I hate fireworks, especially the smoke, which clung around St. Cloud on Thursday in an unkind embrace and veiled our glories in obscurity. Yet the scene was lovely. Ranged in front of the Palace stood the august group which I have just now described, and, in close column behind, certainly all that was best looking and

best dressed in Paris. *O'est un détail*, but then it is a very pleasant detail. The effect was fine; the general body of the display was very like any other display of fireworks—noise, smoke, and a bore. But here they tried the system of the First Emperor, and advanced in masses—to conquer you must do so. Figure to yourself a garden in which was blossoming every flower that can bloom in the blighting atmosphere of Paris. Picture it to yourself dark as Nox or Erebus. We are grouped together; we get confidential. In the dark all confidences are alike. Well, we interchange our secrets. All is dark, and nothing is heard but the “whish” of some wandering wheel. And then comes a sudden gush of light. Fifty thousand rockets must have gone up at once; and then that which was black was exactly the contrary to black—which means daylight. A more glittering scene I have never witnessed than when the Empress advanced to do honour to her guests when the fireworks were over. A certain Watteau painted lovely pictures; the scene was one of them set in motion. Yet Watteau was not there—though Gustave Doré was, by-the-bye. Figure to yourself a garden of the old style, still charming, and abounding in fine shrubs and flowers, round which run quiet rivulets of water, so clear and cold that there are people who might even like to drink of them. Above was a large and calm-looking moon. On a terrace known to history are ranged all that is most distinguished in politics, diplomacy, art, and arms—with all that a wearied season yet offers of beauty. The women are looking their best, regard being had to the date of the almanack; and the men—well, the men look as if ten hours on a grouse mountain would do them a deal of good. It is still dark as the shortest day

Suddenly a bright radiance comes, not from above, but from aslant. No finer effect was ever produced by electric light than that seen on Thursday evening. There are long avenues in the gardens of St. Cloud. I do not admire French women; yet they can look well, time, money, circumstance, and distance being given. They looked well then, and as the electric light radiated down the avenues of those grand old-fashioned gardens, I loved the paradise, and almost forgot the ugliness of the Eves; as for the Adams, may Poole and Smallpage be merciful upon them. But his Majesty, who has been moving about all night, has been surrounded and assailed. His Majesty seems quite equal to answer all comers, and does so in the garden, to the manifest amusement of the old stagers of the Court. Nor is that all: the Empress, in a dress which I am sure was made to bear electric light and moonshine, is holding a real "drawing-room" in the garden, as the 'Egyptian Hymn' and the 'Crimean Retreat' are dying out with the march away of the soldiers who have kept the ground in the Park. In the *salons* again the Emperor is surrounded; never have I seen his Majesty so expansive; he was attacked, almost assaulted, but he "riposted," and had the best of it. A Deputy—M. Jubinal—escapes a fit by a profuse perspiration of enthusiasm. It is a great political episode in a pleasant evening tale. Pleasanter it is to see the Princess Clothilde and her surroundings talking over the affairs of to-day, and holding about her the prettiest women in Paris. Prince Napoleon is sitting on that table, and talking to the Minister of the Interior. "At any rate," says a voice, "I shall have an overwhelming majority;" and so, amidst well-bred merriment, the Emperor dissolves a Parliament which was at

least too intimate. Dancing! Well, it is always very pleasant; but when you have heard the opinions of about thirty-six Deputies on a question which concerns others rather than yourself, you do turn with more than ordinary pleasure to the music of 'Belle Hélène' or the 'Œil Crevé.' In a *salon* made for dancing, and where erst the beauties of the Regency were wont to disport themselves, we were again invited to the dance. They did it—young people did it, and seemed to like it—nay, one led a *cotillon* . . . The supper at St. Cloud was a model; in fact, just the required banquet. A supper should be as mere memory in the morning, all light, fruit, and innocent refreshment.

Monday, July 26.

In no capital does there exist a more curious community than that very scrutinizing body the *chiffonniers* of Paris. To watch them gutter-hunting is an amusing sight; and the artistic way in which bits of paper are picked up out of the street by help of a long stick with a crook, and cast over the left shoulder into that basket, must often have awakened the reader's admiration. If ever there was a race apart, it is that of these gutter-snipes. Whether, in so gorgeous and so advanced a city as Paris, it is necessary or wise to have at ten o'clock at night so much household stuff, meat, feathers, melons, fruit, and flowers as we nightly discover by several of our senses to be in a state bordering on putrefaction, is perhaps to be questioned; but, as the disease exists, the remedy is required; and really it seems effective. This, perhaps unpleasant, but to us most personal question was brought to my mind by the death of the "King of the Gutter-Searchers,"

an elected monarch who ruled firmly and justly, and who was besides a sort of literary dustman. The late "Roi des Chiffonniers" was best known as "Le Père Épingle;" and his popularity may be estimated from the fact that 1200 of his constituents followed him to the grave. Nor was that all. These pickers up of unconsidered trifles, who probably had often given him good strong language during his life, made a series of orations over his grave—after the example of Academicians, Senators, and Deputies. Nobody knows who the king was or whence he came. Under his pillow was found a packet of papers with this inscription: "To be burnt after my death." Round his neck he wore a miniature of Rachel, the actress; and often, when one of the inhabitants of the Ile des Singes was in distress, the monarch would disappear for some hours, and always return with money. He was veritably king of his quarter, and his people adored him. He signed their agreements, regulated their differences, and judged their offences. Every thief was immediately expelled, and for ever; an event, however, which occurred but rarely. He was something of a doctor, and himself mixed the medicines which he distributed gratuitously. He was a lover of books, which he lent freely; and at evening he taught children to read. It seems to me a curious and instructive study, that of the deacon of the lowest craft in Paris, rising better from the gutter than many respectable people, administering justice, stopping crime, advancing education, and teaching young children who probably had no other chance.

Sunday, August 1.

Among the small changes which have arisen of late

years—of very late years—in Paris is the fashion of English dress. Poole and Smallpage dress the Bois as they provide Piccadilly and clothe Hyde Park. But now Paris has gone into further details. Five years ago a man with a flower in his coat would have been considered admirably fitted for one of those waistcoats which are cut very straight, and in which there is not the smallest incision left for a moss rose, or even a modest violet. Now men neglect their decorations, despise their ribbons, and cling only to nature. A first-class moss rose on the *Jour de l'An*, or the earliest order for lilies of the valley on the 1st of March, are decorations above price, “neither with gold nor gems to be bought.” We get them for *sous*, but that is a detail; anyhow, the fashion of flowers obtains. Ladies do not take to them much, save in some petty May-day decorations on their shoulders—where they look like good-service medals, or the decorations which, according to Theodore Hook, the party about the New Road bestowed upon made dishes. No lady ever takes a bouquet to a ball. Nor does she ever have it carried for her to the theatre, unless she means to hurl it at the devoted head of a prima donna. Still, the sale of flowers is excessive; every drawing-room is filled with them; every dinner-table is over-shadowed in a fashion which is, I think, of all things the most lovely, but which would have driven Mr. Walker, the clever author of the ‘Original,’ into a fit. “You don’t want to eat flowers,” he used to say. I reply, “No.” But to look at them, smell them, instead of truffles and garlic, adds to your pleasure, and does not spoil your dinner.

Wednesday, August 11.

Wonderful indicators of the season of the year are

the windows of the shops in Paris, with their winter ball-dresses, spring bonnets and bouquets, and summer bathing-dresses. Now the shops have broken out into shooting tackle; in every second window are some of the thousand and one articles which a French sportsman deems necessary to don before he goes out to the slaughter of the wily partridge, the crafty hare, or the bold "bunny." Buckling on his armour is no metaphor when applied to the French sportsman, I can tell you—hats of every size, shape, and form, impossible gaiters, flasks in wicker baskets depending from green strings, game-bags into which you could hardly get a *canard de la Bourse*, shot-belts reminding one of our first gun, coats so hideous that it is no wonder the birds are "terribly wild;" and every second man in the street is on his way to buy one or more of these articles, his faithful dog keeping him company. Of the dog we will say nothing; if he points or sets at anything, it must be out of pure good nature, for I am sure the trick does not run in the family. Shooting begins on the 17th of August.

Sunday, August 15.

Marshal Niel, whose illness was of a nature to preclude hope of recovery, died on Friday night. The event has, naturally enough, damped the spirit with which the Centenary Fête Napoléon would have been entered upon; while—added to his indisposition, which has not yet been shaken off—it will almost certainly detain the Emperor in town, and so far detract from the brilliancy of the Châlons celebrations. The almost sudden decease of the Minister for War will probably cause to fall somewhat flat the amnesty for political and press offences, the decree for

which was signed yesterday, and will be published to-day. The amnesty was expected—the loss of the Marshal is a comparative shock, even to people here. His death was occasioned by the breaking of an instrument during an operation for the stone, the broken pieces of which could not be extracted. Since Sadowa, his whole energies have been devoted to the reorganisation of the French army; and how well he has succeeded, those who have recently visited Châlons must confess. “A very great loss,” “a very great loss indeed”—such is the chorus we hear everywhere. Exactly ten years ago—August the 14th, 1859—Niel rode into Paris in a position of which any one might be proud: he commanded the 4th division of the Army of Italy, which on that day made its triumphant entrance into the capital.

Tuesday, August 17.

Marshal Niel's funeral has been the event of the day; and I am bound to say that I have never been present at a more striking ceremony. The procession was formed at the War Office, and marched to the Invalides. It was a great demonstration; but, on those who took part in it, the only impression it left was that of slow passage, melancholy music, and long lines of plain faces—for a crowd in Paris is plain, not to say ugly. At the Invalides, however, it was a splendid sight. You entered through that beautiful garden which is so drilled and kept in such military order, that I have no doubt the flowers to come out on a particular day are put in “General Orders.” It was lined with the old soldiers of the First Empire. Then you passed through another line of Invalides by the inner court to the Chapel,

where Marshal Vaillant was doing the duty of reception. There is something very fine in seeing these soldiers of the First Empire—lame and halting, “with wooden leg, lost eye, and armless sleeve”—doing duty to-day. The Chapel of the Invalides is naturally a very plain building, but when arrayed in its funeral attire it is almost grand. First, there was that dim religious light which, when accompanied by solemn music, is apt to catch the breath of even the most hardened men of the world; then cast up your eyes, and above you discover the flags, those glorious trophies of the victories of the Republic, the Consulate, and the Two Empires. As they waved over the death of hundreds of heroes, so they now droop over the coffin of not only a good soldier, but a great and good man. If spoken epitaphs can testify for good, no man in my recollection has gone to his rest with so many flattering memorials as Marshal Niel. It chanced that I passed the whole morning with those who knew him well; and truly all men said good things of him. But look up again. Solferino and Magenta naturally stand out in bold relief; for the Marshal was one of the leading actors in those bloody dramas. Again look, and you will see the scarce remnants of earlier victories, East and North—Austria, Prussia, Russia. But halt! is there not an English flag among the captured? Forbid it, Mars! That gallant authority, however, is now disestablished, and of no use; which may account for the fact that the said captured flag actually does exist. Did the Scotch Greys lose it? I believe that is a disputed point. Hung with black, and the continuity of dulness being broken only by galleries, in which were ladies robed in mourning, the Chapel had a sombre aspect admirably adapted to the sad business on which

we were occupied. The bier was carried by soldiers, and on it were wreaths of *immortelles* and also of more perishable flowers. Then came the cushion covered with the decorations so truly due to half a century's service. When the coffin is placed in the nave, and the music has died out to a whisper, we look round and see all that is remarkable in the official world of France. In the front rank are Marshals Canrobert—on duty as Commander of the Army of Paris—Cambacérès, and the other *bâtons* of France. To their right are the rank and file of diplomacy—the Nuncio, the English, Austrian, Prussian, Russian, Turkish, and Portuguese Ambassadors and Ministers, all in full uniform, and those who have it wearing the great red ribbon of the Légion d'Honneur. Then came the Senate, the Corps Législatif, the Privy Council, the advocates, the bachelors of law—who are dressed like the chorus in 'Lucrezia Borgia.' Four carriages full of Imperial Chamberlains are present, including the Duc de Bassano. There is General Fleury, M. Rouher, Prince de la Tour d'Auvergne, his Excellency Lord Lyons, with Captain Hore, R.N., and Mr. Saumarez, Count de Solms, Prince Metternich, Djemil Pacha, Mr. Burlingame, the Chinese Ambassador, and M. Auber—I did not see him, but, of course, boy-like, he was sure to be there. A great spectacle, and perfectly glorious singing; and it lasted a good hour. Then the coffin was restored to the hearse, and taken back to the gate of the Invalides. It was placed in the centre of the gateway, Marshal Canrobert sitting on horseback opposite, and the march past of the Army of Paris commenced. If Prussia and some other countries could see and ponder one of these *défilés* of the French army, I think it would have a good

effect, looking from a peace point of view. Finer troops never saluted than those which we saw to-day. The march-past was in front of the Invalides; thus all retreat was cut off, and Excellency after Excellency had to leave his carriage and walk home in his fine clothes. Then all was over, and we got home when we could.

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Wednesday, October 6.

The Empress has made a pilgrimage to Magenta, which will be equally pleasing to the French and to the Italians. Her Majesty visited the field, the station, and adjoining houses, which were so wonderfully riddled by French and Austrian bullets, that she must have been convinced how thoroughly both sides were in earnest. By chance I marched to Magenta with the Austrians, and saw the French come back to Milan, and pass through a line of Milanese ladies, who were clapping their hands and applauding the defeat of the Tedesco as if they were in their family boxes at the Scala. Those were strange times; and the Empress, who well knows the result of them, will now see in Italy the actual effects.

Tuesday, October 12.

I witnessed last week a small but curious illustration of the levelling feeling of Paris. I suppose that their pastors and masters have never taught those who manifest it, that in England people rise in social rank. A gentleman was quietly driving down the Rue Royale, when a ruffian in a blouse, and on a *roulage*, fairly charged his fragile phaeton

on the wrong side—bellowing out like Stentor, and cracking his whip over the horses' heads like an Italian post-boy well paid. Not wishing to get into a row with the Paris police, still my friend thought he would arrest that especial ruffian; he did so, and sent for Cocked-hat No. 43. Then a little crowd got round, preached liberty to one another, asked why the man—the aggressor, and, I assure you, a very bad one—should be oppressed because he was in a blouse, and declared that in their opinion the aristocrats and decorated people should be crushed. Then there stepped forth from the crowd a remarkably well-dressed gentlemanly man, who proceeded to address the small assembly in terms as socialistic—nay, destructive—as the imagination of man can conceive. This is a small specimen of the bad feeling which now largely pervades the working classes of Paris. Nor does this great city seem to advance much in the matter of public meetings. Belleville, of course, is a very radical quarter, and perhaps is not to be taken as a fair sample; still they held a public meeting there to discuss the question of the “Duties of Sheriffs' Officers”—hardly a political point, one would think—and contrived to get up a discussion which called for the interference of the police. Then there was a very fair little free fight, and people who went to study politics remained to lament over knocks on the head. It is very difficult to get at the exact details of such a disturbance, which, in truth, can no more be described than a ball or a battle; but there seems to be no doubt that benches were torn up, heads broken, and policemen more or less injured—nay, that worse befel those who took part in the meeting, but then we get no return from them. It is, of course, difficult to judge the truth and the real bear-

ing of these meetings ; and, before attempting to do so, an Englishman should look back more than half a century. Still I do not believe that, even in the times of the Crown and Anchor demonstrations, there existed such a feeling as seems to be natural to any body of Parisians now assembling together.

Sunday, October 17.

The chief news of the clubs is that Prince Metternich has fought a duel at Kehl, and been wounded, making the second victim at present to a stupid quarrel. The Prince's opponent was M. de Beaumont ; and the cause of the encounter is said to have been jealousy. The weapons were cavalry sabres ; and Prince Metternich's wound was a very ugly gash that divided an artery of the right arm. He has lost a great deal of blood, but is going on very well. Two if not three more duels are to follow from the same cause that led to this and the one which preceded it.

Tuesday, October 26.

The Ides have come and gone, and we are still alive and safe. All's well that ends well ; but though in the present case the end has been favourable, it is but just to remember that it might have been quite the reverse if the Reds had had their wicked way. When danger is over, we may laugh at it, but that is no proof that it has not existed. But I have a story to tell, and must begin at the beginning. Last night I was awakened from the sleep of the just by my servant, who came to tell me that "decidedly there would be something in the morning ;" so ordering myself to be called in good time for the fray, I went to sleep again. I knew that Government, if it did not fear, yet expected, a

movement of some sort, and that the withdrawal of Raspail^{*} was considered only a blind; and so I confess I was fully prepared to see a renewal of the riots of June. I do not mean to say that I anticipated anything more. There was of necessity to be a mob; and there is no knowing what may come of a crowd of Parisians on a Boulevard. Let '30, '48, and the day of December the Third tell their own tales. So we arranged to take the field early, and were called accordingly. It was a gloomy morning, and towards eleven it poured. Now, it is a known fact, that there is no such dissolvent for a mob as a heavy shower; so all the world declared that the revolution was drowned. Going out first to the Rue du Faubourg St. Honoré, then to the Hôtel Chatham, then to the Bristol, rain pouring all the time, we said, "Lost time; we had better go home." Suddenly there was a gleam of sunshine, and some one exclaimed, "By Jove, we have a chance yet!" So, having provided myself with a most clever and agreeable companion, in the shape of a Q.C. who is not only learned in the law, but extremely amusing out of it, we proceeded to the scenes of the "nights of June"—the quarter of Paris where the office of the 'Rappel' is situate, and where, so the 'Rappel' asserts, exists the greatest discontent, occasioned by the greatest social and political want. Between the Grand Hôtel and the Faubourg Poissonnière we met several English on their return journey, and they all reported having

* A "Red" Deputy, who declared that he would go to the Corps Législatif on the 26th of October—the recess having been further prolonged from that date to the end of November—and demand that the Chamber should be opened to him; but who thought better of it as the critical hour approached.

gone to the extreme of the so-called disturbed districts and seen nothing. During the whole route we noticed three *sergents de ville*; and certainly, either from the proclamation of the Chef de Police, or for some other reason, there were fewer people in the streets than usual. So soon as the sun came out—as it did with twenty-Boulevard power, turning October into July—the benches were crowded with babies, the fronts of the *cafés* with domino-players and eager politicians reading yesterday's paper. Soldiers? Not one; except, indeed, a solitary small orderly on an Arab pony, who was carrying to barracks the orders for to-morrow. But note this; not only were all the troops confined to barracks, with the most definite orders, but so was the National Guard; and, said one of that corps, "had we not been ordered out, we intended to defend our property resolutely against the dreadful ruffians who, because they have nothing to lose, propose to stop our business, damage our credit, and break our shop windows." Still the daily crowd flowed on: the money-changers exhibited their tempting baits through but slender wire defences; the gun-maker paraded his weapons for inspection, and the most Red Radical journals were offered for sale at three-halfpence the inflammatory number. "This is a fiasco, and will never do," said my learned friend; "we must change the venue." So we proceeded to the scene of action—the *quai* in front of the Chamber of Deputies. It now wanted five minutes to two. In front of the Corps Législatif we find exactly the four policemen who always keep the thoroughfare clear—as clear as they can, and that is not much. We speak to a saturnine man—evidently a rank Tory—who keeps a book-stall on the *quai*, and observe, "You are dull here to-day;

have no police even." "Well, it would look odd to have more police than people." And again on we go. The seats are all taken certainly, chiefly by *bonnes, femmes de ménage* with the family rations in a large basket, and snuffy cobblers in spectacles; there are a few workmen going to dinner, two scholars of St. Cyr, three students, who look as if a warm bath and scissors would be "healthy and wise," and perhaps fifty loafers. The Place de la Concorde still remained. Evidently there were people there—perhaps two hundred; but then there always are; at any rate, there were no soldiers and no police. "The game is played out, my learned friend," I said, "and nought remains but to lunch; and yet there are about us the elements of a neat little row, and, by Jupiter Pluvius, here it comes!" At that moment there was a rush to the great centre gate of the Tuileries Gardens, and there were shouts. We advanced to get a good place—and what went we forward to see? Around us a crowd, chiefly of workmen going to and from dinner, two chiefs of the private police, probably not known to ten other persons than my friend and myself, and the usual sentry on guard. An eager rush, a shout again. Why, it is a cheer! Raspail has come, after all, or Rochefort, or Victor Hugo, or some Lanternist or Rappellist. No; the cry is not "Vive Rochefort!" not "'Le Rappel,' ah! 'Le Rappel,' ah!"—no echo of that June night. What is it? Loud and clear above the tramping of the mob and the eager rush from other parts rings this curious cry—curious, at least, on the 26th of October, on the ground claimed for his constitutional tournament by M. Raspail—the curious cry, I say, of "Vive l'Empereur!" Leaning on the arm of the Duc de Montebello, his Majesty walked

round the walls of the Tuileries Gardens within five yards of the people, and so elevated that all must see him. They stared at first, and then burst into one cry—a tribute to his indomitable pluck—of “Vive l’Empereur!” Not a soldier, not a sergeant, not a servant; and, when the fatal hour of two struck, his Majesty was standing at the extreme end of the wall, looking down on that Chamber which M. Raspail was to open at that hour in the teeth of law, custom, and right. So, after all, the only individual who was exact to the rendezvous of the “Red” was Louis Napoleon, Third of that name. It was too much for Frenchmen’s sense of the ridiculous. They shouted, and a little chorus of “*Où est Raspail?*” was soon rehearsed. They swarmed up the banks, and, being on the bridges as the Emperor passed, cheered him to the echo. *Risu solvuntur tabulæ*. To-night his Majesty is the most popular person in Paris.

Monday, November 1.

I was present last night at one of the numerous public meetings which just now are so popular in Paris. I am almost afraid that it was the hope of seeing a renewal of the riots of Belleville which induced my friend and myself to set off on this nocturnal expedition to the “dangerous” parts of Paris. I may remark, in passing, that seven Belleville rioters have just been sentenced—four of them to a fine of £20 each, two to four and one to three months’ imprisonment. In this case the police were violently assailed, and beaten about the head and face with chairs and benches; seditious cries were raised, and an attempt to create a riot was made by carrying about a boy who pretended to be killed, but who, when approached by the police doctor, got

up and ran away as fast as the dead Captain Culpepper in 'Nigel.' No Government—Imperialist, Legitimist, Orleanist, or Republican—could allow such disturbances, in such a district, to go unpunished; and therefore justice was somewhat severe on those who were caught. If we, while eating our dinner, discussed the chances of seeing such a "row," and settled that the odds were in our favour, we were wonderfully deceived. The meeting which we meant to attend last night was one held in the Impasse d'Isly, Rue Toussaint. I regret that I cannot say exactly where it is, for it was very dark, and the conveyance we chartered was rather of the tortoise than of the hare kind; but I know that on our way back, after roving about a good deal, we finally made the Strasbourg Station and the Boulevard Sevastopol. But we must get there before we can return. On our arrival we found a long "No-thoroughfare" passage, so far as we could distinguish in the dark, amply guarded by the cocked-hat minions of police law; but they took no notice of any one, nor did any one seem to heed them. At the end of the blind alley we perceived a light over a door, which we pushed open, and found ourselves in an indifferently-lighted building. We had no tickets, but nobody asked for them. We had taken the trouble to put on shooting coats and wide-awakes; but we might have saved ourselves the pains of undressing and redressing, for many of the meeting were as well got up as we should have been in our "go-to-meeting" clothes. As we entered at the door a man shook a box, reminded us that the room was hired, and suggested that we should remember the cost. There was a franc and a half in silver in the plate; the two coins looked rather like decoy ducks, and it seemed

that everybody gave a *sou*. And the room itself? It was a cross between a cellar and a barn, lighted somewhat scantily with gas; not cold—nor was it stuffy, as most public places in Paris usually are. Few of us but have attended the performance of a travelling company, or an itinerant conjurer, in some small country place. This was exactly the sort of building in which it took place; and the resemblance of the meeting to that class of performance was heightened by the arrangements—the pit, a series of benches, a raised stage on which were two tables, on them two candles, several tumblers, and a couple of bottles; at the entrance a man jingling halfpence in a box, while the flutter of bills of the performance “for this night only, Herr X— being engaged next week at Hong-Kong,” was supplied by the folding and unfolding of the ‘Rappel,’ the ‘Réforme,’ and the * ‘Réveil.’ A juvenile politician, who had not passed his third lustre, was eagerly devouring the ‘Réveil,’ and was a fair specimen of the raw material out of which *émeutes* are woven. There were a few working men in blouses, a queer-looking customer or two in cloaks and fur caps, who might be spies on any side, some women, and a perfect surfeit of children; but the majority was composed of very intelligent-looking, well-dressed men, belonging, I should say, to the class of skilled workmen. Everybody seemed in the best possible temper—looking rather bored, perhaps, just as any meeting of scientific swells might look when they had come to a lecture, say, in Albemarle Street, on the off chance of being amused, and doubted if the amusement would really come off, and smoking prohibited—which it was by the “man of the night.” As to who this man was we are yet rather doubtful, but he seemed to have it all his own way. The meeting was convened for eight

o'clock sharp ; so it is needless to say that it began at a quarter to nine. At 8.30 there was exactly sixty people present—sixty-five, with the staff. Then they gradually dribbled in, and at 8.45 there may have been a hundred and twenty men and women, and about fifty more minors, ranging from the age of ten to two. About this time a man, in the customary suit of solemn black and a very tall hat, rang a bell. All present took their places, and the scenic effects were arranged. To the proper left of the audience was the table at which sat the vice, or rather representative, president, with one or two secretaries or assistants. On the left, parallel with them, sat at another table the commissioner of police ; a pleasant party, also in black, but relieved by a scarf of red, white, and blue, armed with a pen, and having a reserve of inkstands. Tinkle, tinkle, goes the bell again ; and then the proceedings commence. The gentleman in the hat removes that impediment, and proposes that a chairman be elected. This is done by acclamation. M. Rochefort is to preside. He is now in the capital of Belgium, and is very likely to remain there ; still, I consider the selection admirable. What more logical than that a meeting to discuss impossible ideas should be presided over by an absent chairman ? In the absence of Rochefort, we have the man in the hat—seems a capital fellow, that man in the hat ; and once, when a speaker began trespassing on grounds under which smoulder hidden fires, and fell foul of the authorities, he said : “ Don’t do that. I tried it, and got four months.” About this time one baby climbs on my back, and his elder brother stands on my instep ; but that is a digression. Who is to open the proceedings ? A woman ! Loud cheers, intermingled with groans, and one

of the superior sex rises in his might and says: "No! we have too much of the women at home. If you don't take care, they will rule us all." And then, in delicate language, he gives us to understand that, if we let the softer sex have their way, they would be more likely to employ Cumberland than Worth to make their nether garments. He was overborne, though, by a large majority; and a pleasant-looking young woman, who might be twenty or thirty, mounts the stage and opens the proceedings in a speech which lasts twenty minutes, during which time she never hesitates for a word. Before I go farther, I should tell you that there was, practically speaking, no political discussion; it was purely social, and as purely impossible—the war of labour against capital, which seems to me very like the struggle of hunger against bread. It is hard to believe that men of the class which surrounded us last night—who were evidently intelligent to a degree that certainly astonished one person who has seen a good deal of English life out of London—could believe in the theories which were advanced for two hours and a half. Equality! can any one believe in it? In the first place, where are we to find those victims to conviction who, having a thousand a year, are going to keep one hundred and give the other nine away? And if the idea could be carried out, and every one started fair, who will deny that within a fortnight a fat man might say to M. Squelette, "You are going to get your loaf; get mine too, and I'll give you two acorns?"—money is supposed to have gone out of circulation—and then you have at once the downfall of equality, and the establishment of a new house of the standing of Baring Brothers. But to return; at 8.45 Mdlle. Pire mounted the stage and spoke. The present system she condemned as detest-

able. There are men and men, employers and employed. This will never do. Everybody must be educated alike, and then work alike. Capital swallows content. There must be no capital. Amalgamate, unite, educate, and soon there will be no classes in France, only one highly-educated people, the members of which will all help one another. Heaven help them and their poor dear theories in this practical age, say I! The next speaker says that money is perfectly unnecessary; that men should work six hours, and then have the other eighteen for themselves. When you have gained your modicum of life for the day, you are entitled to rest—to rest, to read, to study, to paint, to model. Money—what is money? When you have worked and provided means for your existence for twenty-four hours, you are entitled to utter idleness. So eat at that hotel, ride in that carriage, and sleep in that house, every one of which entirely belongs to capitalists who have no business with it. This is just, of course; but is it not possible that, without the capitalist whose hotel he is to inhabit, our man of the people would have slept in the gutter? Enter, however, another speaker. He is all against employers, but requires employment. He blunders in his speech, and I regret to say the artisans rather laugh at him. He would have a “convinced cohort,” he said—nay, he said it ten times. “I wonder what he means, and if he knows what he means,” says one of three neighbours with whom we fraternised, and who were as good fellows as I ever wish to meet. Anything which they thought we did not know they volunteered to tell us, and, when I asked the name of a speaker, one of them with a grand air said, “I don’t know, but the citizen shall know directly,” and he was going out to ask, only we

begged him not. There was a charming man in evening dress and a hat—the very Palmerston of the Impasse d'Isly—and he made several speeches. His ideas were not very extended, and his flow of words was a thing to remind you of high tides; but I confess that he wound up one period with a proposal to destroy the laws, and the Chamber which makes them, and then he took a “header” into the crowd, and escaped before he could be “warned by the authority.” Even that grim official—really he was very pleasant—could not help smiling. Then we had more and more propositions; for instance, that nobody should have any capital—one could not help thinking of the really working classes, and mentally asking to whom were they to look for their wages? And then a mild man suggested that all religion was a farce, and a farce to be withdrawn from the stage. Here occurred one of the episodes of a very cold and rather monotonous evening. “For my part,” says the speaker—that is, the man who has possession of the water-bottle—“I don’t like religion” “Who are you?” asks a man in the crowd; adding, “I do.” “What’s your religion?” says A. “Nothing to anybody,” says B. Here the element which came for amusement appeared. “Get up on the table if you wish to object.” And after a great row the debate was resumed. Debate is an absurd title to apply to such a squabble. Finally, we had a great orator, and he came to inevitable grief. After many minutes of effusion, and I presume eloquence, we arrived, as we used in the days of our youth, at the ‘Plain Speaker.’ He did speak plain; and after a tissue of impossibilities which the late lamented Captain Cook might have found possible among his young and hungry friends, he announced this: “If there are difficulties

in our way—the way to revolution—any reason that I have twopence while you have two millions which you made by work, and justly spend among the working classes—if there is any such nonsense of property as this, I must say that it must be ended; and I declare that any obstacle to the equality of the people must be demolished—demolished! The means will come!” Not unnaturally the authorities interfered, and, bored to death, the people went away. “Bah! it was dull,” said a halfpenny subscriber. When the last expression, “Any obstacle,” was uttered, the commissioner of police moved for the first time, and said, “That is too strong.” Then the president rose and declared that the people must disperse and the gas be put out; and so ended an interesting meeting.

Tuesday, November 2.

For two days the burial-grounds of Paris are holy soil. Monday and Tuesday of this week are devoted to worship of the dear departed. Yesterday was absorbed by Church services chiefly; whereas to-day is the open-air festival of the grave. Yesterday we went to Montmartre. It is always a striking scene. Those who have visited the gigantic tombs of the Appian Way, and the pigmy resting-places of the Pompeians, will perhaps look down on such a spectacle. Yet it is grand, and realises Sir Walter Scott's exclamation about Pompeii, “City of the dead—city of the dead!” Monday's attendance was small—the devoted were at the chapels in the town. Still, we wandered through the almost deserted cemetery of Montmartre. As we approached, the police relief was marched up; it consisted of sixteen men, besides those on duty, and the space

is large. There were only some dozen inspectors of the cemetery itself, but as they were in a very gorgeous uniform they produced a great effect. Entering the gates, we were stopped by a friendly policeman, who wished for certain details which we could give him, and so we went free—not at all a political or police question, I assure you, only one concerning certain privileges. First, of course, we went to the tomb of Cavaignac; it was surrounded by youthful admirers, and *immortelles* sternly blossom and will not fade over his tomb, till there is another Cavaignac. Prostrate was Cavaignac at half-past twelve, covered with flowers; and I saw a young boy kindly hold up another to look at him. He must have been a good-looking man in the flesh—in the bronze he suggests an inferior Don Quixote. I by no means intend to speak disrespectfully of him; he was a man when France wanted men, and it was pleasant to see that she found one and honours him, as who does not? Having entered the grand gate, we wandered through the graves of the illustrious dead. We come upon tombs of Stuarts, and are reminded how much the intriguers of the Court of James the Second—first in England and afterwards at St. Germain—did to ruin their own cause. Then we saunter on, and wonder what taste can suggest a threehalf-penny wreath of glass beads as a homage to departed worth. Flowers blooming over a tomb seem to me a poem dedicated to the dead; but perishable *immortelles*, without scent or beauty, always remind me of theatrical adornments and paper flowers. We went, with political malice aforethought, to the lowly tomb of Baudin, whom Radicalism has elevated into a martyr. Truly he was the great Radical of the period, when a Radical meant, I fancy, what now

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would be almost translated "progressive." He died in the streets—died as a Representative of the People, on the 3rd of December, 1851. We wished to see his tomb. It is an absurdity like another, but still we did wish to make that pious pilgrimage. When many thousands of departed acquaintances are buried in silent tombs which range over eight or ten acres—police alone knows how many more—it is difficult to find the exact resting-place of the honoured departed whom you are seeking; and here comes a small anecdote which is curious. We strolled, with dozens of others, up to the main burial avenue. We saw tombs in which we had no interest—got rather weary, and had an idea of going home. But to find Baudin's tomb! That was the question. We asked it of a sergeant of police, and either he was a fool or a traitor. "Where is Baudin's tomb?" said we; and he told us to go exactly the reverse way. He might not have known—policemen sometimes know nothing in any country. We were returning by the way by which we came, when a workman in tin-wire made me a sign. I followed him. He said, "You wish to see the tomb of Baudin?" "We do indeed," was the reply. "Then this citizen will show you." And he did so. I forget how he was dressed. I shall never forget his manner or his politeness. He bowed, disappeared, and left us. "One gentleman less in our party," observed a pleasant but truth-speaking friend. Baudin died, citizen and Representative of the People, on the 3rd of December, 1851; Paris makes pilgrimages to his tomb to-day. As we look with almost impertinent curiosity at the grave of the distinguished dead—distinguished, for he died for his country from his point of view—a gentleman advances; he takes off his hat and

walks with solemn reverence to the grave of the political martyr, on which he deposits a beautiful bunch of flowers. We do not now care much for Baudin. Paris cares for nothing; yet outsiders may chronicle the beautiful ceremonies of the elder Church, and the devotion which is paid to the memory of great men. But I have not finished. I must return to the tombs. Yesterday was the day of the worship in churches, to-day the homage to the grave. Yesterday was All Saints, to-day All Souls. Yesterday was church, to-day churchyard. Funerals were entering in long, dark lines as we approached the curious scene; for such it is. Imagine a great fair, every stall in which is devoted to the sale of funereal decorations. Fancy old women rushing up to you and tendering "a nice lively wreath which will last for ever" for the tomb of your departed aunt. "This is a nice article in beads, and will last till the day of judgment." Touting over the grave is, however, less pleasing than striking, and I prefer to witness the solemn silence and the raised hats which reverence each of the long cohort of "last remains." That is odd!—a Turk in a fez, carrying his imperishable garland to the tomb of some "faithful" relative whose bones are decaying in the unholy "sacred earth" of the *giaour*. To-day the tomb of Cavaignac was, as they would say in the East, a garden of flowers, and every moment an uncovered citizen—"citizen" is much in fashion since the 10th of June—advanced to deposit a small bouquet of red berries. Round the grave of Baudin was a small crowd of certainly curious-looking men. They eschewed linen, crossed their arms, stared at nothing in particular, were gloomy, intent, serious—in a word, they "posed." For the rest, there were some funerals at which

genuine grief was evident, but for the most part the performance consisted in a sort of lounging parade of well-dressed people, who smoked cigars, and I dare say cared as much for the dear departed as they do for the declining day which brings them nearer to their dinner and their theatre. Reverence for anything is as much dead, buried, and forgotten in this city as any of the "dear brothers" who have been entombed since last All Souls and All Saints. As for Young France, I believe it believes in nothing, not even a cemetery, where rest the bones of those ancestors whose legacies it is losing at *baccarat*. I will give you a beautiful instance of the moral tone of French society, and the judgment—which I fear cannot be reversed—pronounced against it by a French nobleman, a competent judge. He is the head of one of the really great houses of France, and his relatives were suggesting that he should marry Mdlle. X—, an heiress. "What!" he exclaimed; "marry a Frenchwoman? Why, you must think me a fool! No, if you must marry me, find an English wife."

Sunday, November 14.

Do you know that we have discovered a new singer? She is the latest "*trouvaille*" of M. Maurice Strakosch, and certainly does great credit to his judgment. To send anybody to the Salle Ventadour to sing Amina within three weeks of Madame de Caux's "walking the plank" and dropping the candlestick, is certainly requiring a good deal, and evincing great confidence. M. Strakosch put faith in Mdlle. Sessi, and was not deceived. "I think I have made no mistake," said that gentleman on Sunday last. "I should say not," was my conclusion on Thursday night.

Mdlle. Sessi is very young, with a very fresh voice: in appearance she brings back to the memory the rapidly-passing vision of Jenny Lind. Her hair is wonderful, and that tells tremendously in the 'Sonnambula.' She sang the opera very carefully, and before the end of the first act had conquered the natural timidity consequent on singing for the first time before a difficult audience in a foreign tongue. Niccolini sang with her in his very best style, too; and the last two acts "went" as they usually do only when the Russian Queen of Song is to the fore. M. Strakosch was much pleased, and so was M. Bagier; so, I hear, too, was Mr. Gye, who came over expressly to hear the *débutante*.

Tuesday, November 23.

I went last night, at ten o'clock, to the Café Madrid, which a respected cocked-hat had told me was the headquarters of sedition of the Rochefort type. It is on the Boulevard, close to the Galeries de l'Opéra, and is one of the great *cafés* of Paris. I just dropped into the Galleries, and heard such a "row," that for a minute I really believed there was something up, till the words "*hausse*" and "*baisse*" set me right. Not wishing to be either a "bull" or a "bear," I went to my "coffee-house," as Boswell would have said, and there I found a great crowd—so great, indeed, that, as they were rather absorbing news than imbibing liquids, the landlord declared his omnibus—it is open to all—*complet*, and strove vainly to close the doors. There was a great deal of noise, but little serious excitement. Rochefort, who was due, did not take up his bill—that is, up to half-past ten; and the rest of the company, if they had come to hear, remained to speak, for since Babel I should think such a confusion of

tongues was never heard. I observed two things: first, that there was not a blouse in the room; second, that nobody—not one out of fifty—had bought a paper, though the returns were in them, and they cost only three *sous*. I had one, and a crowd gathered round me at ten P.M., to know if their candidate Rochefort had been elected—a fact I had known at six P.M. They are odd people here on the Boulevards. You will scarcely credit how little excitement all this affair has created. It is so terribly like apathy that it is almost alarming.

Tuesday, December 2.

The greatest singer of our day—Grisi—was buried to-day at Père-la-Chaise. There was but a small attendance—Signor Mario, Captain Ormsby, Michel Accursi and his family, M. and Mdme. Alary, and M. Cottton. The kindness of every one to Signor Mario seems to have been wonderful, and the Lady Geraldine Somerset came forward and took charge of Grisi's girls. Verily she will have her reward. The Duchess of Cambridge, the Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and Colonel Walker appeared also to have striven to outdo one another in kindness.

Sunday, December 26.

A ludicrous scene took place at the Tuileries on Christmas-eve. There was to be a children's party for the friends of the Prince Imperial, and a very fine specimen of the "*Arbor Liberalis*," or Christmas-tree. All was ready, and the Prince thought he should like to see the tree; so he entered the room, and, lo! he found an uninvited guest already there. A favourite monkey belonging to some one in the palace had got into the room, treated himself to all

the prizes, eaten all the good things, and, finally, having set fire to the tree, was sitting down enjoying the fun. There have been some wonderful monkeys in Paris, quite like Christians, indeed. Not long ago a "very tame one" quietly took from the head of the S— Minister a wig on which he depended for his youthful "successes;" and this was done before the eyes of several most charming women. *Ma foi!* and his Excellency never perceived it.

Wednesday, December 29.

A Ministerial crisis* is, in truth, a shocking mess everywhere; and here the changes brought about by it are even ludicrous. When I went into the court of the Home Office to-day, I encountered dozens of men laden with "originals" and "copies;" and it looked rather as if the late Ministry were in process of being carted away bodily. Ministerial Hôtels are such comfortable abodes, that, when a Minister gets into one of them he wishes, and perhaps hopes against hope, that he may remain there for ever; so he hires a *roulage*, brings in and hangs up his *penates* and pictures, which have to be taken down as soon as there is a split in the Cabinet. I think I remember at least four private galleries in the halls of the Foreign Minister.

Monday, January 2, 1870.

New Year's Day went off much as usual; of course it was bad weather—a rapid thaw with minute rain. Those

* The Emperor Napoleon had at last determined to renounce personal government, and a day or two before had entrusted M. Emile Ollivier with the formation of a Constitutional Ministry, drawn in good faith from the ranks of the Corps Législatif.

poor stallkeepers of the Boulevards never do have a chance, and I fear that as yet trade has been very bad. Great festivity of course, the "carrying of many toasts," and the kissing of many people of the softer sex. What interested me most, however, at our New Year's dinner was a General of the First Empire, who had been present, child, boy, and man, at eighty-eight of those anniversaries. He married last year, and save that he is rather deaf, he seemed as strong and healthy, and was as amusing, as when he was quartered at Fontainebleau and witnessed the "adieu." To see and hear him was not only reading a book, but a good book. At every Ministry and every Embassy there was a crowd of callers; that enormous porter, who is called out on great occasions only, appeared in his cocked hat and best clothes, and alarmed nervous persons by jamming down his staff of office as they went by. Crowds of people wrote their names in whole libraries of books; lines of servants, in the "costume of luxury," stood on the stairs; but what, to my taste, was better worth seeing than anything was the gala turns-out of the different grandees. The Court of Honour of the Tuileries was literally crowded, but perhaps the less we say about the carriages the better. One or two, certainly, were very good, but they belonged to the Imperial Court, and had brought officials. Prince Napoleon's carriages and horses leave little to be desired, and there were three waiting to take the Palais Royal to the Tuileries. But the pick of the whole were the carriages of the English and Austrian Ambassadors. I put our own Ambassador first, because he beats the other in horses. They were *facile principes*.

Thursday, January 6.

The 'Official Journal' gazettes the fall of M. Haussmann, who is succeeded by M. Henri Chevreau. It seems to me that the new Government might have avoided this doubtful step. Who on earth can finish the elaborate—I do not even say wise—conceptions of Baron Haussmann, except the Baron himself? Now you cannot leave Paris half unfinished; and that is really what will be the result. People talk of the expense. Very well; but then they should not have entered on it. At any rate, France expects the work to be finished. That Baron Haussmann should never have come into office is an opinion we can understand, and had he not, the fact perhaps would have been a saving to Paris; but then we must admit that the new Paris which we all so much admire would not have existed. The old narrow streets, the ugly dulness long drawn out of—let us say, the Rues Bleue, Blanche, Bréda, Montholon, etc.—would have remained to this day. We should have had no Boulevards, useful as they are politically as well as socially; for no great riot can ever rage in Paris now that we have wide streets. I saw a division of infantry marching through the Rue Royale, up the Boulevard Haussmann, only a few days ago, and perceived that, marching four deep, they did not actually take up an eighth part of the road. It appears to me, I confess, that M. Haussmann is a real loss to Paris. He is a man who has worked very hard, has been very much abused, and yet has done all that was required of him, and done it nobly. His successor may be very good; but how can he terminate the great works which Baron Haussmann began?

Tuesday, January 11.

All kinds of small talk are driven out of every *salon* and circle by the report that Prince Pierre Napoleon Bonaparte has killed one of the writers in M. Rochefort's journal, the 'Marseillaise.' The tragic and startling affair took place yesterday at Auteuil, and was consequent upon a biting letter of challenge written by the Prince to M. Rochefort, in which the Prince said that he had been insulted by the pen of one of Rochefort's underlings. The Prince is an old man; he is sixty-four, very irritable, and very gouty; for a long time past he has been living a perfectly quiet life; and he has been very indignant at the way in which his family, and especially the present Empress, have been attacked in papers whose editors such conduct should certainly exclude from Senate, Chamber, and drawing-room. The Prince spoke out very plainly, and wrote, I believe, some letters similar in tone to certain papers circulated in the South of France. He himself had been strongly assailed; and hence the challenge. Yesterday he was visited by three gentlemen connected with the 'Marseillaise'—which was most righteously seized to-day, and odd copies sold for tenpence. One of Prince Pierre's visitors was M. Victor Noir, whose real name was Salomon. M. Ulric de Fonvielle, who has been arrested, and another gentleman went with him. The Prince received them in his *salon*, where there is a collection of arms of all kinds, ages, and sizes. High words passed, and the Prince said, "You are a pack of scoundrels." Then M. Salomon—Victor Noir—struck him on the forehead, and badly; for a ring must have made the great wound which followed the blow. The

Prince then raised his hand towards a revolver which was hanging near him, and, turning round, saw Fonvielle with a revolver pointed at him. Snatching the pistol from the wall, his Highness fired point blank at Noir, who, mortally wounded, staggered out of the room and fell dead at the foot of the stairs. He then turned on M. Fonvielle, who was apparently much further off than Noir had been, and who did not escape without a bullet through his paletot. Such is the generally accepted account of the affair; but there is one important difference from the actual fact. The '*Marseillaise*,' in its story of the shooting, declared that the Prince took the pistol, not from any group of arms or trophy on the wall—such a show weapon was very unlikely to be loaded—but from his right coat pocket; and the Prince himself admits that he had the revolver in his pocket. The possession of arms on both sides shows to what a lamentable pitch political passion can carry men, even those of high estate, who should be above the influence of the vulgar emotions; yet could anything more resemble a "rowdy" quarrel in a Far West drinking bar, than this deadly interchange of blows and shots in the *salon* of a Prince of the Imperial Family? His Highness, with the Emperor's sanction, has been arrested by the Minister of Justice; and a judicial inquiry into the case has already commenced.

Thursday, January 13. —

I witnessed to-day a sad but a curious scene. The weather was wet and dismal, yet crowds were about; a quiet day, yet one of great excitement — the day distinguished by the funeral of Victor Noir. Long before the hour appointed for the procession to move, there was a large

crowd about the house where the remains of the dead man were lying. It was a curious crowd; as a rule well-dressed—very few blouses, and every one wearing an *immortelle*. It was an increasing crowd, and, as we were told by a person much interested, one which might soon be a mob that would block up the street; so we were advised to go off as quickly as possible to the Cemetery of Neuilly, where the funeral was to take place. I have witnessed many singular scenes, but none, I think, more curious than this. Imagine a very small churchyard, kept fast shut till so late that it nearly excited a riot; the walls covered with people who had “got a good place;” every road, lane, and pathway crowded with other spectators who could never hope to see anything. An ever-moving mob of men, women, and children, roving about in search of space. Every now and again a report that Rochefort had arrived, or that the funeral procession was in sight. Every cab and fly was crowded like a beehive, and there were miles of them, only they were of course in different little lanes, for we were at a *quasi* country burial ground. “They are long and wearisome, they are,” observed a woman, not a lady, next to us. I should remark that in all the mass of men there to-day I do not think I saw one gentleman or one man who is known in Paris society. Singular as the spectacle was, and important as it might have been, no person I ever saw before, except an English horse dealer, was present, so far as I could see. There were thousands upon thousands—not of “blouses;” there were very few of these, but of “skilled workmen,” extremely well-dressed, and looking very much as if they were out for a holiday, as I believe most of them were. But, to tell the plain truth, I have never seen such another

gallery of bad faces—such evil expression or such gloomy manners. Yet they did not seem either to want or be likely to ask for anything. The “blouses” were charming people; it was the men in broadcloth and tall hats that looked unpleasant, and were uncivil. I have often found it so in this country. Two o’clock, three o’clock. “*Eh là-bas !* Is he never coming?” This from a young gentleman in a tree. Half-past three, and then the feeling of the multitude—for such it really was—changed, and became gay, playful, and inclined to slang. The great joke was to be hoisted on a wall, and all the friends and relations of the hoister and the hoistee entered into the business with enormous interest. “Look at Jacques! he is giving his sabots to one, his cap to another, and getting himself hoisted up.” An elderly man tries to climb; he slips and falls. A young woman scrambles on some one else’s cab. A very fat man wishes to get a good place on the wall; “he will be too late, or fall, and have to be buried here,” kindly remarks a blouse in the crowd. Then there was a perpetual cross-fire of “chaff”; yet I should say great good humour prevailed. Very late in the afternoon the funeral procession advanced. As far as the matter could be made out by the crowd, the brother of the unfortunate man was making very strong speeches, but the crowd was so great—in a narrow lane between two walls—that nobody heard one word he said. Then arose loud cries, “Open the doors (of the cemetery), open the doors!” Then one of the two gates was opened, and I have seldom witnessed such a rush as took place. I should tell you that every wall was crowded like the stalls of Covent Garden on a very good night, and that the trees were perfectly full of nests of people. “Here

they come at last." "No, they don't," and then the badinage began again. "It is a droll spectacle," said a Frenchman to me. "Very like your Derby Day," said another. "I wish I had two cannon and some grape," gasped out another. Suddenly there is a rising on the walls, and a rush to one spot. The procession advances—any such procession is not only interesting but affecting. I look on this poor youth as the mouthpiece of others, and, if we were to discuss the question from an English point of view, rather as a victim. Yet we must not say too much. For seconds to go armed to arrange with an antagonist, and to have two or three others outside the doors, is not high chivalry. And now the procession advanced. Carried by the people, came the brother of the dead journalist. To our ideas it would have been dreadful to see the man jumping about, but here it is not so. He was well received; but there was a great flatness, brought about, I believe, by the waiting. The coffin was in an open hearse, drawn by workmen. It was "cheered" a good deal. You will think that expression odd, perhaps; yet it is true. I believe they were so glad to see it. "Look at the victim of devotion to the people." "See how the people are killed by tyrants." So they said, certainly; but they were a very small minority. Then there was a terrific rush to the grave, but we were not able to get into the gates of the cemetery. We stood on the roof of a cab, and could not hear a speech delivered by M. de Rochefort, after which he fainted, and all was over. There was a procession down the Champs Elysées, and a singing of the 'Marseillaise.'

Sunday, January 23.

The trial is over. M. Rochefort is condemned to six

months' imprisonment, and I think must feel very much disappointed at being treated with such leniency. When you have made up your mind to be a martyr, it is very provoking to find that you are dealt with like any petty violator of the law. The punishment is the more ridiculous as he can take it almost whenever he likes—I believe, as a Deputy, any time during the present Parliament—so the thing is a farce. The court was very full, but there was not the slightest demonstration in the street; indeed, it would have been odd if 'Hamlet,' with the character of Hamlet left out, had drawn a large house. At two o'clock M. Rochefort, dressed in deep mourning for Victor Noir, passed through the crowded streets which leads to the Corps Législatif, without attracting the slightest attention either there or while entering that building, every gallery and entrance of which was crowded with strangers, hoping against hope to get in and hear the great speech of M. Thiers; I happened to be in the *salle* when he passed through; no Deputy took the least notice of him. M. Rochefort purposes very shortly to visit London. His mild sentence was shadowed forth this morning in the 'Constitutionnel,' which pointed out that the popularity of M. Rochefort had faded, and was fast passing away. Under these circumstances, the writer recommended a purely nominal punishment, and, above all, no deprivation of political rights; and this latter because M. Rochefort has so utterly failed in his political career that it would be a pity to have another election, and a clever man, an eloquent orator, chosen in his place. As a newspaper man, the convicted Deputy has shown himself very clever—in the Chamber he has failed utterly.

Sunday, January 23.

Truly this has been an eventful week. The execution of Troppmann,* the trial of M. Rochefort, and the strike at Creusot, are three remarkable circumstances to happen in the space of seven days. The last-named affair is not over yet, though the excitement is calming down. The strike seems to have been caused by a mistake about a speech made by M. Henri Schneider. This provoked some ill-feeling among the workmen, of which advantage was taken by a man named Assi, who is in constant correspondence with Paris and London, and is believed to be the agent of some secret society.† He contrived to persuade so many men to strike that when M. Schneider arrived from Paris he found the whole of his works stopped. The leaders of the strike came to M. Schneider and offered to go back to work on condition that the time was shortened, the pay increased, and Assi taken again into employment. M. Schneider, I hear, was very firm, and said that, having 10,000 men, he must not yield on any question of discipline. As the works were closed, they should remain closed till he chose to fix a day for reopening them; and on that day those men who did not return would be discharged, even if he lost a large sum of money by the transaction. A large number of troops soon arrived on the spot, but no collision has yet taken place. The latest news that has reached Paris states that all is quiet, that work has again commenced, and about one-third of the workmen have returned.

* The murderer of the Kinck family, under circumstances exceptionally horrible.

† He was subsequently a prominent leader—perhaps one of the ablest—of the Paris Commune

Thursday, January 27.

Of all the spectacles and displays which, during an errant life in the capitals of Europe, are constantly passing before one's eyes—from the Eglinton Tournament to the last fair in the neighbourhood of Paris, a catalogue which would include coronations, the funerals of patriots, gala rejoicings when streets and rivers were one blaze of light, regal revels and popular demonstrations, racing and reviews—no spectacle deserves the epithet of “gorgeous” better than one of the great State Balls at the Imperial Palace of the Tuileries. I do not say that other balls—the Empress's Mondays, for instance, where you have the same space and a twentieth part of the crowd—are not infinitely more pleasant, but then the male guests are in the rather melancholy garb of “the period,” relieved, it is true by knee-breeches and silk stockings; still it is a mere evening party, and, as a show, makes no pretence. Not so in the *Salle des Maréchaux*. Let us begin from the beginning. My dear Miss Victoria Alberta, if you were going to be presented at the Imperial Court, this is what you would do, this is what you would see. You would call with your worthy mamma at the Hôtel of your Ambassador; and his Excellency having inquired if you have been presented at home, and your mamma having answered “Yes,” you will be placed on the list, next to the Dowager Countess of Botheration, who is a “black animal” of embassies, and prides herself on having been presented at every Court in Europe, even before the Prussian war. You will go home to lunch; then you receive a very large card in a very large envelope. Go to Worth—as your poor dear paymaster, who happens also to be your father, will know to his cost in a

week or two—and then await the night and the hour. “All arrives to those who know how to wait!” At nine, then, on this Wednesday night you arrive shivering at the grand clock entrance of the palace, rather astonished at having seen no crowd, and utterly puzzled at the half-dozen enormous bonfires which the kindness of the Emperor has caused to be lighted in the court, for the benefit of those poor servants who are kept waiting from nine P.M. to three A.M. Then you are shown into a room where you find the presentable of all nations waiting for their Ambassadors, Ministers, and Chargés d’Affaires, whose business has already commenced, and who are now in the depths of a diplomatic reception by their Majesties. Here let me pause, and say that, for a non-dancing Ambassador—I suppose they may dance—a State ball is not a bed of roses; he must be present at nine, and stop to sup at the Imperial table. Not long ago one veteran diplomatist, who was very intimate with the Empress, got off the supper on the plea which Sam Whitbread advanced when George III. wished to knight him—“Spare me, your Majesty, I’m a great deal too old.” But to return: enter the Diplomatic Body—they take precedence from individual seniority; that is, the Ambassador who has been in Paris longest is the “*Doyen*” or “*Deacon*.” Now it is Austria, England—Turkey absent—Russia, Prussia, and America, whose representative was the latest arrival. If you count, you will find that there are about thirty Americans, twenty English, and fifty more made up of all other Embassies and Legations. The Secretary of Embassy ranges them, according to rank, in Indian file. Then the Emperor and Empress walk round, and your names are announced by

- your representatives. Everybody bows a good deal, their Majesties smile, and all is over. You are all presented; the gates of Court are opened to you; you may enter; and I hope, my dear Miss Victoria, you are not engaged for the first quadrille. But, after all, this is not the way to enter upon the splendid scene. We will suppose we have been presented long, long ago; and, at the same time, we will change the sex. About half-past ten you start, and find, to your astonishment, that, though some thousands of persons are going to the ball, there is not the slightest crowd in the Rue de Rivoli, nor the very slightest necessity for producing that magical police-ticket which "cuts the file" and lets the fortunate possessor go on in front of those who have—as they will to-night at the Hôtel de Ville—been waiting for hours. Last night many people, too, expected that a mob would assemble, and pelt with abuse, if not with stones, the "aristocrats" in cabs; but the Rue de Rivoli was as empty as when we walked up it again at three. You enter the Hall of the Palace, and, depositing your coat—which, on leaving, you will find in two minutes, though the tickets are numbered by thousands—you proceed to ascend the broad staircase, which to-night is changed into a kind of "*bosquet*" or shrubbery: at the foot, two trumpeters, with their trumpets, displaying the colours which they bear, on their hips; and on every fourth step a Cent-Garde standing rigidly at "attention." It must be very hard work; but they are changed every quarter of an hour, and not one of the least striking effects of the ball is that produced when the "relief" is out amidst splendidly-dressed women and men, in all manner of garb. You hear their heavy tramp, and see, above the heads of all,

the plumed helmets and glittering bayonets—about a yard long—of this “*corps d’élite*.” They are a splendid regiment, bigger than our Life Guards or Blues, and of course the shortest are not picked out for such a duty as that of a State ball. They stand at each door throughout the whole suite of *salons*—military mutes mourning over the length of the delights of the dance, and inwardly praying for the *cotillon*. Having ascended the stairs, you find yourself in a fine vestibule—to the left, a refreshment-room where several officers are already partaking of a “punch;” to the right, the great gallery, into which you are welcomed by the hottest of chamberlains, who makes you a bow; you make him another, and so on till he leaves off. The first impression, on entering the great gallery, which acts as the second ball-room also, is that Babel has broken loose; and, indeed, some thousand French ladies, men, and soldiers, all talking at once, do produce an effect trying to the tympanum. Still you enter. It is a splendid room, at the further end of which are the doors leading to the *Salle des Maréchaux*, while at the end by which you enter, on both sides of the doorway, is the orchestra, from which presently Waldteufel will pour forth his really “dancing” music. I do not recollect when I have heard music so adapted to set elderly folk and even cripples in motion; and, indeed, several gentlemen of very portly presence, and several ladies not so young as they were in 1850, did come out in rather an alarming manner. Stands for wallflowers were erected all round this *salon*, and they were completely filled. I am bound to say that there were around them some now shoots very refreshing to look at, and that there were many vacant spaces as soon as Waldteufel struck up

the first waltz. The centre of the room before dancing was densely crowded with a very curious and motley group. But hark! There is another band in the Salle des Maréchaux. The Emperor and Empress have arrived, ascended their thrones amidst the admiring glances of natives, foreigners, and officers, who get as close as ever they can, and the bows of innumerable chamberlains, in the brightest of red coats and whitest of breeches. Then there is a severe struggle for the doors. Happy he who, getting in the centre, is taken up off his feet and carried passively into that room of honour! It must be confessed that the politest people in the world may be safely reckoned upon to push and take care of themselves in a crowd, with a cool self-possession and reckless indifference to man or woman which must be almost a virtue. The Salle des Maréchaux is a splendid room, square, and so huge that the colossal caryatides which support the massive ceiling look like pigmies. The walls are panelled, and in each panel is the effigy of a Marshal of France. There you may see the portraits of Berthier, Joachim Murat—whose descendant and namesake is even now bowing to the Empress—Moncey, Jourdain, Soult, Brune, Lannes, Ney—there is his descendant, at any rate—Davoust, Kellermann—there goes the present Duchess—and Bessières. As we gaze on these witnesses to the glory of France we observe a short stout man with his hand behind his back also gazing intently; perhaps he is thinking which will be his niche, for he too is a Marshal of France—Canrobert of the Crimea. But these are themes much too prosaic for the scene. ‘Il Bacio’ is sounding, and hundreds of “twinkling feet” are keeping time. Round the room are ranged a series of red-covered

benches, which are so crowded that the best-intentioned mother could not find room for an eldest son. A crowd stands round Waldteufel's magic circle, over which he presides from the gallery. Dozens of chamberlains, with the most polished and even honeyed words, rebuke the encroachers and encourage the dancers. In the centre, on a daïs, are the three gilded thrones, a trifle stiff, on which are seated the Emperor, the Empress, and the Princess Clothilde. The Emperor bears it stoically; the Princess, I fear, wishes herself back at the Palais Royal, whither she went, indeed, before supper; but as for the Empress, she looked radiant, and seemed to enjoy everything, as she generally does. Her jewels were a wonder; but close by the daïs sat the Princess Metternich, splendid with the Sandu Teleki jewels; close to her the Princess Rimsky-Korsakoff, in blue velvet and whole mines of uncut stones; and last, but certainly not least, an English Duchess, who required no jewels, though she had them. They used to make a great fuss about the "jewel nights of the Roman Princesses," and I remember once, at the Duchess de Grammont's, seeing a whole room full of the "*Principesse di Roma*" sitting to be admired, and looking rather like Madame Tussaud's. I should say that the four ladies I have named alone had on last night more jewels than there are in the whole Eternal City. At the end of the first part of the menu of Waldteufel, the Emperor came down from his throne and walked about the room, talking to everybody. He looks very well, and is so, thanks to the very much decorated and extremely pleasant person whom he has just so cordially welcomed—Doctor Ricord, who is as cheery as he is clever. No trace of anxiety could be detected on the

- Emperor's face, and, indeed, he seemed more lively than usual. A waltz struck up while he was standing in the circle, and no couple would begin. His Majesty turned to the nearest chamberlain and said, "Do start them; don't let them lose a dance;" and then he addressed some young ladies—by no manner of means the ugliest in the room—and told them that they really must not stand still and spoil his ball. Now, we will leave the crowd and wander in the "deserted" drawing-rooms—some six *salons*, grand in their size, perhaps too heavy in decoration, but splendidly lighted, and relieved everywhere with ornaments and flowers. It is quite a relief to get into this solitude. Yet there are hundreds of nice-looking people walking about. Yes, that is the Princess N—; very pretty, is she not? and that man talking to her is a Russian attaché. There is Madame G—, as pretty as any one here; but then she is half English. The Belgian Minister: you may assume at once, and without looking, that the lady with him is lovely—she always is. There is the Russian Ambassador, not in the least like a "rugged bear." Is that tall lady English, too? No, she is Irish; but she is a Unionist, and so married into England. There are two doctors, an actor, an ambassadress; the beautiful Mdlle. G—, and her even more lovely mother; then a droll sight—a very large Englishman in a staff uniform examining a photograph—very small Frenchman, looking smaller in a Court dress, stands looking at him attentively, *à la* Gulliver at Brobdignag, then he goes off and calls a fellow attaché a thought smaller, with a Court suit a trifle brighter, and they examined the large officer together. Do you see that bevy of beauties? Yes. Well, take another look—it is

well worth it—and I will tell you where they come from—America. If I had to “place” the beauties last night, I should say England first, America second, the rest nowhere. The blue and silver Hussar dress is Danish. That velvet maroon Court dress is *fantaisie*; so is that lady in white muslin, smothered in bouquets of full-blown roses. You will observe that there are many short dresses—short enough to dance in; and that powder, as yet the exception, will evidently very soon be the rule. . . . Then, through crowds of fair women and brave men, we go into supper. The Emperor and Empress are supping beneath the shadow of about the most gorgeous plateau ever seen—a perfect village of dead silver, representing Victory, Triumph, and Success—drums, trumpets, and, above all, flags. Allegory stands by, pointing out the meaning, and Common Sense, utterly puzzled, is hiding its face. Still it is very fine—“a goot work,” says a German next to me; so is the supper. “No soup, thank you; a little of that pâté à l’Isthmus de Suez, and truffle à la Harem. Thank you, a little pheasant au bois, a few truffles en serviette—a little of that nice salad à la Paradis, a little pineapple, a few sweet cakes, two glasses of champagne and a *café* ice. Nothing more, thank you, I never eat supper.” So speaks an ancient Countess—poor old ascetic thing! And so we walked off home. Coming along the Rue de Rivoli, the light gleamed on the scarlet uniform of my companion, and suddenly burst from a cab-stand the cry of “Vive l’Angleterre!” which ran down the whole line. “Yes,” said a saturnine waterman, “Vive l’Angleterre! Ils ne sont pas si bêtes que nous.”

Monday, January 31.

M. Rochefort is the most unsatisfactory of men ; he is always beginning a quarrel, and never will finish it off nicely. Having called one of his colleagues "a police spy," he declines naming six friends to examine into the truth of the accusation ; so his antagonist has named the whole jury. The Deputy of the Seine will let judgment go by default. Then he is always fainting—a constitutional weakness which he cannot help ; but the Parisians, who are the most heartless people in the world, will be sure to turn this malady into ridicule. A few nights ago there was a meeting to discuss the works of Shakespeare at the Salle Molière. So soon as M. Rochefort arrived, his friends crowded round him, and off he went in a swoon. They carry him to a wine-shop, where, with proper persuasion, he "comes to," and returns to discuss Shakespeare. On the staircase he meets M. Gustave Flourens, who was so angry with him for fainting at the funeral of Noir ; and, lo ! down he goes in another fit. In the meantime the 'Marseillaise' keeps up its insolent and aggressive tone, to such an extent that I fancy we shall see it utterly crushed when the Press Bill becomes law.

Wednesday, February 2.

There was a great attendance last night at the weekly reception of M. Ollivier. Every one seemed to wish to pay court to the rising, or rather risen, sun, and at one time there was a crowd in the *salons* of the Place Vendôme. M. Ollivier is a man of winning manner, and since, amidst the 'overwhelming business which he now has on his hands, he always finds an instant to be courteous, he is likely to be,

socially, as popular a Minister as M. Rouher. It would not be easy to say more, and last night it was difficult not to think, in reference to him, "*cum tot sustineas et tanta negotia solus*;" for he really is the Ministry. M. Ollivier was in high spirits; and, although I think he is prepared for difficulties in the Cabinet, I am sure that he does not fear a fatal flaw.

Thursday, February 3.

Victor Hugo has returned to France. His body, it is true, is still in Guernsey; but the better part of the man—his mind—is in Paris, where it is permitted to speak to the hearts of his fellow-countrymen. Hugo's plays have been interdicted ever since the publication of '*Napoléon le Petit*.' The interdict has just been removed, and the strong language in which the author of '*Ruy Blas*' always expresses his striking ideas may now be spoken on any stage in Paris. The Emperor could not have given a better proof of his clemency, than by doing a substantial benefit to the man who, beyond all others, has most resolutely attacked him—of his courage, than by thus letting revolutionary sentiments find an echo in the contagious breath of popular applause—of his confidence, than by trusting implicitly in the general good sense of his people to offer a passive but effectual resistance to any possible outburst of fury. I thought it probable that the reappearance of '*Lucrèce Borgia*' last night, after an exile of more than twenty years, would excite considerable interest; but I was not at all prepared for the excitement displayed at the "*Bureau de Location*"—not a place for the *première* was to be had; nor even at the two *agences des théâtres* was I more fortunate. I heard, it is true, that one *fauteuil d'orchestre* was to be

higher, he eventually received one of the heartiest slaps in the face that I have ever seen administered. One man cried out contemptuously, "Voilà les gens qui demandent la liberté, et qui ne respectent pas l'opinion des autres." But those who disapproved of the shameful public persecution of one man were thenceforth content to hold their peace.

Wednesday, January 9.

Let me briefly describe my experience of last night, when I went out in quest of something that, this time, seemed almost sure to happen—a Rochefort riot, as a popular demonstration against the arrest of their favourite, who had been seized at the door of the Salle de la Marseillaise, where he was about to proclaim the Republic. Having dined, we resolved to see all that was going on in this excited city. Firstly, there was a great Protectionist banquet at the Grand Hôtel; we went there in time for the dessert—or, perhaps I should rather say, coffee and cigars. It was a large meeting, 300 Anti-Free-Traders at least being present. I was talking to one of the party, who holds very liberal views, and asked, "What has brought you and So-and-so and So-and-so here? You do not want a return to Protection?" "Oh! not at all," was the ingenuous reply; "we come from curiosity." I will not say a word as to the politics of the party, but it was certainly a very agreeable gathering. Then we went to the Home Office, which was crowded with politicians, ambassadors, and fine ladies—some on their way to Marshal Canrobert's reception, and others to their private parties. Next we set off for a public party invited by the 'Marseillaise'—which, by the way, did not appear to-day. We drove up the

Boulevards, and, excepting a small crowd of speculators for the fall by the Passage de l'Opéra, and a group of idlers at the Café de Madrid—the head-quarters of Rochefortism—all was quiet as usual. Getting nearer to the Montmartre quarter, we perceived suspicious-looking groups of five or six odd-looking people—not blouses, observe—buying hot chestnuts with an energy hardly called for by that pursuit. Then people began to run, and women to dodge backwards and forwards across the crowded streets. Presently the streets became suddenly empty, and there was a fatal facility of movement—streets deserted, gas extinguished. “You can go no farther,” says Cocked-hat. “But I am going to see a sick friend.” “You can’t see him till to-morrow, and then perhaps he will be better.” At this time there was a rush of people and a distant tramp, as of marching troops. “By sections, trot.” So we sent away our modest vehicle with a good *pourboire*, in case it became part and parcel of a rampart or barricade, and proceeded on foot. There was something dreamlike in the stillness of those neglected streets—a stillness broken only now and then by two or three people, or a whole family perhaps, carrying their “*penates*,” and evidently running away from some anticipated danger. It reminded me of a drive to a picnic at Caserta, in which I took part years ago when the world was young, and which we enjoyed to the accompaniment of heavy artillery, with a chorus of small-arms. There were the same affrighted families rushing from some supposed, as in that case actual, danger; the same deadly calmness, and then the more deadly noise, and that curious feeling that something serious might happen any minute. When they stopped the cab, I contrived to blunder up several

utterly obscure streets, barked my shins over a shoeblack's box, and finally got upon the bridge over the canal in some street on the Boulevard du Temple. It certainly looked a little deserted and lonely, but was charmingly silent; and really, in these revolutionary, agitated, and killing times, even a few minutes' rest is a boon. But listen; there seems to be a noise coming on at the "double"—at least it would be if infantry were advancing—to break this silence. Your correspondent is on the middle of the bridge, and I dare say wishes he were in bed; but let that pass. Suddenly comes an unpleasant squadron of cavalry, driving Rochefortists before it; and "Halte!" is the order given close to the spot where I am making the least of myself. "My prisoner," says the captain of cavalry. "With all my heart," is the reply; "but don't kill me, and do take care of me; for, except having been to the Home Minister's reception and a Protectionist banquet, I do not feel that I have committed any treason or even petty crime." I then unbuttoned my paletôt, and appeared in all the majesty of one of Smallpage's "blue and gilded" coats. I thought the officer laughed, and I know he said, "Do, for God's sake, get out of this *galère*, or perhaps there will be an unpleasant hole in that smart coat." So I ran away, and went to Thorpe's, where they subscribed and gave me a "Boston floater." To-day everything is calmer, and the general opinion is that serious danger is averted for the moment. For some days to come, the disturbances will, in all likelihood, be kept up; but they will probably become weaker and weaker, until they gradually die out. It is to a great extent a question of money. Rochefort had eighteen thousand votes at his election. We may therefore assume that he has at least

that number of supporters. But the immense majority, although they sympathise with the Deputy of the First Circumscription, refuse to follow him, or be led by him into danger. Not more than three thousand of the eighteen, according to careful official calculations, are ready to undertake violent measures in defence of their opinions. These are the men who are now stirring up the Quartier Belleville to revolt. They have nothing to lose, and everything to gain; while their necessities are for the moment supplied out of a *caisse* which has been in formation for some months. A fund has been formed by weekly subscriptions, but the sum collected has never at any one time exceeded £2000. For three months the leaders have been occupied in collecting at all kinds of *bric-à-brac* shops old revolvers, rusty bayonets, antiquated sword-canes, and every conceivable weapon which could by any possibility prove useful or useless in a street riot. While curiosity shops have been ransacked for unserviceable arms, the warehouses where the deadliest weapons are stored have been sedulously avoided, that no suspicions might be roused. Yet the watchful official eye has been unintermittingly fixed upon the revolutionists, and at any moment the exact number of fire-arms possessed by them has been known to the authorities. And thus it is that the duration of the disturbances depends to a great extent on the length of the Republican purse. M. Émile Ollivier, in the Chamber yesterday, replying to an insinuation of M. de Kératry that Rochefort had been seized just at the door of the Salle de la Marseillaise—the hall where the notorious Deputy used to meet his constituents—in order to excite the people to revolt, affirmed that he could have put down the riot in

half an hour, but that the Government had determined to let it run its course, that no blood should be spilt but that of the guardians of the public peace. Canrobert, the General in command of Paris, actually undertook on Monday night to restore tranquillity in less than an hour; but he must then have stamped out the revolt at the expense of such cruel scenes as were witnessed during the terrible December day of 1851. The Prime Minister's courage in refusing to employ unnecessary force, even at the cost of prolonging the struggle, must command the unqualified respect of every thoughtful and humane person. There can be only one opinion, moreover, on the discretion shown by the Government in arresting Rochefort before he entered the Salle de la Marseillaise. Had he been allowed to proclaim the Republic when surrounded by some thousands of his devoted adherents, the consequences would have been much more serious. It had been resolved to strike a blow on that very night. You have heard how, after Rochefort was arrested, Gustave Flourens took up the war-cry of his friend. This man is an ideal revolutionist. Unlike Rochefort, who has an unfortunate trick of breaking down at the critical moment—and unlike Félix Pyat, who hurries off to Brussels, where he is now, as soon as there is any serious alarm—he is a man of courage. He is, I believe, conscientious. His father, a Member of the Academy, was a celebrated *savant*; he himself is an able man of letters; and he is also—no bad guarantee of his sincerity—a man of property. I have been informed, on the high official authority which guarantees the correctness of the foregoing facts, that M. Flourens has not yet been found. All the frontier towns have been telegraphed to, and it cannot

be long before he rejoins his friends the contributors to the 'Marseillaise,' nearly all of whom are now incarcerated. P.S.—I am assured that at least one man was killed last night, and they talk of three or four policemen dangerously wounded; but the last report requires confirmation. There is one more fact to which I must call attention; it is important, and I have it from a French officer. The troops are terribly exasperated against the people. Men and officers have of late been so constantly "confined to barracks," that they hate the mob which has been the cause of this *consignment*. My friend said, "Of course I can speak only of my own men, but I believe the feeling exists throughout the army. If a shot is fired at them, they will wait for no orders."

Monday, February 14.

Premising that I hate cold like a turbaned Turk or an antelope—detest frost like a Moltonian with seventeen hunters and three hacks, uselessly devouring six feeds of corn and beans, to say no word of hay, staw, servants, and the veterinary surgeon—and that I never take ice even after dinner, I am prepared to admit that Paris *glacé*, the Pigeon Club, with its wives, daughters, and ladies to whom the members make love, and who make love to them—in all honour of course, as the club is as proper as the Athlœnæum, and as exclusive as White's, Brooks's, or Boodle's—is a pretty, nay, a picturesque sight. With a good stage, first-rate scenery, actors and actresses of great and varied talent, it would be odd if a morning performance, got up regardless of expense, and under the patronage of MM. East Wind, Frost, and Snow—whom I presume to be the patron saints of skating—did not go off well. But, before I describe my

arctic expedition of last evening, I must make a few remarks. First as to the weather. For forty-eight hours we have had truly "dog's weather"—a bitter wind, frost so severe that whereas, at three P.M., there was no ice on the basins of the Tuileries, people were skating on them at ten next morning. "If this does not give us frozen-out revolutionists, they must be very warm, indeed, in the cause," said a shivering member of the Jockey Club. To return, however, to the "Club of skating pigeon-shooters." Here at any rate we are out of the dust; we had such a plague of it for two days that it made us all like millers, and drove us, male and female, horses, servants, and dogs, to the verge of madness. We of the skating club are like Sheridan looking on at the destruction of his theatre, and like to "enjoy ourselves by our own firesides;" so at every hundred yards blazes a pile big enough to consume an extra-sized Hindoo widow. I saw several widows to-day close to the flame, but not a symptom of conflagration. Indeed, throughout the grounds there was quite as much smoke as fire. There was also hot punch, strong, sweet, and rummy, in the "retiring room." You cannot think how often the visitors "retired." The aspect of the whole establishment is abnormal and striking. A building like a bungalow—a bungalow full of comfort, be it said, as they are so often in that distant East, for the climate of which we pray to-day, as we are trying to buckle on our skates; a pretty sort of half park, half garden, set in a frame of trees supplied by the Bois de Boulogne—a creation of the Second Empire and its best agent, Baron Haussmann, to whom France has liberally supplied the usual amount of gratitude—make up a very nice picture. Then the personages of the play are pretty also, and that goes a

long way, especially if they are well dressed. Many of them were so to-day—in costumes, I mean; for most of the fast-footed ladies were in dresses which would not have been out of place in a grand transformation scene. It is always amusing to walk into a club for the first day of a season, with “the old and popular member,” The “How are you’s?” to Prince, Duke, Marquis, Monsieur, fall on the ear like file-firing. Then you think how different was the club in its early hours and your young days: and possibly it strikes you that the club and yourself will in a few years be a good deal older, and that the men now skating like Scandinavians, flirting like Frenchmen, and killing eleven pigeons out of twelve, will be “each in his narrow cell,” laid low by the “deadly arrow” of the Latin poet. But this is a joyous beginning to a festivity! “Look on this picture and on that, the counterfeit presentment of two” lakes—one is in use to-day, the other will be bathed with warm water from boiling places, built expressly, so as to be fit for to-morrow. “That calls itself the luxury of the skate, does it not?” But sufficient for the afternoon is the ice thereof; and on some acres of that most unsatisfactory tyrant, over nice, mild, innocent, and, for outward application, pleasant liquid water, society glides, slips, staggers, and falls. “Are you firm on your feet, miss?” “Yes, sir.” “A little punch, and I’ll put on your boots”—of course with the local iron railways on which the lady is to travel. “Thank you, sir, I ironed myself at home.” Here then we have a group of young ladies, ranged on chairs, all showing their ankles, and seeming most difficult to be fitted; hot men hiring skates which do not fit them at all, and those who were so anxious only a quarter of an hour ago to risk their persons, and

“slither” on slippery, coagulated water, looking charmed that there “was not one confounded pair to fit them.” Captain Vandervelt, member of all the clubs in Paris, and the cheeriest of companions, comes up and says, “Thank goodness, every pair is too big. Weather! it is not weather, it’s cruelty; and, look here, a lady has this moment observed, ‘Well, that skating against wind is just heaven’—as if she had measured it to an inch. For my part, I have heard that there is a hotter place.” In the meantime the glacial joviality goes on. There are four persons holding a pole, and representing the wavy outline of the “Dutch School.” There is a rapid Russian in a rugged coat—pace awful, grace small. Seven more hanging on to a red velvet pole, female and male, and from the States. Very well they do it, though it is rather like dancing on a frozen tight-rope. A small man in seal-skin seems to find it more easy *glisser sur la glace que sur le gazon*. A bold Briton, with a stick, too, travelling like a penny-postman on the 14th of February, “*Ah! tiens*”—he has tumbled down, that swift one. At this period 500 pigeons arrive in a cart, for next year’s sport. “Alas! unconscious of their doom, the little victims coo.” Put them in the cages, and don’t pull out the pinion feather when my adversary is against me. Sledges abound; they are peopled by ladies and are frequently propelled by other ladies in their skates. A colder amusement than being urged on your slippery path by “sister Anne,” who of course does not care if any one is coming, I cannot conceive; but when your course is sped by a “spoon,” or perhaps, at this time of year, even by a “muff,” the sentiment is different, and its ratification may perhaps begin at the Madeleine, and be authenticated at the British Embassy,

by the Reverend Satin Surplice, A.B.C., D.E.F., Trinity Coll., Glasgow. Early in very cold winters I have seen this beginning, and later in the season that fatal ceremony which an Ambassador may bring about, but which it takes a Judge to dissolve. We were talking, however, about other slippery things. They have now got here cages on four small wheels—baby-jumpers they are—in which the young idea is placed and taught to skate. You cannot fall, and you must glide; indeed, it is the best idea I have seen for years. Imagine yourself, my reader, wishing to learn to skate—as every one should; for how warm they all looked yesterday, when we were as cold as rugged Russian bears, and as cross as those sulky animals when their heads or backs are in an irritated state. Imagine yourself placed in a strong crinoline on four wheels, and having skates on your feet. Well, there you are, a patent skater in an hour. Up comes a perfectly frozen swell. He admires the coat of the friend whom he addresses—it was the vast edifice known as an “Ulster.” “Sir,” he says, in his solemn way, “there are three wise men here to-day—two have on fur coats, and yours seems to be a good family garment. We might have all been wiser; we might have stopped away. I am now going to give you a greater proof of wisdom and self-knowledge; I am going home, and if I come out of my dressing-room till it is a nice mild thaw, may my bootmaker send in his bill!” About this time our beards and moustaches were powdered with rime, and frozen to the consistency of the wig in which the elder Pitt made his last speech. Our handkerchiefs, too, were frozen in our pockets; our eyes and noses evidently wanted exercise, for they took to running very fast; and duty, giving way to long-suffering,

allowed us to go home. It was so cold that the general attendance, though good, was below the average. I need not say that this is the "private skating" of a society which must have spent a great deal of money and certainly has taken great pains.

Saturday, February 20.

The Hôtel de Ville ball—the first given by the new Prefect, M. Chevreau—would have been most enjoyable but for some few drawbacks. It was scarcely possible to get there; when you did arrive it was almost impossible to move; when once you had moved, it was quite impossible, until a late hour, to get away. Paradoxical as all this may sound, it is scarcely untrue. It took two hours and a half to get from the Grand Hôtel to the Hôtel de Ville, and up to one o'clock in the morning the string of carriages extended beyond the Louvre. When you arrived at last, you fought for a ticket for your coat, and unless you were very lucky you did not get one. If you did not, you had the pleasure of struggling about with your goods on your arm; in the other case, at departure you had to fight your way to the barrier, give up your ticket, and get nothing for it except the information that your coat was not there. You had then the alternative of snatching somebody else's covering, or walking home coatless in a snowstorm. Some visitors, seeing how full the entrance staircase was of a struggling mass of humanity, were wise enough to turn back and go home to bed. Once at the top of the staircase, it required two hours to work your way down again. Such a mixture of classes is probably to be seen nowhere else. The ten thousand guests included every officially and socially distinguished person in Paris, and a vast number of people

who were quite the reverse. Gorgeous uniforms and exquisite dresses jostled and crushed against coats which were relics of a past age, and frocks of curious construction. The Archduke Charles and members of the large *épiciers* fraternity rubbed shoulders to their mutual disadvantage. But when, about two o'clock, the people began to go away, the ball became enjoyable, and one realised for the first time the enormous extent of the place. All four sides of the huge quadrangular edifice were open to the guests, in one uninterrupted suite of gorgeous rooms. The superb *Salle des Fêtes*, so brilliantly illuminated that the faintest shades of the admirably-painted frescoes on the cornice were distinctly appreciable, and the more massive *Salle du Trône*, seldom opened on such occasions, were each occupied by crowds of dancers from nine o'clock till five. The thousands who had no thought for dancing under such circumstances found plenty to occupy their attention in the cleverly-designed and sumptuously-furnished *Salon des Caryatides*, in the cleverly-arranged conservatory, at the buffets where brave warriors fought desperately for hot punch and coffee ice, in the council-chamber where King Haussmann lately ruled, in all the countless apartments that make a very wilderness of the Municipal Palace—probably the finest building in the world for monster entertainments such as that with which the new Prefect has inaugurated his ticklish reign.

Sunday, February 20.

We all deeply regret the sudden death of Baron Nathaniel Rothschild—a loss which will be felt not only by a large circle of friends, but by a much larger circle of the poor of Paris. Though for years an invalid and blind, he

never ceased to take an interest in what was going on in the world. Politics, art, scandal, theatricals, racing, and even ladies' dress, were all daily reported to him in detail; and thus he lived the life of Paris without seeing it. His death must have been very sudden, as some of the family were at the Skating Club late on Thursday, and I was talking to one of his near relatives on Saturday morning. We shall miss sadly the daily sight of the heavy blue brougham and the pair of brown Percheron mares.

Wednesday, February 23.

The American Minister at this Court followed last night in the wake of his official friends, and gave an entertainment which was attended by most of the Ministerial and Diplomatic notabilities, the majority of the Americans in Paris, and a good many English. As a natural consequence, there was an extraordinary amount of beauty in the crowded rooms. Seldom has greater variety of entertainment been condensed into a comparatively small space. In the reception-room, where Mr. Washburne and his lady passed some four hours in that most fatiguing of gymnastic exercises, hand-shaking; in the adjoining music-room, where music was drowned in the loud hum of conversation; in the refreshment-room, where there was none of that struggling for sweetmeats which is so often seen at purely French festivities; in the dancing-rooms above stairs, and on the staircase itself, where all locomotion was for a time suspended, one had the satisfaction, at every turn, of admiring some striking specimen of Anglo-Saxon loveliness. Were the Americans to forsake Paris—of which calamity there is fortunately not the remotest chance, for they seem to look

upon Lutetia as a chapel of ease to the kingdom of Heaven—the *salons* would lose a great part of their attractiveness. The entertainment of last night was given in celebration of Washington's birthday—a fact of which the guests were kept in mind by abundance of stars and stripes; the stern face of President Grant in effigy looking impassively down on the gay scene at his feet.

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Monday, April 11.

The "friendly" separation between the ex-Queen Isabella of Spain and her husband is settled. Don François gets £8000 a year, tied up tight, but the ex-Queen retains the rest. As they always appeared to be on the best possible terms, and were more polite than the average of wives and husbands, it is hard to say why they wished for a separation; but so it was. It seems to me a pleasant hôtel blotted from the list of our entertainers. The history of the Hôtel Basilewski is so good that I must repeat it. The Russian Don from whom it takes its name spent so much money on the stone and cement, that he had none left for furniture, or even bread and cheese; so he took lodgings, went in for "Spaniards," and landed a *coup*. The young Prince has, I see, secured a waif or stray of £120,000 out of the wreck of Spain. The ex-King Consort has temporarily taken a ground floor in the Rue des Ecuries d'Artois.

Saturday, April 16.

On Thursday evening there was a private ceremony in the Chapel of the Tuileries, which was attended by the

Empress, the Princesses Mathilde and Clothilde, Marshal and Madame Randon, Madame Canrobert, Marshal Bazaine, Count de Neuwerkerke, and many others who were veiled from us by the unkind darkness. The Chapel was only partially lighted. It is a long, lofty building, consisting of the actual church, where benches are ranged which might hold two hundred people, a private tribune for the Imperial family, and a gallery for especial guests. All the men were in black and white ties; all the women in deep mourning, and many with black lace shawls, worn after the "mantilla" manner of Spain, which is so becoming. As they glided into their places under that dim religious light, they looked ghostly; but they were nice-looking ghosts when you saw them afterwards in brighter places. The religious ceremony was of the slightest; but the organ, the chorus, and the singing were beautiful. At a quarter to nine the head beadle, or whatever he is called here, brought his mace to the ground with great force and noise, and announced the Empress. Then the 'Stabat Mater' was sung by Mdlle. Nilsson and M. Richard. Mdlle. Nilsson was in very fine voice, and the "Quis est homo" was delicious. The pure calm voice of the Scandinavian Nightingale is admirably adapted to such music in such an arena, which is not too large to allow of the finest and most delicate effect to be appreciated. We were very good and Lenten, we had a pleasant evening, and went home by half-past ten.

Sunday, April 17.

The Americans now take the lead in everything here, *vice* the English, absent from want of funds. The last invention conceived by our other-side-of-the-Atlantic relatives for our amusement here, is a "rink" which they have

established Rue Jean-Goujon 27. A "Roller Skating Club" is certainly an institution, and this is the first opened in Europe. A very long room, capable of containing 600 or 800 skaters, well ventilated, well lighted, with a good band, and all the best looking of the American colony, does not exhibit life under an unpleasant aspect. The skates are "roller skates," the great point, so far as I can see, being that they "give" to the play of the foot. The very system which Captain Stephens has applied to those "endless rails," which the Emperor said was one of the cleverest ideas out, is applied to these skates. A large section of society here, chiefly American, Canadian, or Russian, skate on those slippery conveyances as if they were to the manner born, and I must say that a more graceful performance it would be difficult to see. Skating, too, seems, I am delighted to say, an admirable instrument of flirtation. But the stewards are moving, and the slippery couples glide quietly to their seats two and two, just as poetry tells us ghosts vanish at cockcrow. The great hall is cleared, the orchestra, over which droops the flags of the United States, France, and England, strikes up the sailor's hornpipe, and at the first note appears Professor Fuller, an American, who has skated before and been decorated by every Sovereign in the world who has ice in his dominions. If architecture is frozen music, such skating as Mr. Fuller's must be iced poetry—the poetry of motion. He skated two hornpipes and a Russian dance, and though encored and skating for half an hour, left off as cool as the proverbial cucumber, though he had travelled miles at express pace. The fact is, it is no effort; he does not skate, he glides; his *tours de force* are startling, but

his easy movement is not to be equalled; it is elegant, graceful, and easy. Taken up in London, such a "rink," if it could be kept safe for ladies, would be a great success.

Sunday, April 17.

If I were undergoing cross-examination by a clever barrister in the face of an honest and intelligent jury, I should not give it as my fixed opinion that Paris was a religious city. No, the men have faith in the Bourse, and the women in Worth; and then, as they used to say at cribbage, which was the "bezique" of our ancestors, "all is told"—at least I think so, and I live among them. But then "anything for a change" is the motto of female and male in this city, and so for the last half of the "last week of deep repentance" religion has been in and infidelity out of fashion. People have believed in music and candles, in priests and beadles; nay, some have been so enthusiastic as to "assist" at entire ceremonies, and devour all the holy banquet from the egg to the apple. But, to be sure, the cross and dappled light of certain churches is very becoming, and so is deep mourning to certain people; those whom black does not suit have usually, as I have found from long study and experience, *migraine* on the day devoted to the very strict ceremonies of the Elder Church. Her younger sister is, as I write, receiving visits from English couples arm-in-arm—they are *rari nantes* now, on account of High Church, Low Church, and high prices. There is a sight I have not seen for ages—a real country girl going to worship, with her prayer-book wrapped up in her pocket-handkerchief. Why does the rural mind always connect pocket-handkerchiefs with religion? It does, and

likewise with little bundles of "old man," also called by another name after a popular actor. Well, to see Priscilla walking down with her bell and candle—no, I mean her book and bundle of herbs—is a real return to youth; it is putting the clock back twenty years. But we must return to the French. The Parisians have this week gone to service, being driven thither by servants who had almost forgotten the way to church. "It is as gay as a good funeral," said Count X—, knocking the ashes of his cigar off the balcony at the Café de la Madeleine, where cabinets are taken for religious ceremonies, marriages, and funerals, just as boxes are taken for "School" *chez vous*. "Yes, *mon cher*," says the Portuguese Duque do Blanco; "but are we not in some religious season?" You might as well have asked the assembled smokers for a *résumé* of reasons of the war in Paraguay. Female faith is stronger than that held by those who are dressed by tailors; and it is only fair to say that Mesdames and Mesdemoiselles have been everywhere in becoming black. Patti and Nilsson have sung till they are weary of holy melody and pant for profanity. 'Stabant Matres' echoed everywhere, from the Tuileries to the "Closerie des Lilas"—or close by; and we are all steadier, wiser, better, and bored in proportion. But in Paris religion requires tempering; the existing constitution—I do not allude to that which M. Ollivier and such poor people are struggling about—is not strong enough to imbibe it neat. No! it must be diluted. As to fasting, I believe they did fast on Good Friday; chancing to require something to eat, I went into three or four restaurants, and for my breakfast was offered some fish which I knew by sight, and some vegetables which had done what your M.P.'s

ought to have done—come to Paris two days ago. Not that I say a word against fasting. Given, a *chef*, fish, vegetables, and eggs, you have no idea how plenteously and satisfactorily you can do without dinner—*faire maigre* is the expression, yet who so plump as an average priest? But, even in the period of fasting on Greenwich dinners, Paris must be amused; so, on an average, we had open every night some twenty theatres, which were always full, and, the weather being fine, you could hardly get into a *café chantant*. I was walking on Thursday nearly all over Paris—from the Prince Eugène barracks almost to St. Cloud, in fact. It was a fine day, and “all Paris was out.” So it was; but how can Paris be “all out” on a day which is not a general holiday? London never is or can be. I come to the conclusion that the people of this glorious city are as bad as the Athenians who went about asking “What news? what news?” only that they do not go about—they hire a chair for a penny, and buy their news for another. From Vachette’s to the Triumphant Ark—it was recently so quoted by an excursionist—lines of chairs, three deep, were filled with Mr. and Mrs. Citizen and the rest of the family; and there, as I know for a fact, they sat until it was time to dine, and to prepare to see ‘The Bane of Society; or, the Intrusive Husband,’ a new piece in nine acts, fifty tableaux, and six hours, which is given at the Morale, a theatre just opened. It was the first day, too, of an ancient institution of the higher class—the upper thousand of Paris. It was the dawn of what used to be, when we were young, the “glorious three days” of Longchamps. The history of Longchamps is certainly curious. Isabella of France, the sister of Saint Louis the King, founded a convent close to

the spot where Baron de Rothschild—who does a great deal more for his neighbours than Isabella, her Court, or her convent ever did—now resides, and there ended her days and nights. I dare say Boulogne, *né* Longchamps, was dull in those days, and there was, of course, no round-about railway. At her death miracles were ascribed to her, and her tomb became a shrine. Pilgrims of every rank, from the Peer to the pedlar, from the mistress *en titre* to the wife *de droit*, went with peas—unboiled, of course—in their shoes, which were not so loose as their wearers, to pay their devotions at the shrine of “Notre-Dame du Lac de Boulogne.” To tell the truth, this superstition still seems to exist; for authority, see pony carriages, broughams, and victorias *passim*, but especially where they should not be, in avenues reserved for cavaliers, etc. In the process of time some charities originated by the good Queen brought together “a large assembly,” and were the cause of great disorder, not to say debauchery. The nuns lost their character for virtue, and the young nobles of the Court usurped the places of the venerable pilgrims. The Abbaye de Longchamps at last went out of fashion, like everything else in its turn, and the Parisians had almost forgotten its existence, when the *beau monde* was again attracted to it by the fame of the *concerts spirituels* which were given there on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday in the Holy Week. The novelty was to hear this sacred music sung by the most melodious voices of the nuns, hidden from public view, while the church was illuminated by thousands of tapers, the latter adorned with wreaths of flowers, which perfumed the air even in defiance of the incense. Hither the crowd of all the fashionables in Paris repaired

in their most splendid dresses and equipages, down to the time of the Revolution. The concerts, indeed, had been suppressed by order of the Bishop, on account of the immorality and intrigues of which the church had been made the notorious rendezvous; but the promenade was continued, with every species of luxury and extravagance, till the sound of the 'Marseillaise' and the 'Ça ira' dispersed the votaries of pleasure, and involved them in one common ruin. In 1837, a friend, writing from Paris, says, "Longchamps has gone to the dogs; Mr. Thorne, an American speculator, and the Duke of Orleans, had four horses a-piece, and were stared at accordingly." I can remember it, alas! and the stupid attempts of the Parisians to look as if they liked being outside a horse or inside a carriage which they had to conduct. And then, again, the Bois did not exist; the "thousand" shivered—it is always cold at Easter, I believe, even in the torrid zone—along the broad path which led to the destruction of the then existing Boulogne. "They all looked," said old General Bayonet, who, coming to Paris with the Army of Occupation, stayed here till he died, because he had "lost his way about London"—"they looked as if they were forced to go there and back again, and report how far it was." It must have been about as delightful as a drive on the Pincio—I should say a drive on the Pincio to a blind man, for eyes rarely open on a scene so glorious as that which Claude Lorraine used to paint from his window in the Via Sestina. But let us return to Longchamps. It is dull enough now, and though the conveyances—I will not say carriages—reached four deep from the Avenue de l'Impératrice to the turning-point of the Lake—to the spot, indeed, where that dear old tree

used to stand—there was nobody and nothing to see. Novelty? Yes, certainly. There was a new edition of that beautiful old conception, the curricule. I rejoice to say that on the wheels I read the name “Peters and Sons,” and wheels with that motto shall bear my conveyances. But the days of curricles are over. The poetry, too, of that two-wheeled exaggerated cabriolet is spoiled in Paris by police laws. Nobody under the Imperial rank can have outriders. Now, I appeal to all those who remember the Marquis of Anglesea, Lord Chesterfield, and Lord Pembroke, with their curricles and outriders, if I am not in the right. The decadence began with D’Orsay, when he, “leaving off his servants by degrees,” ruined his bicycle by allowing a seat for a boy in boots behind. The real things requisite for a curricule are two dark chestnuts by Stepper out of Elevation, dan Lofty, by Stargazer, and two own brothers behind, ridden by two own brothers—twins, if possible. These are difficult to find, and cost money. Yes, there was another novelty at Longchamps—a velocipede. I have seen many things, but such a thing as this never. It was as long as one of the *roulage* conveyances which carry casks. On an iron saddle sat the owner, behind him in a baker’s basket sat his boy, and the whole invention was propelled by a pony. That was the only “fashion” which repaid me for a very long walk. Need I say that miles of those best, soundest and cheapest of hacks, wire-backed chairs, at a penny per diem, were in requisition? I need not; they are the natural consequence of sunshine in Paris. But, then, who works, and when does he work? And this, too, is the class which makes restaurants pay, and which spent during the month of

March £90,000 on theatres. Well, it was dull; but what is not dull when you have entered into your —th lustre, when you knew the carriages in their first coat of paint, the horses when they were sound—long, long ago—the powdered valets when they were only pages, the body coachmen when they were stable boys, and the inside passengers when they were young and amusing, and asked you to dance instead of to dine. Alas! all is vanity and dust—especially dust.

Monday, April 25.

The great question of the day is not that of government, dynasty, or succession, but that of strikes. It is a fact that within the last two days Cabinet Councils were held that were devoted entirely to this subject, which has for weeks been getting very serious. Money comes from London, Geneva, Florence, Berlin—I believe—and St. Petersburg; and the result is that men are saying, "Well, work is a very good thing, no doubt; but for the present we will not work, but will discuss terms for future work." M. Ollivier proposes that there should be a distinct contract between master and man; engagement for so many days; pay so much; so much time on each side to end the agreement; disputes in the meantime to be referred to that useful jury which you have not in England, the "*Conseil des Prud'hommes*," which is, in fact, a jury of the deacons of the craft then and there concerned—any breach of engagement to be referred to the Correctional Police. It may seem odd to you in England to read that to-day in Paris this is the important question; but so it is.

Sunday, May 1. .

We are entering on a most important week for France,* a most interesting one to Europe; and I confess that, living almost entirely among French people, hearing what they say and observing what they think—two very different things in France—it is impossible not to feel some slight anxiety, and even to wish that this day week were well over. Every one says the Emperor is to have a great majority; but he requires an overwhelming one. All are in earnest, and the only enemy I myself fear for the Empire is abstention; without that the Imperial urns will be full. The Thiers committee advocates this passive resistance; “Vote No, or abstain.” Those are the “mots d’ordre” by the president of this committee of “friends of legality and Liberals.” The Princes of the House of Orleans, too, are said to be all in favour of abstention, though many of their best friends intend to vote “Yes.” Then we have other “Ouis” which we could hardly expect. For instance, a Republican of Vervins writes that he would vote ten times “No” if he thought it would do any good; but that as he thinks that a majority of “Noes” must produce a revolution which would benefit nobody—that there would be, perhaps, a few days of a Republic which some Pretender would conjure away; that the power and tyranny of that Pretender would certainly be in excess of any exercised by the Emperor; that

* On Sunday, the 8th of May, France was to vote the famous Plébiscite, approving or rejecting the liberal reforms introduced into the Constitution by the Emperor, assisted by the great bodies of the State.

France is not ready for a Republic; and that more can be extorted from the present than could be forced from any new dynasty—he shall vote, reluctantly of course, but still he shall vote, “Yes.”

Prince Anatole Demidoff died on Friday morning rather suddenly of congestion of the liver. He was a man well known to those who have been scattered broadcast over Europe. He was one of the richest Russians in the day when rich Russians had malachite doors and diamond waistcoat buttons dug up at home, and got permission to go to Baden once in two years. He married the Princess Mathilde in 1833, and was divorced from her in 1845. By order of his Emperor, the Prince had to allow his wife £20,000 a year, and was for years forbidden to go within many miles of her—many hundreds of miles, I might say. The Prince had an income of about £70,000 a year. He was an odd man. I first knew of him at Florence, soon after the Crimean war. We—an English party, with very good introductions—wished to see the Villa San Donato, and were told that it was “quite impossible.” A party of Americans passed us, and got in at once. He was then intensely anti-English; though I confess I should have thought that the price of a snuff-box or the mighty crack of a china bowl would have been of deeper interest to him than Gortchakoff’s and perhaps some other officers’ blunders. Prince Anatole was the “Russian Grandee” of Charles Lever’s charming “Daltons.” The Prince had a magnificent hôtel on the Boulevard Haussmann, which was distinguished by red curtains and several arrangements for the “trapeze” business of those lazy monkeys who will not talk. If one had once spoken, the Prince would have made him his

secretary, but, like Dominie Sampson, he was a dull dog, and so missed promotion. The Prince required a secretary; for, although a man of many pleasures, he was also a man of great ability: he has written a good deal, and well. Latterly he has lived a good deal in Bohemia, and I fancy some Bohemian young ladies have benefited a good deal by the spoils of this malachite. £12,000 for a necklace is a good deal; but then, as the lady remarked, "I suppose it was not to be got for less." I remember once, too, seeing a villa residence—a present made by the Prince. Well, he was a good old Prince, with a curious taste in luxury, and understood life thoroughly from his point of view. I fancy his point of view was rapid; the result—"ætat. 57," and one of the celebrities wiped off the slate of Paris. Prince Demidoff was the purchaser of the Emperor's house at Elba, and of all the Napoleonic relics he could collect. He had also San Donato, and that collection which lately realised so vast a sum. His presence will be missed at first representations.

Although there was no truth in the Bourse report of an actual attack upon the life of the Emperor, yet there was more semblance of foundation than usual for the report. I must warn you, however, not to believe all the stories you hear from this city, for even in Paris few people know more than the barest outline of what has happened. There seems to be little doubt that the International agents who proposed to take a day when the Emperor was in the midst of a crowd, and then and there to pour in a volley of bombs of the most deadly description, come from your side of the water; as certainly does Baurie, who declares that he had no accomplices—which is not true, as he is the scapegoat of Flourens and Cie.—but has devoted his life to taking that of

the Emperor. It seems that the police have been suspecting a plot for some time ; but the higher authorities rather derided it ; and as for the personage most concerned, it is simply impossible to persuade him that he should take any special care of his life. He walks, for instance, constantly on the terrace of the Tuileries Gardens, and on Saturday drove to the Exhibition of Pictures without escort. The departure from France of M. Ledru-Rollin seems to have been the turning-point. The authorities could not imagine why the leader of the Extreme party should leave France just at this moment, and it struck them that it might be to avoid being present at a catastrophe. The English and French police were then both urged to be very active, and the result was the discovery in London of a nest of traitors who desired to upset the Imperial Government. Baurie then thought it was time to quit your over-hospitable shores, and came hither with money, a loaded revolver, and a letter from M. Flourens, telling him not to spare his money, not to show himself in the day-time, and to change his sleeping apartments every night—which he contrived to do, but he was watched, and caught in a net as safe as any bird. He has not confessed who his accomplices are ; but he is said to be “very sorry,” and has been crying ever since he was taken. The other affair is, I think, more serious ; for conspirators rarely shoot kings—as a rule they miss them—but bombs which are like “two cheese-plates riveted together, filled with all kinds of destructive explosives,” if thrown into a street may kill the intended victim, and will in all probability, destroy also some scores of innocent citizens ; so I think that the perpetrators ought to be shot then and there. . . . I rejoice to say that Cernuschi, the Italian gentle-

man who, being an exile, is hospitably received by France, gains money by Imperial speculations, and spends it in trying to upset the Empire which has sheltered him and made his fortune, is requested to try another climate. Ministers are not disposed to underrate the affair; and I think it is another proof of the excellence of the French police, and shows once again that conspirators are no match for them. While writing I have received official details. The plot is very serious. For a long time the revolutionary party, despairing of any success from *émeutes*, had determined on assassination. Flourens, now in London, was the head of the plot. As to the accomplices, there are many, but very few engaged. Baurie is a deserter and convicted thief. His plan was to dress in uniform, present a petition to the Emperor, and then shoot him. Flourens is very much compromised by his letters found on Baurie, who thought that he was arrested as a deserter only; but when he learnt the truth he wept. Then an experienced policeman said, "Now you will find that he will confess—"*il parlera*"—and he has done so.

Tuesday, May 3.

There is still some alarm among the responsible Ministers, because it is understood that there are more "shells" hidden somewhere in Paris. It is known that Roussel, who has been arrested,* went as Monsieur Revard to the foundry of M. Lepet, Rue St. Maur, and gave a *carte-blanche* order for some curious-

* He figured under the Paris Commune in 1871, but is not to be confounded with the noble—misguided Rossel.

looking iron plates. "For what are they intended, Monsieur?" M. Lepet asked when receiving the order. "As springs for velocipedes," was the reply; "and I expect to make my fortune by them in America." "But then, Monsieur, what do you put in that inner circle?" "Oh! that is for the india-rubber—all turns on that." A strike prevented many from being made; but there are other foundries in Paris, and no one quite knows what business they may have been doing. I have just seen and examined the deadly weapon, both when put together and in pieces. It consists of two similar portions, an upper and a lower, each like a largish cheese plate; round the edges there are some twenty grooves; within the circle is another; the outer circle is fitted with little glass tubes filled with some very inflammable liquid, and in the centre is that deadly combination which, up to this time, no one here quite understands. Having filled up these two circles with this inflammable matter, you put on the upper cheese plate, nicely adjusting the grooves, close it with a very strong central screw, and fit nineteen out of the twenty grooves each with a long screw which will just touch the glass tubes and yet stand half an inch out from the edge of the combined plates. In the twentieth groove is placed a sort of handle, by which this infernal "*discus*" may be propelled. The engine is so constructed that it cannot fall flat, and some one of the screws bristling out of it must ignite the composition. The bomb is not heavy, and might be cast to a very great distance by an average quoit-player. I was talking to-day to the official who captured Orsini and his shells, and he told me that these are ten times as deadly, and, if not so "elegantly fashioned," they are three times as

strong as those made in England for the Italian conspirator. Now, everything depends upon the strength of the shell and its power of resistance, for it bursts up into splinters, each of which, supposing the instrument to be well made, would, I am informed, kill two or three people, while the screws which rivet the plates together would each be equal to a rifle bullet. Having seen the deadly engine, handled it, and compared its strength with other things of the kind, I may say that I fully believe in any statement of the mischief it may do. When I saw them, they were being packed carefully in boxes full of sawdust, previous to being buried in the archives of the police. I should add that the combustible matter with which the tubes are filled is so volatile that it will explode if left out in the sun.

Sunday, May 8.

No one awaking this morning, and going to his window, would have thought that he was gazing on the streets of the capital of a country where a great political revolution was being effected. It was a lovely morning, too, and for days past the influence of the elements on the voting for the *plébiscite* has been most eagerly discussed. Very fine weather, it was said, would create great abstention in Paris and the large cities, for the inhabitants of large cities in France often prefer pleasure to patriotism; while wet weather would produce the same effect in the provinces, where people cannot afford to spoil their Sunday clothes. Well, to-day was a good average day, a very hot sun and a keen wind. When I opened the window, which "gives" on the Boulevard Haussmann, almost within view of the polling places, I confess I expected to see some

movement. As it chanced, there had been during the whole night more noise than is usual even in that noisiest of thoroughfares, and no doubt we had had dreams of drums. But, in fact, all was the same as on any other day. A St. Lazare train had just arrived, and the early employés were passing into their offices, even though it was Sunday and voting-day; long lines of whitewashed blouses whistled, shouted, and danced to their work; the heavy waggons, laden with blocks which are, "one of these four days," to be the "New Grand Opéra," lumbered past. But of extra excitement there was none. Several hours elapsed, and the scouts who came in reported that the city was as quiet as Paris ever can be, even at that early hour. At twelve o'clock I went up the Boulevards to the Mairie of the arrondissement, in the Rue Drouot. There might have been fifty people, half of whom were studying the bills of the night's performance at the Grand Opéra, the other half looking on at the voting. In the courtyard of the Mairie, where so many of them were christened and married, and where elderly men must have seen some curious political performances, were grouped a company of National Guards, each man armed with a newspaper, and lounging as only soldiers on guard can do. Inside the hall the voting was going on: an Indian file of voters advanced to the urn, each showed his name and address, and gave the folded paper, which concealed the "Oui" or "Non," to an official, who put it in the box—for such it is. Nothing could be more rapid, simple, or secure; the line advanced with hardly a halt. The officials kindly allowed me to enter, and I stayed some time; there was then not the least excitement, but I learnt that the stream of bulle-

tins had been constantly flowing in since six. At another polling place there was slight excitement, for nine out of ten of the voters gave in their papers open, and they were all "Oui." In the streets there was nothing which could remind an Englishman of that noisy, hot, dusty transaction through which he has to go in order to record his vote at an election. There was no noise, there were no colours, no flags, no "Vote for Jenkins, the friend of everybody," no music. In the streets I noticed two things—first, more shops were closed than ever there are in Paris except on the *Jour de l'An*; and, secondly, there were a good many mounted orderlies going to and fro, *sergents de ville* unusually rare, and the only soldiers I saw were a fatigue party carrying bread and beef. We went down the Rue de Rivoli—at the Tuileries not an extra sentinel; all the same people, but no more, took off their hats as we went to a bureau to ask a question of detail. At the Palais Royal the same severe man, in a garb a cross between uniform and evening dress—not a guard increased. When I went there the "relief was out," and I think it might have consisted of ten men. Now, the "factions" of that stately Palace are large. Our spirits were a little damped at the Home Office. Several newspapers had been threatened, and had asked for a guard to protect them. That the protection was sent I have no doubt, and very well managed; for when I was in the Rue de Valois, outwardly, as everywhere in Paris to-day, there existed the same calmness.

Monday, May 9.

M. Villemain, Perpetual Secretary of the French Academy, died yesterday morning, at the age of eighty-

three. His first work of note was his 'Éloge de Montaigne,' crowned by the French Academy. His literary reputation was afterwards greatly extended by his 'Histoire de Cromwell,' 'Lascaris,' 'Essai sur les Avantages et les Inconvéniens de la Critique,' and by his lectures at the College of France. He became Master of Requests at twenty-seven, and member of the Academy at twenty-nine, in place of Fontanes. An admirable lecturer, he possessed every quality to carry an audience with him, and, above all, he excelled in those unexpected and appropriate allusions which call down thunders of applause from the hearers. During the reign of Louis-Philippe he was in succession Deputy, Peer of France, and Minister of Public Instruction in 1840 and 1845. The revolution of 1848 sent him back to private life—that is to say, to his literary labours—and it was then that he published his 'Souvenirs Contemporains,' 'Chateaubriand,' and the 'Quatrième Siècle.' He was an excellent English scholar, and was believed to possess a more profound knowledge of Shakspeare than any of his contemporaries.

Wednesday, May 18.

It is impossible to live in Paris and not to see that, according to French ideas, their police system is perfect. No doubt the sword and cocked-hat parade is too military for us; but the detective system must be good. I am bound to say that the behaviour of all the police last week was beyond praise. After being kept on duty for nights, very strictly officered, pelted, irritated, and insulted for hours,* I wonder if your helmets would have kept their

* There had been a good deal of small rioting in the Belleville and other districts, as a protest against the success of the plébiscite.

temper as well as the cocked hats, the very wearing of which must make a man irritable. As for the detective and private protective systems, they seem to me to be perfect after their—to Englishmen—unpopular system. I will make no allusion to politics, but let us say that it is deemed necessary to watch, and eventually arrest, certain people without any difficulty or inconvenience to others. The suspected people are watched day and night, and when their hour comes they are taken. It is necessary to protect a foreign Sovereign. You see few, if any, extra police; but a practised eye can detect in the crowd in the procession to the *fête*, the review, or ball, a curious set of well-dressed men lounging away the idle hour; they are evidently of southern birth, and their hawk-like eyes are never off the one to be watched. His Supreme Highness does not know it, but he is surrounded by a cordon of guards in no uniform, who would rather astonish any individual “attempting the life of the Royal visitor.” Again, in despatch to head-quarters of news from the very outside districts of Paris, their plan works admirably. I dare say it does cost a deal of money. On one of the nights of the recent riots I was for some hours in the Chancellerie of the Prefect of Police; with every five minutes arrived the latest reports from Belleville, the Faubourg du Temple, and the other side of the water. All seemed so simple. “Tinkle, tinkle, little bell;” a sub-officer enters, salutes, gives in his despatch, and we know that another boy has been knocked down at Belleville. Before you could light another of the Préfect’s cigars—scarcely old enough—another despatch, and we knew that if the “affair got serious” we should have cabs and escorts to take us into the thick of

it. "Though why you want to go I cannot conceive," said a plethoric official in a tight coat.

Thursday, May 19.

The First Meeting of the Corps Législatif after the *Plebiscite*—a meeting called together mainly to hear the result of the national polling—was short, but sufficiently sharp. When the President of the Chamber announced the result of the voting—7,336,431 "Ayes," against 1,560,709 "Noes"—and said that in consequence thereof the Corps Législatif declared that the French people, called on to vote freely on the 8th of May, 1870, had accepted the following *Plebiscite*, "The people approve of the liberal reforms effected in the Constitution since 1860 by the Emperor, with the consent of the two great bodies of the State, and ratify the *Sénatus-Consulte* of the 20th of April, 1870," there was a hurricane of cries of "Vive l'Empereur!"

Saturday, May 21.

Dies cretā notanda. "Happy," says the proverb, "is the bride whom the sun shines on." If the same rule applies to ceremonies, that of to-day must be the happiest of the present reign. I chanced to awake very early, at 5 A.M., and saw that we had the most assured certainty of a brilliant and glorious if perhaps oppressively warm day. At a more sane hour, though far from late, and under a sun which would not have disgraced Liberia, we proceeded to witness the great ceremonial of the day—the presentation to the Emperor, in the grand Salle des États at the Louvre, by a deputation from the Corps Législatif headed by M. Schneider, of the result of the *Plebiscite* taken on the 8th

inst. Before we had got half-way down the Rue de Rivoli, carriages full of officers in uniform, and ladies who looked as if they were about that instant to undergo the ceremony which begins with "dearly beloved" and ends with "amazement," were ranged in line; while crowds of skirmishers, in full evening dress, were charging in open order towards the Palais du Louvre. Now, I think there is not a more humiliating spectacle than a man in full evening dress and a white tie, at ten o'clock on a May morning. There was quite a string of carriages in the Rue de Rivoli before we had got half down it. At the entrance to the Tuileries and to the Louvre were the usual mounted Civil Guards, who directed us the way that we should go. The Carrousel looked very pretty, especially to those old enough to remember when it was a heap of sheds, where they sold singing birds which never sang, songs which should never have been sung, and books which luckily were never read. It was lined with soldiers, peopled by the politest of policemen, and from every possible entrance came a carriage bearing "all that is the best" of Paris. Being told to present a red ticket, we followed an official friend, who seemed to know his Louvre. We went up a flight of stairs, very hot and crowded, and then passed into a long gallery, lined by soldiers of the 1st Regiment—a very fine corps, too, as Crimeans will remember—and then came into that gallery where is a Watteau so good that I saw a man risk losing his place to see it. Now the crowd begins to show itself. All the Senators, in their fancy dress; all the Deputies—there being no swearing of oaths to-day, I have no doubt all the extremes are here. All the people who have anything to do with the City of Paris—a good many; all the

Grand Court, in scarlet and ermine; all the Minor Court, in scarlet without ermine; green uniforms, blue uniforms; dragoons with wonderful shell-jackets; ladies in every description of disguise, and rich in colouring. And then you find yourself in the entrance to the Salle des États. That elderly gentleman with the very black hair is the Lord High Chamberlain; those others are not mutes — only “*huissiers*.” Again pours by the stream of wonderfully-dressed people. I should say that the French Government, civil and military, has more uniforms than any three countries in Europe. The Salle des États is a grand apartment, and as the rays of sunlight fell through the circular windows of the third tier, making temporary rose windows of them, casting shadows on wonderful painting, glorious architecture, and then blending with every colour that female taste can combine, I thought I had rarely seen anything more striking. It is lighted by three rows of windows, the upper range being circular. A gallery, supported on gilt columns, runs round the greater part of the Hall. On State occasions the throne is placed at the entrance to the gallery, which is then closed. There is a tribune for the Empress and the Imperial Princesses. The ceiling, by Müller, is divided into five compartments. In the centre is Civilisation; at her sides are Justice and Fame, the Genius of Law, and Philosophy. France, surmounted by the Imperial eagle, is seated on a throne; and near her are Abundance and Generosity. Behind stands Prudence, holding the national flag, protected by Vigilance and Patriotism. Below are Genii presenting vanquished Algeria to France, and History writing the national annals. Farther are Genii presenting to the world Literature, Science, and

